

PLAYBOY

A full-page photograph of Farrah Fawcett is the background for the cover. She is sitting, leaning back, wearing a white off-the-shoulder button-down shirt and white high-heeled sandals. She has her signature voluminous blonde hair and is smiling at the camera while holding a cigarette in her right hand and a glass of wine in her left.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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Gala Christmas Issue

**SEX ON THE SIDE LINES:
N.F.L.
CHEERLEADERS
BARE ALL!**

**JOHN TRAVOLTA STEPS OUT:
A VERY CANDID INTERVIEW**

**FARRAH COMES
BACK—BIG!**

**PART ONE OF A
MAJOR NEW SERIES:
SEX IN AMERICA**

**PLUS GUNTER GRASS, DAN
GREENBURG, F. LEE BAILEY,
THE N.B.A. COACHES' ALL-STAR
TEAM, SEX STARS OF '78 AND (AFTER
ALL, IT'S CHRISTMAS) MUCH, MUCH MORE**

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

PLAYBILL

RAH, RAH, RAH! Sis, boom, bah! PLAYBOY's special Christmas gifts to America are the cheerleaders of the N.F.L.! That's right, sports fans, without their costumes! And without shame! No longer will you have to wonder in front of your TV sets just how scrumptious those young things would look. Once and for all, we prove the point that the best thing about the Dallas Cowboys is the Dallas Cowgirls squad. In *Pro Football's Main Attractions*, Robert Blair Kaiser describes the difficulties we encountered in bringing all of this to you. Needless to say, most of the front-office brass of the N.F.L. clubs were less than helpful. But you'll be amazed how unhelpful they were and to what lengths they went to dissuade us from getting this pictorial. All's fair in love and war, but not necessarily in sports. We're providing a number of extra added attractions with a delightful pictorial on the Texas Cowgirls, Inc., the ladies who have moved on from the Cowboys to bigger and barer things.

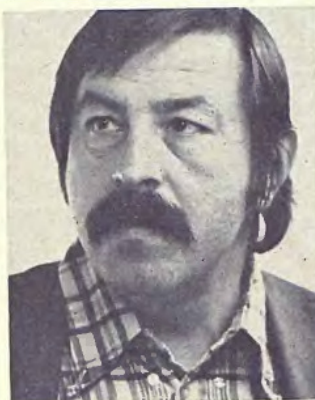
Next up is a powerhouse new work by Günter Grass, *The Flounder*. Excerpted from the forthcoming book of the same name to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, it is an allegorical extravaganza of the sort that has not been seen from him since *The Tin Drum*. Originally published in Germany, it is a runaway hit, selling over 300,000 copies in hardcover there. We are pleased to showcase a first look at this major novel by one of the world's major novelists. (Grass also did the illustrations.) Our other work of fiction is *Switching*, an intriguing sexual tale by the equally intriguing single-named author Trevanion.

Recently, Americans were asked if they objected to their President's having an active, or even a risqué sex life, to which the majority responded that it was OK with them. We asked syndicated columnist Max Lerner, who is also a professor in the Graduate School of Human Behavior at San Diego's U.S. International University, to investigate this phenomenon. In *Eros and Power*, Lerner surveys the Presidents he has known and traces the twin threads of political and sexual potency in the men and their approaches to the office. Perhaps best known for his book *America as a Civilization*, Lerner plans to rework this article into a book, *The Wounded Titans: A Gallery of Presidents*.

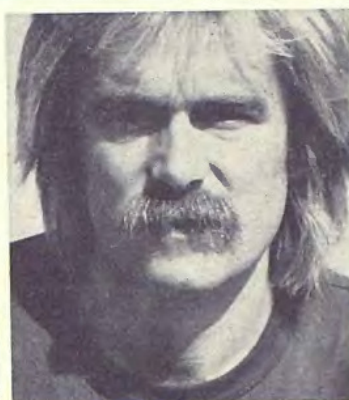
Moving along from the seat of power to the two most popular stars in recent history, we give you Farrah Fawcett-Majors, who not only graces our cover, courtesy of photographer Claude Mougin, but about whom we put you up to date in our feature *Born-Again Farrah*. A year's absence from *Charlie's Angels* has made one thing clear: Age cannot wither her, nor her hairdo, for that matter. And talk about infinite variety, a year ago, John Travolta was just another sweatshop, but now he's the first face in a long time to fill the screen with raw presence reminiscent of the early Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift. In our exclusive interview, conducted by Judson Klinger, Travolta describes his own remedy for *Saturday Night Fever*, the trials and tribulations of being a matinee idol and gives some helpful hints to the rest of us on how to walk it like we talk it so as not to lose that beat.

Known most recently as Patty Hearst's defender, F. Lee Bailey here turns his attention to defending you against an air crash. Himself an accomplished pilot, Bailey first of all contradicts the commonly held assumption that if the plane's going down, the best a passenger can do is fold his arms around his knees and kiss his ass goodbye. Wrongo, boy scouts! Be prepared by reading *How to Survive an Air Crash*; your chances of survival will be a lot less bleak than you thought.

Throughout Dan Greenburg's long association with PLAYBOY, we've sent him on some impossible missions, such as his last



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article describing his adventures at Sandstone, the California swingers' club. This time, however, he got *himself* into the predicament he writes about. *Twelve Tough Muthuhs* is the chronicle of Greenburg's bout with jury duty, in which he and 11 of his peers decide whether or not two youths did willfully and with forethought pump three bullets into a cabdriver and should therefore spend several semesters in the slammer. As usual, Greenburg takes all this heady responsibility with a few grains of salt and finds that, contrary to what the judge said, what happens in a courtroom is, in fact, just like it is on TV. Except with TV, you can always change the channel. Greenburg's new novel, *Love Kills*, has gotten rave reviews around the country.

Also in this issue, we start the first of a series of hard-nosed journalistic, city-by-city investigations into *Sex in America*. Peter Ross Range jumps into Miami and takes its sexual temperature. What he finds is that if you want to score, it helps if you have a nice car, a good credit rating and avoid young, nubile Cuban girls who have large brothers. Range explains, "Miami is a very indoorsy town. The sex scene therefore was that much harder to penetrate." But penetrate and dig he did, and his findings may surprise you. In addition to writing a slew of magazine articles, Range is completing a biography of his fellow Georgian Andrew Young.

One out of every three marriages ends in divorce and the sweet thing you married may change into someone you don't recognize after a few conversations with her lawyer. Asa Baber, a man who knows about these things intimately, supplies a blueprint for fighting back in *Who Gets Screwed in a Divorce? I Do!*

When firing up a joint, have you ever wondered what your grandchildren might be doing up in order to get off? It certainly crossed our mind, and Howard Rheingold provides the answer in *Future Highs*. His peek into the mind-altering drugs and electronics is a heady vision of the future. The mind-blowing illustration is by artist Kathy Calderwood.

The past year fielded a bumper crop of sexy performers—in movies, TV and music—and they're all pictured in *Sex Stars of 1978*. Jim Harwood accompanies the pictorial with breezy insights into the whos and whys.

In *Brief Encounters*, PLAYBOY Photographer Richard Fegley lingers lovingly on what's new in lingerie. Also, Fegley was on location in Singapore for the filming of *Saint Jack*, a joint venture of Playboy Productions and director Peter Bogdanovich. Tom Nolan visited with Bogdanovich while he was cutting the film and they talked about his movie successes and failures, and about the new film. Nolan's report accompanies the pictorial. From the jewels of Singapore, we come to our *Ribald Classic*, *The Case of the Missing Jewel*, illustrated by the phenomenal Brad Holland. As if all that weren't enough to stuff your stockings, Judith Wax provides a new gaggle of *Playboy's Christmas Cards*, and *Viva Vargas!* provides a wonderful year-end reprise of the artist's career.

Each year, as the pro-basketball season starts to roll, there's much discussion about how valuable certain players are. Senior Editor Terry Catchpole asked N.B.A. coaches the question "Whom would you want on the floor during the season's money game?" He compiled the list of five clutch players, plus a sixth man on the bench. You'll need never again wonder about what's going on in the coaches' heads.

And, of course, we have *The 1979 Playboy Music Poll*, in which you do the choosing.

With all the permissive sexual activity, whatever happened to romance? Did it go the way of foreplay? We are here to say emphatically no, it did not. Associate Editor Barbara Nellis put together *The Rousing Return of Romance*, a collection of romantic weekends, great sunsets, gifts, flowers and all that gushy stuff that everyone used to have to do to get into his true love's pants. Romance is back with a vengeance. And you should be glad about it.

So, from PLAYBOY and December Playmate Janet Quist: Merry Christmas to all, and to all, a good read.



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 25, no. 12—december, 1978

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COVER STORY

"I have to admit I was impressed with her," said Managing Art Director Kerig Pope after he supervised the Claude Mougin shooting of the fair Farrah. "She's the hardest-working model I've ever seen," he continued, "and, believe it or not, she's just as beautiful in person as she photographs." We believe it, Kerig. For more of our cover girl, see page 257.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



The conductor of the Coldstream Guards Band gets set for the Colonel Bogey march (above). Also on the program were fireworks arranged by the Reverend Ronald Lancaster, who performs the same service for the queen.



Seen at Stocks: Valli Kemp, ex-Miss World, with Michael Laing (above left); Oliver Tobias, star of *The Stud*, with Lucy Fox, daughter of actor Edward Fox (above right). Other showbiz guests included actor Dudley Moore.



LOWNES TOSSES A BUNNY BASH

Party of the season in Britain: Playboy Clubs International President Victor Lownes's bash for 300 past and present Bunnies, their guests and 100 of England's most eligible bachelors at his Hertfordshire estate, Stocks. Wrote the *Daily Express*' William Hickey: "More parties, please, Victor." Below, Singing Bunnies Sancha and Joey (soon to go on tour) cut cake.



Hot-air-balloon rides were one of the hits of the day. At left, host Lownes in a contemplative mood; above, Ringo Starr, who arrived with his ex-wife, Maureen, and their children, Zak and Jason. Among the "eligible bachelors" were the Marquis of Blandford, Lord Charles Greenock and Prince Stash Klossowski.



THALIANS ENTERTAIN AT MANSION WEST

Playboy Mansion West was the scene of the annual salute to 100 members of The Thalians Presidents Club in recognition of their contributions of \$5000 each to The Thalians Community Mental Health Center. Among those present (clockwise, from top left): Mrs. Peter Finch, here with Hugh Hefner; actress Ruta Lee, chairman of The Thalians board, with her husband, Webster Lowe, Jr., and Zsa Zsa Gabor; actress Margaret O'Brien Thorsen, being greeted by her host; actor Cornel Wilde with his wife, actress Jean Wallace (left), and Presidents Club coordinator Gloria Luchenbill. Thalians is a 23-year-old group of show-business personalities and professionals in business, arts and sciences.



HEF BOOSTS BROWN CAMPAIGN

Another well-attended event at Mansion West was the second of two fund raisers for the campaign of California governor Jerry Brown (below, with Hef and Playmate Sondra Theodore).



PLAYBOY STAFFERS ON THE JOB IN SINGAPORE

On location for *Saint Jack* (see page 284), Staff Photographer Richard Fegley works with (above, from left) star Ben Gazzara, director Peter Bogdanovich, Playboy Productions Executive V.P. Eddie Rissien and (right) Gazzara and Singapore actress Monika Subramaniam.



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

COLE AND SAYER SCRATCH AND TILT

Among the games people play at the Chicago Playboy Club are pool, pinball and Bunny watching. Doing a little of each (right) is Michael Cole, formerly of TV's *Mod Squad*, last seen in the TV flick *Evening in Byzantium*, taking a cue from Bunny Susan Minor. Meanwhile (far right), singer Leo Sayer explains some of the finer points of one of the pinball machines to rapt Bunny Patti Allison.



TOP PLAYMATE DEBRA JO GETS HER GRAND-PRIZE DATSUN

Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren is beaming because she just took delivery on her new 1978 Datsun 280-Z from Robert B. Kent, vice-president of Nissan U.S.A.

SEARCH IS ON FOR PLAYBOY'S ANNIE

A world-wide search is planned for the actress who will portray Little Annie Fanny in a live-action movie to be produced by Playboy and Sidney Beckerman Productions. The cartoon feature, created by Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder (now assisted by Sarah Downs), has been running in *PLAYBOY* since October 1962. Ziggy Steinberg is set to write the screenplay.



WOODY HERMAN RECORDS AT LAKE GENEVA

Woody Herman's Thundering Herd thundered into Shade Tree studios at Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort & Country Club, where Woody (center, aided by A&R man Gary Anderson and studio owner-chief engineer Andy Watermann, cuts a side for Century Records.

WILLIAMSON CITED AT FILM AWARDS

Arthur Morowitz (below right), representing the Adult Film Association of America, presents the organization's Media Man of the Year plaque to *PLAYBOY* film critic Bruce Williamson.



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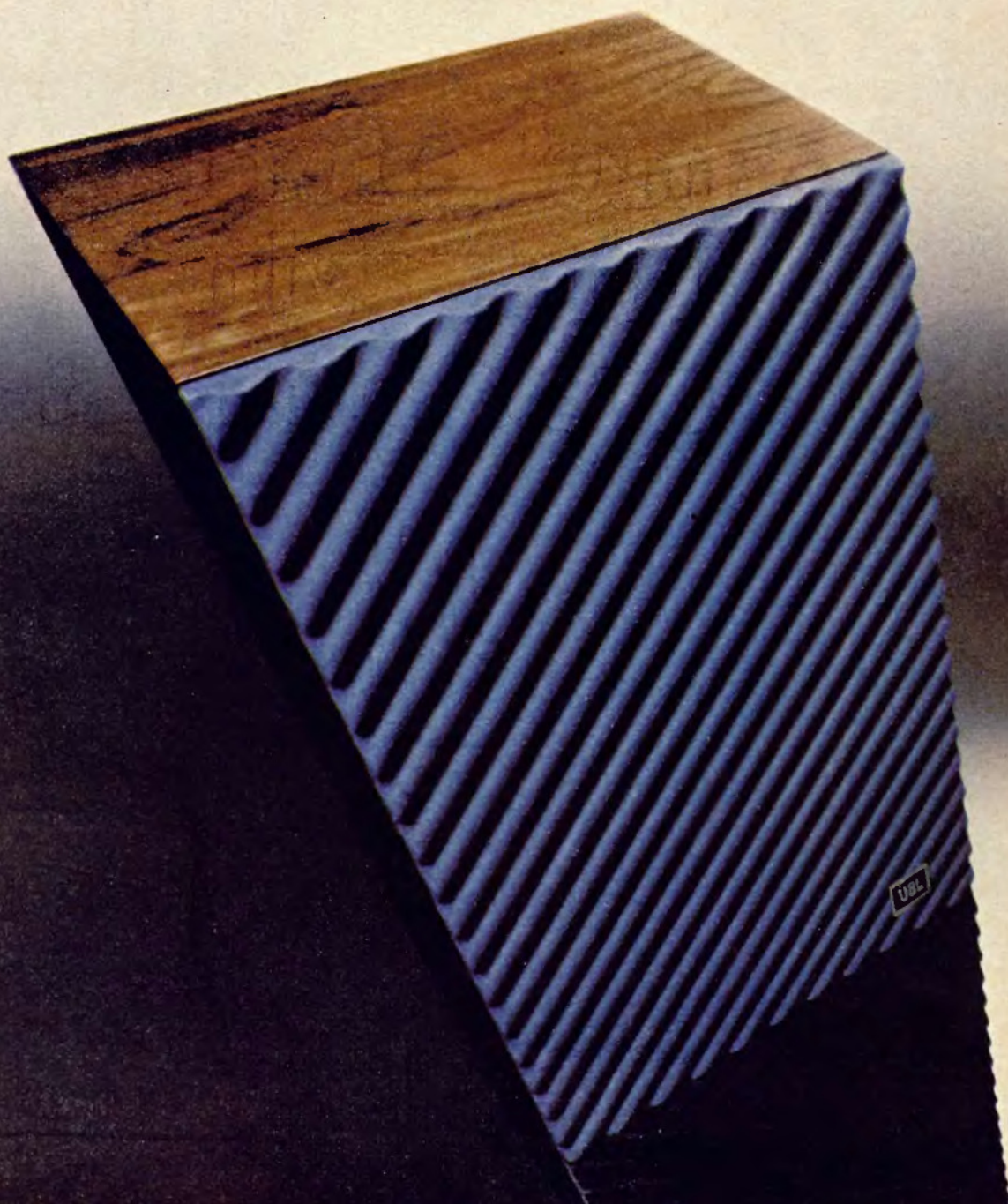
Wouldn't it be great if we could build a loudspeaker that would sound as expensive but wouldn't be?

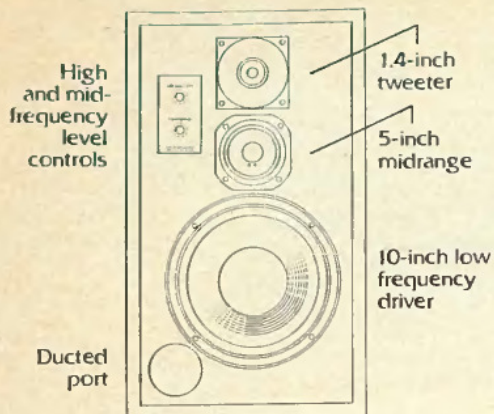
The answer's the L50. You can take a pair home for \$650. But before you do that, turn them on.

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UPPERS AND DOWNERS

Your September articles under the heading, *Drugs '78* are excellent. PLAYBOY's continuing efforts in the field of drug education should be commended, especially since most of us feel capable of deciding for ourselves the dangers of drugs and drug abuse. Proper drug education is the only real solution to America's drug problem.

Pete Johnson, Pharmacist
Akron, Ohio

I would like to comment on James McKinley's article *The Pusher in the Gray-Flannel Suit* (PLAYBOY, September). Shady doctors can write prescriptions for anything, but an aware pharmacist knows the doctors he deals with and will refuse to fill questionable prescriptions. As for the drug manufacturers, I believe we need to review our laws controlling them and their profits. Still, without such a great demand, there would be no need for such a supply.

Judy Lovelee
Houston, Texas

The students in my Drugs and Health course have just received an added reading assignment for this semester. I am referring to *Drugs '78*. Approximately six years ago, you covered the same topic while I was an undergraduate. I am impressed and pleased to see that you have continued to handle the issue of drug usage in such an objective manner.

Richard E. Miller
Buffalo, New York

I congratulate you on your article warning of the dangers of prescription drugs. In my own case, it's Darvon, which you mention as a reputed painkiller. Well believe it! It does the job and it is awfully easy to get hooked on before you realize it. I've lost a marriage, my job, my family, my health and, worst of all,

my self-respect. I've been hooked for nine years now and I am still trying to quit. All I'm asking is that anyone who reads this and is in the same boat should *not* be afraid to ask for help, as I am finally going to do myself. Don't ever let anyone tell you that you can't get hooked on Darvon, because I know better.

(Name withheld by request)
Marion, Iowa

Your September issue is the best ever. The article on drugs is well written and informative. Under medical uses for amphetamines, you list hyperactivity in children. Is that a mistake? If not, could you explain, please?

Lynn Moller
Colorado Springs, Colorado

No mistake, Lynn. Amphetamines have been found to have a tranquilizing effect in certain cases of hyperactivity in children.

I just finished reading your articles on drugs. I am a pharmacist and I computed the price of the bottle of cocaine in my store to your figures. That means that the bottle for which I paid \$20 is worth over 35 billion dollars. The cocaine weight is 7.09 grams. If these figures are correct, here is one pharmacist whose price has been met. Come on!

G. F. Wolfisch
Cheektowaga, New York

Apparently you missed the point of our little joke concerning reported street values of drugs. But you might be interested to know that your \$20 bottle of cocaine can be worth as much as \$1500 when cut and dispensed on the street.

For the past few years, your publication has advocated pot smoking and coke sniffing, among other things, as fashionable. I sometimes have the feeling that you endorse these things because they are illegal. Besides, who are you to decide how people choose to relax? Why should

Some men have it.



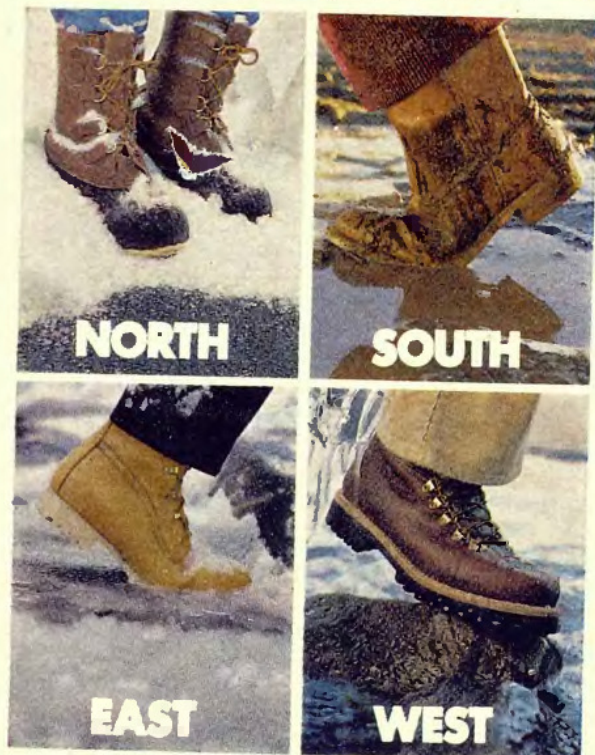
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you condemn a person who takes Valium instead of smoking pot? Instead of trying to be all-knowing and all-telling, why not try to be more objective?

Gary Cundiff, Pharmacist
St. Petersburg, Florida

PLAYBOY has never advocated the use of any drug. Recognizing the fact that large numbers of people take them is not the same as advocacy, a point that's lost continually on many legislatures. We have, on the other hand, advocated the decriminalization of drugs such as marijuana that have been shown to be less harmful than previously thought, but certainly never because they were "fashionable."

STOPPING THE RED MENACE

I am writing to comment on a cartoon that appears in the August issue. It portrays one man shooting another man and, in my opinion, its caption is very anti-gun. I am informing you that I will no longer buy PLAYBOY due to that cartoon. I take my hunting and basic American rights very strongly and any firm, person, etc., will be boycotted by myself and my family. Unless PLAYBOY apologizes to me directly and to its readers, there will be no more PLAYBOYS in my house. I am also writing to local newspapers and radio stations to have my opinion of your company put on the air. My stepfather will also spread the word about PLAYBOY through his outdoor column in the Niagara Gazette and his night school teaching class. We don't need a bunch of liberal bullshit like your magazine. When Carter gets us into another stupid war and the Commies are at your back door, what are you going to defend yourself and your family with? A fly swatter, maybe? Anyone who is concerned about losing basic American rights like firearm ownership should boycott any and all individuals and companies that are anti-gun. Bye, bye, PLAYBOY.

Timothy J. Heyden
Buffalo, New York

That's going out with a bang, Tim.

STALLONE ALONE

Your September interview with Sylvester Stallone is truly an all-time great. I've seen the movie Rocky six times and I am convinced that Sly Stallone is the most remarkable and gifted actor that the Seventies have produced. His rags-to-riches story is truly an inspiration to anyone who has ever wanted that million-to-one shot. His dogged determination and self-confidence in the face of seemingly insurmountable odds are living proof of the power of optimistic, positive thinking.

Mark Braun
Tallahassee, Florida

An interview with an obnoxious, talentless "personality" such as Sylvester Stallone is what's wrong with your

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Debra Jo
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magazine. No one really cares what makes a clown like him tick. Bring back responsive journalism—how about an interview with someone interesting, for a change? For instance, Raoul Duke or Charles Manson.

Russel Williams
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

PAIN IN THE NECK

Gothic kudos for Gahan Wilson's article on *Dracula Country* (PLAYBOY, September). His prose captures the "wholesome" memory of Vlad the Impaler, the remarkable distasteful choice for Romania's national hero.

Michael Hayko
Los Angeles, California

Gahan Wilson writes a fine mood article on his exploits in *Dracula Country*, but he unfortunately continues in the vein of many authors who, when they write about Transylvania, can only present it as a land of dark foreboding, populated by simple-minded folk at the mercy of their monstrous superstitions. It is sad that the true tapestry of Transylvania is not shown and its ancient autodithon inhabitants, the Szekely-Magyars, recognized for their contributions to humanity and their efforts to stop the perversity of Vlad Tepes, the Wallachian-Romanian national hero.

Robert Rill
Los Angeles, California

PARADISE FOUND

Upon purchasing the September issue of PLAYBOY, I couldn't help but notice the enticing delights of Rosanne Katon. Lord! I've been regularly drooling over the pages of PLAYBOY for some three years now and this is the first time that I can recall seeing a black lady featured as a Playmate (though you've no doubt had them featured at one time or another). Well, just let me state unequivocally that while it is unfortunate that more black women don't grace the pages of your magazine (your only true fault), when they are featured, you gentlemen come up with some hot stuff!

M. Jorji Barnett
Detroit, Michigan

Miss September 1978 is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful woman who has ever graced your centerfold. The flawless beauty of her skin, the lovely brown eyes, the perfectly shaped nose and that most sensuous pair of lips are just too much for one person to endure.

Skip Geldner
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Where has Rosanne Katon been all my life? Hats off, as the saying goes, to Mario Casilli. Only he could have captured the

overwhelming beauty, grace and charm of one woman in so few photos.

Jey P. Curser
Kelso, Washington

If Rosanne Katon and her two sisters are in any way indicative of the magnitude of beauty that is to be seen in Jamaica, then my decision as to where to vacation has been made.

Richard Robertson
Silver Spring, Maryland
We'll leave the tour touting to the Jamaica Tourist Board. As far as we're



concerned, Rosanne and her sisters have a home here for as long as they want.

TOWER POWER

You blew it this time PLAYBOY! The Jennie McGraw Tower is as much a symbol of Cornell as your impish Rabbit is of PLAYBOY. Its chime concerts serenade the campus every day and visitors from around the world climb its stairs. Thus, we at Cornell were astounded to see the September picture on Northeast campus fashions of someone else's tower, labeled with our Jennie McGraw's name. The mistake is particularly unbelievable since the genuine McGraw Tower appears in another picture on the same page; the difference between the two is obvious. How could you do this to us?

Nancy J. Van Derveer
Chimesmaster, McGraw Tower
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

Your customarily precise journalism slipped in September. That tower on page 114 is not part of the Cornell campus at all. It is Carrie Tower of Brown University and the site of many senior adventures. Despite school regulations, it is practically a Brown ritual to crawl down the nearby manhole, through a 30-foot mud tunnel and up steep

wooden ladders to view the campus and Providence in the black of night. It's somewhat easier if the door is left unlocked by a thoughtful predecessor, but the thrill of hiding from Campus Security police is always there. Yes, the Ivy League has its simple pleasures.

Norris Lee
Kevin S. Yeskey
Providence, Rhode Island

It seems there's more to those towers than meets the eye. Thanks for ringing our chimes.

ARTHUR REX

Arthur Rex, by Thomas Berger (PLAYBOY, September), should be an excellent novel, if the excerpt is any indication of the rest. But by far the best thing in the September issue is the Frank Frazetta painting. My only complaint is that it should have been a two-page fold-out or spread, not part on the front and part on the back. Let's do better next time.

Barry R. Hunter
Baryon Magazine
Rome, Georgia

Your First Look at *Arthur Rex* is the best story I've read since Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* series.

Scott Worley
San Pedro, California

MULTISEX FIEND

The short story in your September issue *Sex and the Triple Znar-Fichi* is terrific. I love authors with an imagination, and Arthur Rosch has it. The more I read, the more I chuckled. In fact, it is rather erotic. I'd love to meet Cleang at a good party. Especially after copping a buzz. Wow! Please give us more of Rosch in the future.

(Name withheld by request)
Hardeeville, South Carolina

PRICK SHITICK

I'm writing this note to ask how Helmer is feeling after his bout with the Chartham "Charmer" (PLAYBOY, September, "Erotica"). I would like to commend him for his "scientific investigative thoroughness" by taking matters into his own hands.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In the many years that I have read PLAYBOY, I have never laughed so hard, so long and so continuously as I did in reading your article on the Long Dong Machine. I cracked up.

Don Keeney
Seattle, Washington

I have found two typolaffable errors in your article on the Chartham Extension Course for underdeveloped peters. When you speak of a foolhardy researcher road-testing a dong-elongater,

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surely you mean to refer to rod-testing
by a researcher who was toolhardy?

Forrest J. Ackerman
Hollywood, California

*On the contrary, this exposé of a mem-
ber extender was written by an editor
who is every inch a genitalman.*

NATURAL WONDERS

My roommate and I drove the West
Coast from Los Angeles to Vancouver
and he took this picture along the



Oregon coast. We didn't notice anything
unusual until we had it developed. We
thought you might be interested.

Charles Gustafson
Brian Ritchey
Alhambra, California

Here is a picture of the Playboy
Rabbit shown in a way I have never seen



before. It is the end cut of a northern
Minnesota aspen log. You can't fool
Mother Nature.

Brad Pollard
Grand Rapids, Minnesota

WHERE ARE THE WINNERS?

Ever since your August issue, I've been
looking forward to reading the results of
*Playboy's First Annual Humor Competi-
tion*, but thus far there's been no word
on it. What's the poop?

Carl S. Collins
Waterloo, Iowa

*The poop is that we received
thousands of entries and we're still
painstakingly screening them for our dis-
tinguished panel of judges. So far, the
results have been good and we'll present
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DOES LENGTH MATTER?

It is a question that has been asked by countless men and countless women in countless songs, movies and novels: How long can our love last? And now, finally, *someone* has an answer. He is Professor F. B. Meeker of California State Polytechnic University and he, in the interests of love and science, recently studied 105 men and women, between the ages of 18 and 43, whose romances had just come to an end. And in conclusion, the professor found that the average length of the average affair was 14 to 15 months.

Still, though all his subjects' affairs had ended, Meeker found that fully 94 percent expected to fall in love again. "Like dope," the professor decided, "love is an addiction in our society. There's probably as much time lost to lovesickness as to hangovers."

A LIFE OF LOVE

Our correspondent Ken Krippene, world traveler and world-travel writer, reports on a much-sought-after job in the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya, a job whose title is simply that of professional love seeker. Seems that the Kikuyu, largest of Kenya's several tribes, are ardent believers in black magic and witchcraft, and their magicians—with their love potions and elixirs—play an integral part in the love lives of the Kikuyu people. As to those magical specialists who hold the title of professional love seeker—well, let Krippene tell about them.

The qualifications for a love seeker are highly unusual. The applicant must denounce all personal property—including his highly valued cattle, sheep and goats—and he must also possess such physical attributes as will enable him to make love to as many women as he possibly can each day of his life. When approached by the professional love seeker, no woman would dare resist his services; in fact, in every village he visits,

girls of all ages and description, married or single, cluster around him, begging to be the object of his unbridled magical passions. This attitude is best understood in terms of the love seeker's status as a "holy man" among the Kikuyu—a status that means that his favors are not only greatly stimulating but *blessed*.

Before a man can become an official love seeker, however, he must—in the presence of a witch doctor—forever renounce all worldly possessions; after doing this, he is taken out into the bush, where he falls to his knees and proceeds to place his head into the opening of a hyena hole. The witch doctor stands behind the applicant and asks if he is ready to "pursue gluttonously the art of love in the same manner as the hyena devours human flesh."

When the young man answers affirm-

atively, the witch doctor smartly smacks his buttocks several times with a bag containing special (and supposedly magical) herbs and leaves designed to assure perpetual potency. Then a beautiful young girl from the tribe kneels down behind the applicant and deftly tickles his scrotum with a chicken feather, until his penis is in full erection; the witch doctor then orders the novice to arise and face him and, pointing to his elongated member, solemnly declares (loosely translated from Swahili):

"Your heart shall be as wide as the sky. You shall have as many girls to love as there are stars in the heavens. With your sword of love always alert, go forth and love most ardently!"

From that moment on, the love seeker roams the countryside, dressed in a short loincloth and plumed headpiece, carrying a long staff, with his body painted with magical symbols. The rest of his life is a literal and figurative bowl of cherries, as he sleeps and sleeps and sleeps his way among the 1,000,000-plus women of the Kikuyu tribe of Kenya.

GOOD HEAD I

On a *Philadelphia Daily News* law column, regarding the matter of whether or not a builder (Mike) could remove a building erroneously constructed on someone else's property: "MIKE'S ERECTION RULED NO LONGER HIS TO HOLD."

WIN AT BLACKJACK

All the way to Las Vegas—on TWA flight 711—we dealt out blackjack hands to drill ourself on the technique we would use in the mock dry run of the first-ever World Championship of Blackjack. The real tournament is to be held at Las Vegas' Sahara Hotel in December; our dry run was held at the same hotel this past July.

At the Sahara, we met the directors of World Championship of Blackjack, Inc., three guys from L.A. who specialize in packaging Ideas Whose Times Have



Come (previously, such TV programs as *Dealer's Choice* and *Bobby Van's Fun Factory*). "Blackjack is the biggest revenue game in Nevada and there's never been a tournament until now," said director Duke Rohlfis. "The modern era of blackjack began in 1962, when a California mathematics professor, Edward O. Thorp, used a computer to invent a system for beating the house. Thorp discovered that, as the ratio of nontens to tens in the deck drops, the player's chances improve; he also showed how a player could count cards played in order to determine when the odds were good enough to increase the bet.

"When Thorp's *Beat the Dealer* came out, Vegas freaked. They changed the rules and kicked out counters whenever they spotted them—the guys who bet two dollars on one hand and \$200 on the next. Pretty soon, though, Vegas realized that *Beat the Dealer* and the other books actually helped them. Guys in Keokuk read the books and show up thinking they can break the bank; theoretically, they can, but realistically—with all the noise and bands and free drinks and girls walking around—practically nobody can concentrate hard enough to count."

We asked another tournament director, Dave Fishman, what sort of person plays blackjack. "Blackjack appeals to players who don't want to deal with the complexities of poker. But it's not strictly luck. The key to success in blackjack is money management.

"This tournament is for everyman. Anyone can play and anyone can win. Entry fee is only \$250 and you have a \$500 buy-in. First prize is \$50,000 and, of course, you keep everything you win. Anyone except professional blackjack players and authors of blackjack books can enter and we invite counters."

The mock tournament was played according to the same rules that will be used in the real thing December 17 to 21, with one notable exception: The house provided all six players at each table with \$500 worth of mock chips. We played for 20 minutes and when "last hand" was announced, flagrant money mismanagement and a charming but distressingly hot dealer had eliminated all but your correspondent and two others.

All gallantly wagered table stakes. We hit a natural blackjack and the two others went bust. Tough luck. If only it were the real tournament, we would have won our table and the right to advance to the quarter finals—even though our original "\$500" had dwindled to \$225. The dealer had beaten us, but we had beaten the other players, an equivocal victory, perhaps, but we had already been in Vegas long enough to cherish winning in any form it chooses to present itself.



IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM....

The following item is reprinted in its entirety from the bulletin of the Chicago Philatelic Society: "Joseph Berkas was given an absolute discharge after he had explained to a court in Vienna why he had rushed into the bedroom of his landlady's 21-year-old daughter, ripped away the towel with which she was covering herself and made a close, finger-tip examination of her bottom. A keen philatelist, he said he had left a valuable foreign stamp soaking in the bathtub. And it had disappeared."

QUOTES OF THE MONTH

"Where are the toilets?"

"Can I have a taxicab?"

"Please stop torturing me."

"Please deliver my body to my family."

—Entries in a Spanish-English phrase book published by the British National Union of Journalists for reporters covering this year's World Cup soccer matches in Buenos Aires.

CLASS STRUGGLE

Karl Marx only analyzed class struggle. Bertell Ollman invented, copyrighted and patented it. Ollman's *Class Struggle* is a board game—the first Marxist board game—and it sells for \$11.95. Ollman, who teaches politics at New York University and belongs to no political party, says he invented his game because "I'd been rather depressed for many years that games like Monopoly, Rat Race and Easy Money promoted greed and power trips. I wondered whether it was possible for a board game to explain socialism."

Class Struggle is imaginative propaganda. The point of the game is to collect more assets and fewer debits than your opponent by the time the revolution arrives; but if the capitalist player lands on the Nuclear War square, he automatically wins, since only he can trigger the final conflagration. (The worker player, however, can call a general strike if he lands on square 58.)

The board also has Chance squares

and two piles of Chance cards—one for the capitalist and one for the worker. If the capitalist player lands on a Chance square, he might pick up a card reading: "Your son has become a follower of Reverend Moon and your daughter is hooked on heroin. So what good is all your money? Worrying about it all causes you to forget your next turn at the dice." Another card says: "Rockefeller gets photographed giving people the finger. It's not wise to let people see what capitalists really think of them. Miss a turn at the dice while you think of new ways to fool the people."

The worker's Chance cards penalize him for smoking dope ("The capitalist slips you one of his debits for relying on the opium of the masses") and reward him for his militancy: "Together with your fellow workers, you have occupied your factory and locked your boss in the toilet. Capitalists miss two turns at the dice."

The game really revolves around making alliances between classes. While the capitalist and the worker are the central players, farmers, students, professionals and small-businessmen are represented as well. Building coalitions makes the game much more complicated and forces all players to think strategically.

The humor in the game is all intentional. Inventor Ollman believes that it is a way of "getting the radical comments listened to: Even those who are put off by the politics might appear ridiculous if they put up a stink. When the game gets out to the wilds of Indiana and some American Legion post plays it—well, I hope they have fun."

So far, *Class Struggle* has caught on faster than Ollman imagined, and *Class Struggle, Inc.*, initially just a cottage industry, has been compelled to gear up for mass production. "Business is terrific," the professor says. "What can I say? Capitalism is full of contradictions. We glimpse success ahead."

GOOD HEAD II

A prominent real-estate agency recently advertised its transcontinental connections thusly in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*: "MILWAUKEE & MIAMI HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON: HEAD & SEEMANN."

THE ZODIAC SIGN

A number of the items that appear each month in these pages, as well as in the pages of *The Playboy Forum* and *Sex News*, originate with the Zodiac News Service, a unique media facility that amounts to a counterculture version of the Associated Press and United Press International wire services. Five days a week, Zodiac sends out a six-page packet of news items ranging from serious accounts of Government misdeeds to the

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if I really enjoy
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KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

off-the-wall items that the Zodiac staff refers to as "bizarros."

This entertaining and informative product is produced by a four-member staff working in a brick building in San Francisco's south-of-Market district, an area known for its drab factories and colorful bums. Zodiac owner and cofounder Jon Newhall assures visitors that the tattered gents patrolling outside are not the physicists, anthropologists and other "reliable sources" whose astounding disclosures are Zodiac staples.

"Basically, we rely on three sources for our items," says Newhall. "First, and most important, is our loose network of stringers—radio-station staff members, free-lance writers and ordinary people who keep up on the media. We are always happy to get new members of our stringer network, and pay ten dollars for each item we use."

"Our second source is the publications we receive in our office—magazines, daily newspapers, science and trade publications—and the third source is the stories that we develop ourselves over the phone. There aren't as many of these, but the phone stories are invariably the most important on any given day."

The inspiration to turn our society's daily deluge of information into an underground wire service, says Newhall, occurred during the rough-and-tumble war-protest era of the late Sixties. "Underground newspapers were making a lot of wild accusations, some of which turned out to be true. Zodiac was set up to screen those stories and send them to radio stations and other establishment media that were more concerned with reliability than with sensationalism."

But that was then and, says Newhall, "Zodiac has changed along with society. We now concentrate on the news that the establishment media tend to overlook, misinterpret or purposely ignore. We do a lot on nuclear power, medicine, science, UFOs. We like human-behavior surveys; we get wide pickup and feedback on marijuana stories; we're always interested in news concerning political assassinations and conspiracies."

LEAKS AT THE CIA

If we can accept the word of ex-CIA officer Victor Marchetti, the Viet Cong had it all over us in the Vietnam war in more ways than one. According to Marchetti, the CIA implanted a series of electronic sensors across Vietnam, designed to detect the slightest hint of human traffic and so inform the U.S. of the number of guerrillas moving south. Among the sensors, says Marchetti, were urine detectors; and when the Viet Cong discovered these, he continues, "they urinated all over them and we would get estimates that two billion Viet Cong were coming south."



THE DISASTER DETECTOR

Once, Evanston, Illinois, was an undistinguished Chicago suburb noted chiefly for being the national headquarters of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Today it is renowned as the site of the world's only all-steel, custom-manufactured, one-off, multipurpose Disaster Detector. The detector stands its so-far-silent 24-hour vigil in the backyard of the home of William J. Helmer, who designed and built it as a community service and in response to his wife's comment, "You bought all that damn welding equipment, so go weld something." He did, and today he values his invention at \$10,000, the estimated amount by which it has reduced neighborhood property values.

We heard of this contraption through our vast network of informants, and since this monument to paleotechnology was only a six-dollar cab ride away, we decided to investigate. What the hell?

It was a Tuesday, and we roused the inventor out of bed early—at what he grumpily called "the crack of noon." He offered us a beer and a banana for breakfast and was well into a discussion of how beneficial such fare is to working journalists before we persuaded him to demonstrate his Disaster Detector. "Fine," he said. "You just relax under that mulberry tree and we can drink beer till a disaster comes along." After a bit of cajolery, he agreed to a test run, and we learned that the detector was, indeed, a most sophisticated device that functions quite independently of outside power sources. Once its triggering device—a giant rattrap—is set and properly connected, it works something like this:

- Floodwaters deeper than two feet would cause a toilet float to rise;

- An earthquake of any great magnitude (such as the one in San Francisco in 1906, for instance) would set a gimbal-

mounted pendulum to swinging;

- The heat wave of a nuclear blast would melt a copper wire, causing a cast-iron window-sash weight to fall and a camshaft from a 1912 Cadillac to rotate;

- A tornado passing directly overhead would (presumably) cause the entire machine to lift at least one foot off the ground and bring taut a heavy chain staked into the ground and connected to the mechanism.

Should any of those events occur, the rattrap is triggered by the various linkages in the machine to release a croquet mallet, which rings a large gong. Not only that but as the mallet sweeps toward the gong, it strikes yet another triggering device that causes a rod-mounted, sheet-steel, spring-loaded American flag near the top to turn upside down into the distress position. We asked Helmer, "So?"

"So then, upon hearing the gong, I rush out of the house and crank this siren—to alert the neighbors. Then I—look here—I pull this knob."

The knob was part of a flexible cable, like those installed in cars to manually control a choke or a throttle; in this case, however, it caused a spring-loaded lid to open on a metal box attached to the Disaster Detector and containing a pint bottle of Southern Comfort. Helmer pulled it and *clank!* went the lid of the tin box.

"What we have here is the only means of coping with the kinds of disasters that this Disaster Detector detects!"

As we turned down another offer of a beer and a banana and took our leave, we said, "Gee, Mr. Helmer, but you're an awfully clever fellow. You should be an editor for PLAYBOY."

And he said, "I already are one."

That was true, and we left Helmer at his post, ringing the gong, cranking the siren, sampling the Southern Comfort and shouting to his neighbors, "This is only a test! This is only a test!"

MAIL CHAUVINISM

Letters we never quite got around to finishing (this from the American Museum of Natural History): "Dear Reader: Who has five eyes, turns from green to brown when the leaves turn and eats her mate for dinner?"

TREND OF THE MONTH

What to get the jet-setting, oil-drenched sheik who has everything (including trouble telling directions)? An automatic Mecca finder, of course. Invented by an imaginative Dutchman, the compasslike gizmo has the names of 150 cities around the world engraved in Arabic on its face; the traveling sheik simply turns the compass to magnetic north, sets the dial on the name of the city he is then visiting and—*voilà!*—a little arrow points the way to Mecca. That should bring 'em to their knees.



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BOOKS

No one has yet figured out what happened to all the American Indians who used to be here. Many, of course, died of white men's diseases to which they had no resistance. The theory that the rest were deliberately massacred is popular and does have some substantiation, but somehow it presupposes a calculated effort that is distasteful to contemporary Americans. Douglas C. Jones, in his new historical novel, *A Creek Called Wounded Knee* (Scribner's), offers a more palatable explanation and, in the end, a more plausible one.

The novel chronicles the last few weeks before the pivotal confrontation of the Dakota Sioux and the U. S. Cavalry at Wounded Knee. It is told from the points of view of the Indians, of the soldiers and of the ragtag group of newspaper reporters sent to cover the movement of the Indians as they are bounced from reservation to reservation. When the three elements come together, we see a matrix of superstition, misinformation and confusion—plus a total lack of communication.

The Indians, for example, are convinced by their medicine men that their "ghost shirts" will stop the bullets of the soldiers. The soldiers, being wholly unfamiliar with the ways of the Indians, are mostly scared. Finally, the reporters, drunk and unable to get the facts straight, fill in the blanks with stories made up for sensation-hungry newspapers back East. It is no wonder, then, that when the smoke clears, nobody really knows what happened. We are left with the equivalent of a no-fault holocaust.

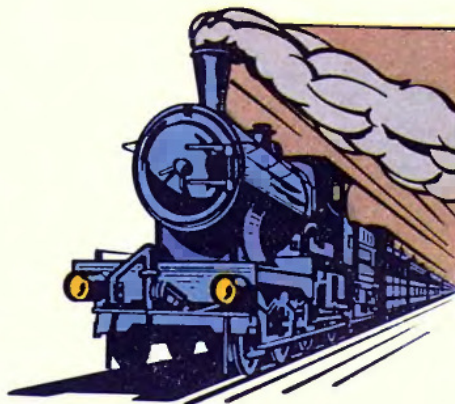
Adding to the believability of this theory is Jones's precise narrative, dripping with authenticity. Halfway through the battle, one wants to shout, "Wait, there's been a mistake!" But it's too late. The Sioux have learned what it means to go up against bureaucracy, technology and the mass media. And, as we know, there are no winners in that game.

If you pick up a copy of John Updike's new novel, *The Coup* (Knopf), expecting it to be peopled by the Rabbit Angstrom and Piet Hanema types of Updike's previous works, you're in for the surprise of your life. In fact, if the author's name had been erased and you were asked to guess who wrote it, the name John Updike would not come readily to mind. The book is a considerable departure—and a fascinating one, at that. It concerns the small sub-Saharan state of Kush and its wily dictator, Colonel Hakim Félix Ellelou. Having led the revolution that deposed Kush's constitutional monarch and ousted its French colonialists, Ellelou reigns with an iron fist tempered by three parts magnanimi-



Wounded Knee: Lo, the poor Indian.

A tragic triumvirate:
Indians, the U. S. Cavalry and
a voyeuristic press.



Orient Express derails.

ty. Due to circumstances beyond his control—a famine ravages the land, the rainy season has been dry, the natives, in short, are growing restless—Ellelou

is in danger of being usurped himself. Ellelou, who was educated at a small Midwestern university, despises everything American and, in the face of famine, rejects the American aid that arrives at the Kush border. His impossible dream is to return his small nation to the clean simplicity and beauty that existed there prior to the influx of Western culture; his nightmare, which becomes reality under his very nose, is to see his country sprouting McDonald's, Dairy Queens and hot-dog stands. Progress marches on and Ellelou is overthrown, exiled with but one of his four wives to the south of France, where every afternoon he sits in a café penning his memoirs: this book. And a splendid book it is. The prose is eloquent and elegant, full of insight and wisdom, wit and charm, poetic and philosophical. It may very well be Updike's masterpiece.

Orient Express: The Life and Times of the World's Most Famous Train (Random House), by E. H. Cookridge, begins with a dull sentence—"The invention of the steam engine and its adaptation to a mechanical device that could move from place to place brought about social and economic changes in the history of mankind comparable to the advent of the wheel at the dawn of the Stone Age"—and continues in that textbook style through some 277 pages of rehashed history, stale gossip and sketchy biography of the late lamented luxury train.

Having neither the wit nor the energy of other writers on the same subject (Graham Greene, Paul Theroux, Agatha Christie), Cookridge makes the *Orient Express* sound like the milk train from Newark to Trenton. He condenses previous scholarship into chatty chapters without listing his sources. He fills us with trivia we don't need to know. Worst of all, Cookridge tells his tales in the ponderous tone of an aging squire sipping port. If your mapping of the route changes for the *Orient Express* over the past 90 years is not up to date, then by all means read this "history." Otherwise, you'd do well to forget it.

Richard Price has churned out a book every two years since he was 24. He is now 29 and his latest, *Ladies' Man* (Houghton Mifflin), is a grim novel about a 30-year-old going through a life crisis. It may be one of the best descriptions yet of his generation. The book has some excesses, but to describe them would just sound as though we're jealous of Price's talent and insight. Which we are.

Six A.M. Rise and shine. Put on your Adidas running shoes, the ones with the Porsche Turbo Carrera spoiler on the

A man wearing a hat and a light-colored jacket stands on a grassy bank next to a pond. He is holding a leash for a golden retriever. In the pond, several ducks are swimming. The background is filled with dense green trees and foliage. The scene is reflected in the calm water of the pond.

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fortless gear changing.

All told, the only adjustment you will have to make as the new owner of a 320i is that you will have no adjustments to make at all.

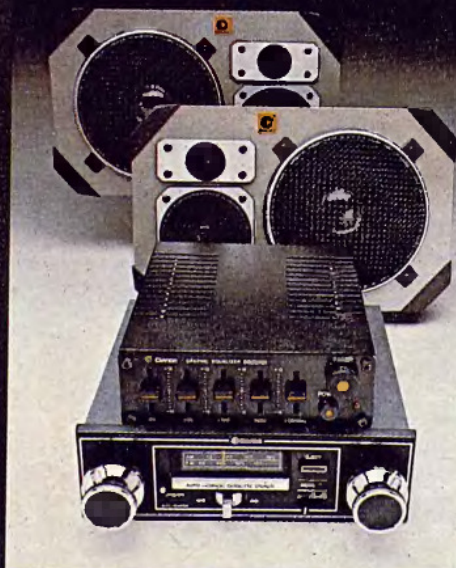
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I guess when they start askin' "Mel... what's your system!" "I'll have to tell 'em Clarion— It's like a concert in your van."



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back to keep your heels down at high speeds. Head out to the park for your daily five miles. In minutes, your body is warmed up, alpha waves are breaking against your forehead like Maui surf, your breathing sounds as if you're auditioning for the Darth Vader sound track and your legs feel as if a drunken jazz musician is playing bass runs on your Achilles' tendons. Welcome to the ranks of the injured, if not the brain-damaged. Our advice: Head home. Take two aspirins and curl up with *The Sportsmedicine Book* (Little Brown), by Gabe Mirkin and Marshall Hoffman. You'll feel a lot better, you'll know what you did wrong and how to prevent its happening again. Mirkin and Hoffman do for running (and other sports) what Masters and Johnson did for sex. Theirs is an owner's manual for the human body that explains the basics (how your muscles work, how to train, what to do when you hurt yourself) in terms that even an athlete can understand. This is the real stuff. Keep a copy in your locker.

After reading the daily paper or watching the evening news, we can't blame armchair detectives for wishing to trade the cares and toils of today's world for the cozy, firelit, fog-shrouded sitting room of 221-B Baker Street, London, 1895, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's two immortal creations, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. But the 56 short stories and four novels Doyle wrote about his illustrious pair have been shoved to the back of the library shelf to make way for an infinite flood of Holmesiana published in the past several years: cookbooks, reference works, a limerick collection, biographies of Doyle and—following in the footsteps of Nicholas Meyer's highly successful *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* and *The West End Horror*—enough pastiches to sink the ill-fated cutter Alicia, which "sailed one spring morning into a small patch of mist from which she never emerged."

Sherlock Holmes vs. Dracula (Doubleday), subtitled "The Adventure of the Sanguinary Count," by Loren D. Estleman, is not exactly something you can sink your intellectual teeth into, but it does make light, amusing reading. The game's afoot when Bram Stoker's famous blood-sucker arrives in England aboard a foundering ship whose only cargo is a dead crew, some boxes of earth and a huge black "dog" that bounds ashore and disappears. The dog, of course, is Count Dracula and the landscape is soon littered with his blood-drained victims. If you finish *Dracula* with a thirst for more gore, there's *The Last Sherlock Holmes Story* (Pantheon), by Michael Dibdin, which opens in the autumn of 1888, when Jack the Ripper prowled London's East End, butchering prostitutes and taunting Scotland Yard to "Catch me when you can." There are bloody good

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reasons why Scotland Yard can't catch old Leather Apron, whose true identity is revealed halfway through the book.

Exit Sherlock Holmes (Scribner's), by Robert Lee Hall, is a well-written account of Holmes's last days, which are spent in an ultimate confrontation with his archenemy, Professor Moriarty. H. Paul Jeffers' *The Adventure of the Stalwart Companions* (Harper & Row), on the other hand, finds Holmes and Teddy Roosevelt teaming up to prevent the assassination of Rutherford B. Hayes. And by the time you read this, Randall Collins' *The Case of the Philosophers' Ring* (Crown) should be in the bookstores. We're told that its plot involves Holmes, Watson and Bertrand Russell's joining forces to save mankind from some hideous scheme of Aleister Crowley's.

The Return of Moriarty and *The Revenge of Moriarty* (Putnam), by John Gardner (not the John Gardner), are both available in Berkley Medallion paperbacks. In *Return*, Holmes again is pitted against Professor Moriarty, the Napoleon of Crime, who's plotting to organize Europe's underworld into a single giant web of criminality. There's no honor among thieves, however, as in *Revenge* Moriarty re-emerges to bring retribution to the criminals who double-crossed him in *Return*. But Moriarty's ultimate aim is to cut off Holmes's cocaine supply and bring the sleuth into public disgrace. Will this villain stop at *nothing*? Apparently not, for a third Moriarty book is currently in the works.

The Adventure of the Peerless Peer (Dell) is the stuff that pulp-magazine stories were once made of. Philip José Farmer, who lists himself as the American agent for the estates of Dr. Watson, Lord Greystoke, David Copperfield, Martin Eden and Don Quixote, is the book's "editor." The year is 1916; Holmes and Watson are in darkest Africa, tracking the German spymaster Von Bork. The Peerless Peer referred to in the title is none other than Lord Greystoke, who, of course, is Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle.

Not all readers of Sherlock Holmes know that Conan Doyle also wrote dozens of other stories well calculated, as they say, to keep you in suspense. *Tales of Terror and Mystery* (Doubleday) offers 13 such pieces, a number of them being published for the first time in America. And none, for a change, is about Sherlock Holmes. Another collection of Victorian tales, *Rivals of Sherlock Holmes* (Castle), is not to be confused with *The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*, a mixed bag of vintage detective yarns collected by Hugh Greene, Graham Greene's brother, and published in 1970. Castle's *Rivals* includes 40 stories of crime and detection reproduced as they originally appeared in popular Victorian magazines. Since the book seems to have been remaindered the same day it went on sale, its low price (\$5.95) is a steal.



Quick, Watson, the bookshelf!

Newgate Callendar, in *The New York Times*, wrote that Michael Harrison "knows more about Sherlock Holmes than any man alive." We're not about to quibble. Harrison's *I, Sherlock Holmes* (Dutton) was preceded by *In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes*, *The London of Sherlock Holmes* and *The World of Sherlock Holmes*, among others. *I* is a first-person recollection covering the ten years when Holmes first met Watson in the chemical laboratory of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, until 1891, when Holmes disappeared for three years, presumably having perished when he and Professor Moriarty plunged into Switzerland's Reichenbach Falls. The book is for serious Holmes buffs who have already devoured Doyle's Holmes stories and now wish to read an entertaining self-analysis by Holmes of his complex personality.

As your Baker Street library expands, you may wish to add a Sherlockian reference book or two to your collection, possibly as an aid in settling bets over such trivia as what type of snake killed Julia Stoner in *The Adventure of the Speckled Band*. (It was a swamp adder.) Jack Tracy's *The Encyclopedia Sherlockiana* (Doubleday) is one of the best Sherlockian reference books available, as it alphabetically documents virtually every important and inconsequential subject and person in the stories from A (while copying the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Jabez Wilson spent eight weeks with this letter in *The Red-Headed League*) to Zoology (The Stapletons in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* had strong tastes for botany and zoology).

Another ambitious reference book, *The World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson*, by Ronald De Waal, is a monstrous, slipcased 526-page tome originally published by the New York Graphic Society for \$60. (It's now available in a reprint minus the slipcase from Bramhall House for \$10.) De Waal describes his opus as "a comprehensive record of the various appearances in

periodicals, newspapers and books of the Canonical tales—and Apocrypha written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle between 1887 and 1927, together with the translations of those tales into 50 languages, the higher criticism, or writings about the writings, the films, musicals, plays, radio and television programs, phonograph records, parodies and pastiches, and a multitude of other items . . . that have accumulated throughout the world on the two most famous 'fictional' characters of all time." It also makes a handy doorstop.

What in heaven's name else could be written about this illustrious pair? Well, there's *Dining with Sherlock Holmes* (Bobbs-Merrill), by Julia Carlson Rosenblatt and Frederic Sonnenschmidt, a culinary treatise of Victorian recipes that's far superior to its only competition, *The Sherlock Holmes Cookbook* (Drake), by Sean Wright and John Farrell. A book of verse, *Asimov's Sherlockian Limericks* (The Mysterious Press), by Isaac Asimov, with a front-cover illustration by Gahan Wilson. Two Potter Publications, *The Sherlock Holmes File*, by Michael Pointer, and *The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook*, edited by Peter Haining. (The former is a collection of Holmes miscellanea pertaining to his many appearances onstage, in films and in advertisements; the latter is a collection of Holmes data gleaned from newspaper clippings, magazine articles, etc.) Ruth Laker Tepper's *The Sherlock Holmes Crossword Puzzle Book* (also Potter), containing 21 pencil chewers and their solutions. In addition, yet one more biography of Doyle has surfaced: *Sherlock Holmes and His Creator* (St. Martin's), by Trevor H. Hall; the play *Sherlock Holmes*, by William Gillette and Doyle, has been republished by Doubleday; and Paddington Press has just come out with *The Doyle Diary: The Last Great Conan Doyle Mystery*, that's nothing less than a full-color reproduction of the diary Sir Arthur's father, Charles, kept during his years in a lunatic asylum. Was he really mad? Read the introduction by Michael Baker and decide for yourself.

Now in public domain, the character of Sherlock Holmes no longer is just a child's rainy-day companion or a noble symbol of intellect and the triumph of right over wrong for adults—he is a merchandisable commodity and it's elementary that his name spells money. Furthermore, the Holmes craze shows no signs of abating. Even composition reproductions of the 19" x 17" sculpture that illustrates this roundup—Holmes, in his familiar Inverness cape and deerstalker, kneeling to examine footprints through a magnifying glass, while Dr. Watson looks on—are available from the sculptor, Richard Masloski, 24 Lannis Avenue, Newburgh, New York 12550, for \$75. We may be nearing the end of the year 1978, but for some people it is always 1895.

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MUSIC

Dolly Parton spent several years taking second billing to her partner, a grits-and-greens country singer named Porter Wagoner. Pop singers such as Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris admired her, but most of their audiences had never heard of her. Eventually she split with Wagoner, fired her backup band and set out to sell records to a pop audience. Her first crossover LP brought her a modest hit—*Here You Come Again*—and her second, *Heartbreaker* (RCA), is a flat-out push for more. The cover features Dolly in pink lace displaying a bit of thigh. Compared with, say, Donna Summer, it's pretty tame stuff, but in the world of country music, where it is still *de rigueur* to close every show with a hymn, it is positively incendiary. Inside we get ten singles. Any of them, with a bit of luck, might catch. The sound is L.A. studio: elaborate horn charts, strings, backup singers and conga drums, but there is a lot of country in Dolly yet. She takes a dip into disco (*Sure Thing*), but she balances that with a song of tribute to her dad (*The Man*) that would sound just right coming from the stage at the county fair. The crowds of musicians backing her never overwhelm her. She's in charge on every tune, a singer exploring a new style as much for artistic as for commercial reasons.

Classical guitarist John Williams has done a lot of recording and can always be counted on to come up with something a little different each time he goes into the studio. *John Williams and Friends* (Columbia) is no exception. The program contains works by Vivaldi, Telemann, Bach and Mozart, and the inspired part is the adaptation of those works to include a marimba/vibraphone *continuo*. The arrangements are by Brian Gascoigne, who makes you a firm believer that the compositions are perfectly suited to those modern-day instruments. Williams, of course, is splendid, but, then, you knew he would be.

Doc Watson has finally recorded *Under the Double Eagle*. The old march has been the show-off piece for country guitarists of the acoustical persuasion for decades, but Doc has eschewed recording it. Now that he has laid it down on vinyl, the rest of the boys can hang up their flat picks. This is how it's supposed to go. He takes it at a moderately fast tempo, lively but slow enough to let us savor what he is doing to the melody. Country improvisation is essentially a decorative art, a matter of producing variations on the tune rather than an



Williams & Friends.

Dolly Parton keeps on crossing over, Doc Watson does a country classic to a turn, Mike Bloomfield is blue and Sammy Hagar is unhorrible.



A different Doc Watson.

exploration of the harmonic structure like jazz. Nobody can execute this sort of solo better than Watson. *Look Away* (United Artists), featuring *Double Eagle* along with ten other tunes, displays an artist at the height—so far—of his powers. Rooted in the music of his native Appalachians, Watson has established a style that lets him be as eclectic as he likes without submerging himself in his borrowings. He can move easily from Dylan (*Don't Think Twice*) to Anglo-American ballads (*Gypsy Davie*) to Fifties-style country (*You Two Timed Me One Time Too Often*). He can sing up a storm backed by one harmonica or by a whole group of girl singers. There is just nobody else in American music like him.

A Jewish boy from Oak Park, Illinois, returns to his roots: first-generation electric blues. *Michael Bloomfield* heard the blues while growing up around Chicago. He became the most athletic guitarist of

this generation, went on to play various kinds of rock and now has come back to the old ways on an eponymously titled album on Takoma. The label has long specialized in illuminating some of the darker corners of American music. On this record, Bloomfield is given a chance to cut loose on classics from the real old days (*See That My Grave Is Kept Clean*) and from the early city blues (*Sloppy Drunk*). Working mainly with just bass and drum backing, he is free to display his legendary guitar prowess and a surprising mastery of blues singing styles. And if you think that gays just now came out of the musical closet, listen to *Women Loving Each Other*. (They ain't thinkin' about no man.)

Rock 'n' roll ain't dead yet. In spite of all that Saturday-night-at-the-disco falsetto Bee Gees crap, Sammy Hagar is still out there playing loud, raucous, frantic, pull-out-the-stops rock 'n' roll. Recording live in places such as San Antonio and Santa Cruz, Hagar and his very loud four-piece band affirm the idea that you can still make music that's all emotion, still play songs people can dance to without learning any steps. *All Night Long* (Capitol) will make you feel good, give you an energy boost. It has none of the tuneless self-conscious emptiness of the punks. You don't need a safety pin through your cheek to play—or listen to—the real thing. Hagar is a delightful reminder of the days when rock 'n' roll scared people, when district attorneys got injunctions against this sort of stuff. Turn it up a little louder.

Whether by instinct or by conditioning, most people seem to prefer their music couched in familiar rhythms and harmonic structures. There are those who still believe, however, that avant-garde music—those strangely shaped sounds from the noncommercial nether world where “jazz” and “classical” people reluctantly meet—will eventually find its own audience, if given the chance. Among them are Arista Records and veteran producer Steve Backer, who over the past few years have helped composer and multi-instrumentalist Anthony Braxton develop a reputation as the Stravinsky of the new chamber jazz. His new composition, *For Trio* (Arista), is called that because the real title, a diagram that looks as if it had escaped from a geometry classroom, is unreproducible. (It's the only LP among recent “new music” releases that is on the parent label; the rest bear the Arista/Novus imprimatur.) The fragmented music therein, which is partly improvised and

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partly scored, will not be as readily appealing to *nonaficionados* as Braxton's recent big-band experiments but will fascinate his fans and devotees of music in the abstract. Similarly, Muhal Richard Abrams' release, *Lifea Blinac* (Arista/Novus), is heavy stuff, despite a few satiric touches, and the bits of Gospel piano thrown in by Abrams, a resourceful keyboardist, will frustrate anyone who'd like to hear more of the same. While Braxton's and Abrams' musicians play a staggering variety of things, the musicians of Air stick pretty much to a sax-bass-and-drums format on *Open Air Suit* (Arista/Novus); their music, which seems Ornette Coleman-influenced, is a bit closer to most mainstream conceptions of jazz than that of their colleagues. Then there is Oliver Lake, whose *Life Dance of Is* (Arista/Novus) doesn't deserve to be shackled by the avant-garde tag; *Change One* jumps from a free format into a hard-rocking reggae beat that's thoroughly convincing (when the harmonica solos, you could swear you were listening to War), while *Comous* and *Shu-Ful* have hard-cooking jazz beats and recognizable, if somewhat spicy, chord structures. Also likely to win a few fans is Baird Hersey & The Year of the Ear, a high-energy 11-piece group whose aptly titled *Lookin' for That Groove* (Arista/Novus) keeps shifting neatly between free-form passages and rock-influenced grooves; *Greedy*, in fact, sounds for all the world like the James Brown band on an acid trip.

Terry Callier has a voice that can roar like a lion or purr like a kitten, and he writes songs that go a step beyond what you're used to hearing. On *Fire on Ice* (Elektra), he gets help from some blue-chip talent, including Minnie Riperton and Eddie Harris, who gets considerable solo space. The result is a big, beautiful sound to match Callier's thoughtful songs and complement his moods. *African Violet* and *Butterfly* are pensive ballads; *Holdin' On* (To Your Love) chugs along in a romantic groove; *Be a Believer* starts like a folk song and turns into stone Eddie Harris funk; *Disco in the Sky* gives that lighthearted genre an ironic dimension; and *Street Fever* is rock 'n' roll that must have been etched with battery acid.

In conversation, Michael Henderson likes to imagine scenes and imitate voices. When he tells you how Miles Davis wooed him away from Stevie Wonder—"He went right up to him and said, 'I'm gonna take your bass player'"—he does a wonderfully hoarse impersonation of the great trumpet player who was his boss for seven years. And when he imagines a record-company executive someday telling him, "This is your last record, get out, we want Bootsy," he lapses, Richard Pryor style, into a white-executive voice.

It's what you expect from someone

whose songs tell stories about people—relationships, as he puts it—and whose singing features a variety of voices. Voices that the 26-year-old Detroitier feels he has more under control than previously on his new LP, *In the Night Time* (Buddah).

The material on the album—spacy ballads (*Am I Special*), comfortably paced dance tunes (*Take Me I'm Yours*) and a taste of hard rock (*Happy*)—will not surprise Henderson's fans, but it has a new and bigger sound that he frankly feels is more competitive.

If anybody knows, it is Henderson. Since he first hit the road at 14, he has played bass with the best, and not on a look-hear basis. Seven years with Miles Davis. Five years, on and off, with Stevie Wonder, during which he became the hottest thing on the circuit: "One night King Curtis was in the place, and Joe Cocker, and Miles Davis, and they were all checking me out; they all wanted me for their gigs."

It was with drummer Norman Connors, however, that *Valentine Love* and *You Are My Starship* brought out Henderson as a songwriter and vocalist. Many people first thought it was Connors singing on the records, but that didn't slow down Henderson, who quickly established himself as a pop star with his boyish good looks, positive vibrations and formidable blend of writing, singing and playing.

He has had no difficulty producing more romantic songs, partly because he keeps having experiences to sing about, partly because his artfully structured ballads come easily to him on his bass ("I've never needed a piano, 'cause I can play all the chords").

In an era of throwaway funk, Henderson is trying to write songs that people will sing ten or 20 years hence, "when it's gonna be even more expensive to live where you are now."

But, of course, just to keep everybody happy—himself included—he'll continue doing his share of high-powered dance tunes: "I can't ignore the disco audience and the funkateer audience, because I'm only 26 myself. You know? There are guys writing that funkateer music who are a lot older than I am."

—CARL PHILIP SNYDER

SHORT CUTS

Wilson Williams / Up the Downstairs (ABC): Sam Cooke-ish soul ballads and a couple of party tunes; not deep, but they sure are smooth.

Switch (Gordy): Pretty music that doesn't say much but can't help but sell; add Switch to the new generation of Motown stars.

T. Life / That's Life (RCA): Hard-charging R&B with the harsh tones of big-city life; the anger of *Shortchanged* makes the tenderness of *I Found My Way* all the more believable.

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Available in Canada.

Who watches out for your morals every time you step inside a movie theater? No one at all—unless you live in Maryland. But if you do live in Maryland, why, then, you need have no fear; **Mary Avara**—Saint Mary, they call her, Saint Mary the X-Rated Grandma—is ever on the alert.

The state of Maryland, you see, supports—at a cost of \$70,000 a year—the nation's last film-censorship board. And Saint Mary is its most popular member. Sixty-eight years old, nine grandchildren, goes to church on Sunday, makes a hell of a bowl of spaghetti . . . and she watches dirty movies for a living.

It is she who personally screens every feature film, trailer and peep-show short offered for distribution in the state. It is she who makes winning points at the state legislature's annual debate over a bill to kill the Maryland State Board of Censors, to send it to that great G-rated theater in the sky. It is she, really, who keeps the board rolling, as it has since 1916, doing God's work.

A former bail bondswoman from a politically prominent family in Baltimore's Hollin's Market section, she thought the job was a political plum when she accepted it in 1960. She soon learned to take her task seriously.

"I only get \$4500 a year for watching all this garbage," she says, "but I'd do it for nothing as long as I knew I could reach people. I think the word censor upsets the public, but I know from all the complaints we receive that people do want some control. You know what I say when I finally leave this place every Friday, after a week of this garbage? I say, 'Thank you, Jesus!' But somebody has to do it."

This is how she does it: Except for newsreels, every film—from G to X—a distributor wants to show in a Maryland theater must first be submitted to the board. Mary herself watches them all—up to five films a day, some 500 a year—in the board's small Baltimore office. If she spies something she doesn't like, she calls in the two part-time male censors for a consensus. If the board agrees that she's found something objectionable according to the state law's interpretation of "contemporary community standards," the distributor is told no dice. Most accept the board's decision; they either delete the offending passages or withdraw the film: Cut or quit. (A team of inspectors pops in on theaters to see that cuts stay cut.) Occasionally, the distributors argue. The board, represented by an assistant state attorney general, takes them to court. The board usually wins. Banned in Maryland. The public is spared.

In the recent past, Maryland citizens



Censorship's alive and well:
Maryland's matron of morals
loves her job—unfortunately.

have been spared seeing a man have his penis cut off, a group of women raped and dismembered and a nude beauty push her way through a gigantic bowl of pasta. They've missed entirely such shows as *Dicktator*, *Fly Me the French Way*, *Penis Pump Parade*, *The Prick & Pizza Party*, *Sherrie and Her Blonde Pussy* and, of course, *Deep Throat*. Mary, naturally, had to watch them all first in order to decide they were garbage.

Deep Throat she had to watch six times. "The distributor kept trying to get it by," she explains. "He submitted it three times with different cuts, but that one—if he cut it from here to kingdom come, he wouldn't have gotten it by me. He'd have had a newsreel."

Her decisions, Mary says, are based not on her personal taste but on how the courts can be expected to rule. If it had been up to her, *Pretty Baby* would never have passed (it did, but over her objections): "They have a 12-year-old girl in a house of ill repute and they auction her off. A virgin. Do we need this? I mean, do we *really* need films like this?"

"It upsets me no end that there's almost nothing I can do about violence, unless it's sex-related. Nothing I can do about language—any word goes, and it gets worse all the time. Fellatio, cunnilingus—I didn't even *know* those words when I took this job. Deep penetrating sex is out. Full-length intercourse is no good. But if they have two nudes in bed making love and they just show half the body, we can't do anything about it."

Some of the films she's forced to let through set her off more than others. "There was one," she recalls, "where the aliens come to America and they go to a big factory and the workers are making penises—all shapes and all sizes. Would you *believe* this? And they're boxing 'em. I was wondering what they do with the rejects, the ones that are cut or damaged. Some employee must take 'em home. . . . And I had to release it, because there really is a factory like this. I had no choice."

"And we had one made in Italy about a mad butcher. Whenever he had an argument with somebody, he'd cut 'im up and sell you the meat. I wanted to hold that, but it's OK as far as the law goes because it's not sex."

"To be a movie star today, you have to be an acrobat, the positions I see them in. I keep telling myself it can't get any worse, but it does every year. I asked a doctor once, the objects that women in these films insert in their bodies, don't you think they cause cancer? He said yes. Sex is beautiful, it's part of life. And the way it's being portrayed today, with women inserting objects into themselves, it's just unbelievable. These girls in the movies, they're degrading women, they degrade everybody."

Maryland's Matron of Mores (as *Variety* called her) has friends and enemies. Her friends, she says, think she should head for higher office. "I've been told by not one or two but many that I could run for mayor here and win," she boasts. "But I'd never dream of it. Listen—I do what a person *should* do at my age: I go to church."

Her enemies say her idea of a fun evening is to watch *Mary Poppins* and make cocoa. To which Saint Mary replies: "Well, I never look at *Mary Poppins* and I hate cocoa. I make spaghetti."

"I'm not a prude. The Lord made water into wine—I believe you can have a glass of wine to drink, you can dance, but. . . . Do you ever go to parties where they strip and you pour whipped cream on one another and start licking it off? I've never been invited to a party like that. In the movies, they do it. That's why I never buy whipped cream anymore. I never buy a lot of things. . . . We had a film about a woman, and the man couldn't satisfy her. You have to excuse me, 'cause I really don't talk dirty, but he was using an ear of corn to masturbate her. Then he pressed her belly button and what do you think came out? Popcorn. Do you *believe* that? Do you believe these *scriptwriters*? They're not *sick*? We're living in a *sick world*! I can't even eat *zucchini* anymore! There's so many things I won't eat no more."

—DAN CARLINSKY

The background of the advertisement features a close-up, slightly out-of-focus image of a woman's face, looking towards the camera. She has dark hair and is wearing a dark garment with a white, ruffled collar. In the foreground, on the right side, is a clear glass bottle of Izmira Vodka. The bottle has a white label with ornate, dark borders. The label features the brand name 'IZMIRA' in a stylized font, a small circular emblem with a profile of a woman, and the words 'IMPORTED VODKA'. The bottle is filled with a clear liquid. The overall color palette is warm, with shades of brown, gold, and white.

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EXPERIENCES

It's not our habit to accept unsolicited manuscripts for "Playboy After Hours," but we couldn't resist bringing you this cautionary tale submitted to us by an Australian reader who, on a visit to the U.S., left more than his heart in San Francisco. Understandably, he wishes to remain anonymous.

It was a cold October evening as the cable car neared its terminus on Market Street after a fun ride from Fisherman's Wharf. Over the gripman's frenzied bell clanging, I could hear the conductor announce the "tenderloin area" and, along with a throng of tourists, I jumped off, thinking I'd have a look around before walking back to my hotel. The area in question, as you may know, abounds in adult-magazine stores, topless shows and shops advertising GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS. As I strolled past one such venue, a gangly youth (who was pimply and may have been a pimp, too) stopped me and asked whether I would like a girl for a mere \$30. Actually, he didn't say that in so many words but, rather, insinuated it discreetly. Although he beckoned me inside to discuss details with "the hostess," I was not really interested and walked on—right into the arms of his competitor next door. This time, for some reason, I was under the impression that the joint was offering a strip show, so I allowed him to pass me on to the hostess, a tall, attractive black girl who offered me the choice of a girl on the premises for \$30 (including private bath) or a girl of my choosing in my own hotel room at \$50 for one hour. Having never before been propositioned, I was somewhat flattered and curious. Unfortunately, I showed my interest by asking for such details as exactly what the girls would be prepared to do. "Anything you wish," was the reply. What is the chance of catching something? "No chance unless you already have it yourself. The girls are checked every week." Is it legal? "Not exactly, but the city turns a blind eye." What do the hotels think? "Oh, they don't mind. We can go into any hotel in the city limits, including yours."

By this time, I suppose a streak of masculine vanity had been touched. Wouldn't it be a daring thing to do, just once? "OK," I said, "show me the girls." I chose Kim and signed a \$50 traveler's check, thinking I was pretty well set up for the night.

"Any identification? Driver's license?" With some amusement, I produced a credit card and the hostess duly made a note of the number.

While Kim was getting ready, the hostess returned. "How would you like to have two girls?" she asked with a grin.



What happens to an innocent visitor to San Francisco who pays \$200 to have his ashes hauled and winds up with an empty ice bucket.

"Two at once—you like the idea? Two girls for two hours." Pure greed was now tempting me. Visions of the three of us cavorting in naked merriment danced in my head. What the hell. In for a penny, in for a pound; my hand trembled as I signed another traveler's check.

So Kim, Anna and I took a taxi to my hotel. The girls were in their late 20s, attractive, well dressed and in no way looked like tarts. We exchanged names and indulged in mild chitchat and I began to like them a little. That was a mistake. When we arrived at the hotel, the girls, to my horror, marched straight up to the registration desk and boldly gave my name and room number. Not an eyebrow was raised.

On the way up to my room, Kim and Anna kept saying we were all going to have a great time together; they'd make it really good for me. So far, my \$100 had merely served to get the girls to my room, but I didn't suspect anything as I hastily took a shower and toweled myself dry while Kim and Anna settled down to watch television.

"Let's have a drink," Kim said, "a Courvoisier for me." I phoned room service, only to be told that no drinks were served after 11 P.M. Soft drinks were also unavailable, so Kim had a markedly unromantic glass of water and

phoned their boss, Cathy, to tell her where they were.

By this stage, I thought we ought to be getting down to business, so I lay down and asked for a back massage. The girls complied, rather halfheartedly, and began to explain that they would receive only 12 percent of the money paid so far. Wouldn't I like to give them a tip? I was quite upset to realize that my \$100 was a mere deposit, which, in fact, guaranteed no action at all; I was even more upset to discover that by a tip each girl meant another \$50. After some bargaining, we agreed on \$25 apiece now, and another \$25 if I wished them to stay beyond the prescribed two hours. I signed another traveler's check (the first I had ever signed in the nude in the presence of the recipient; little did I know it was not to be the last). By then I had parted with \$150 and had received nothing in return for my investment save an inept, 30-second back rub.

"All right," I said, "let's get on with it." This produced a few caresses of the thighs and legs before the phone rang. It was Cathy, who wanted to know whether or not the girls would be home in two hours. Oh, if I paid the other \$50 now, they said, they would stay all night and we'd all have a ball together the whole night long. Anna gently touched my penis. "We'll look after this both inside and out," she promised. We argued, but I ended up by signing a fourth \$50 traveler's check.

At last, the girls seemed ready. They called Cathy to tell her they were staying the night. Anna unzipped her slacks and slowly took them off to expose a pair of very sexy black frilly panties. We sat close together on the bed.

Then Kim said she wanted a glass of ice water and asked if she could go down the hall to find an ice machine. She collected two glasses and a plastic ice container provided by the hotel and headed toward the door. She paused. "I'll need some help carrying this." In a daze, I watched Anna zip up her pants as if in slow motion. Jokingly, I said, "Don't run away," as the two girls walked out and closed the door behind them. Minutes passed. In my nakedness, I couldn't run out after them, so I stood with my eye glued to the peephole, hoping, desperately hoping they would return. Finally, numb with disbelief at my own stupidity and anger at other people's dishonesty, and with my masculine pride thoroughly bruised, I put on some clothes and walked down the hall to the ice machine. There on the carpet in front of the elevators were two glasses sitting side by side in a white-plastic ice bucket.

MOVIES

Peter Ustinov, as Agatha Christie's master sleuth Hercule Poirot in *Death on the Nile*, boards a luxury steamer to see the ruins of ancient Egypt and solve a multiple-murder case with the help of David Niven. Bette Davis, Mia Farrow, Maggie Smith, Jack Warden, Angela Lansbury, Jon Finch and just about everyone else in the star-studded cast on this cruise harbor a motive to kill the spoiled, filthy-rich heiress (Lois Chiles) who is honeymooning with the man (Simon MacCorkindale) she snatched from Mia. Comparisons with Sidney Lumet's deluxe *Murder on the Orient Express*, produced by the same team, are not merely invited, they are all but unavoidable. For true Christie buffs, *Murder* has the edge. Although *Nile* is souped up with flashes of wit and funny business for some of moviedom's most incurable hams (a nod to playwright Anthony Shaffer, who wrote *Sleuth*), director John Guillermin came to this job from *Towering Inferno* and *King Kong*, which may not have been the ideal preparation for a tongue-in-cheek spoof. *Death on the Nile* is an uneven exercise in style, but what's the difference? It's a series of elegant picture postcards edged in blood, easy on the eyes and made to be taken lightly, if at all. Smith, Davis and Lansbury get the best lines, and the ladies are a trip in themselves—a three-piece band of unholy terrorists oozing bitchery through the land of Tut.

Winner of a Best Actress award at the 1978 Cannes Film Festival for her role in Claude Chabrol's *Violette*, Isabelle Huppert displays the virtuosity to justify her reputation as one of the fastest-rising stars in French cinema. Last year, as the emotionally passive and ill-used heroine of *The Lacemaker*, she was giving us only modest samples of what she can do. As remorseless Violette Nozière, a Borgia of the bourgeoisie—based on the case history of a celebrated French murderess back in the Thirties—Isabelle plays an 18-year-old femme fatale with no morals whatever. The daughter of a railroad man, she seems a simple working girl by day in the bosom of her family. By night, or as opportunity arises, she slips away in vampy black silk, her mouth painted crimson, to pick up strangers, practice a bit of blackmail and spend the money she has stolen from her parents on a handsome wastrel (Jean-François Garreud) who claims to be a law student. When Violette contracts syphilis, she manages to persuade her gullible mother and father (Stephane Audran and Jean Carmet) that the condition is hereditary. When family obligations become burdensome, poisoning



Sleuths Ustinov and Niven.

Import notes: Ustinov and Niven float down the Nile, Isabelle Huppert is a blackmailing vamp and Jules Dassin directs wife Mercouri in a *Passion*.



Isabelle Huppert Loreleis in *Violette*.



Mercouri and Burstyn: Greek tragedy.

her parents seems the most logical thing to do. On the second try, she succeeds in killing one of them. That's the story that makes *Violette* famous, her dark deeds bruited about Paris by scandalmongers and street singers, and Chabrol recreates it with a kind of bemused clinical detachment, as a coldly fascinating fable of our time. The effect is often comic in a disturbing deadpan way, not unlike Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux*. The movie's stylish decadence seems, in fact, to be Chabrol's comment on a mad world in

which crime, however monstrous, pays rather well if you can carry it off with sufficient savoir-faire.

A famous Greek actress rehearsing *Medea* in her homeland is persuaded, as a publicity stunt, to visit the prison where a pathetic American woman has been locked away for vengefully murdering her three children after her businessman husband betrayed her. The confrontation between these two Medeas—one a flamboyant superstar, play-acting, the other a nearly hysterical religious zealot who believes she has done only what God willed her to do—makes for explosive drama in *A Dream of Passion*. Truly a woman's picture from start to finish, but in the best sense, writer-director Jules Dassin's unabashedly theatrical showpiece created a minor sensation at the 1978 Cannes Film Festival, both as a resonant and startling essay on the roles women play and as a glossy vehicle for two actresses who are given the chance of a lifetime to tear up the scenery. Melina Mercouri (Mrs. Dassin offscreen) and Ellen Burstyn, as the big star and her infanticidal alter ego, don't miss a single opportunity—and together they forge *Dream of Passion* into a work of white-hot virtuosity. Performing long pieces of the staged *Medea*, which she has played to glowing notices in Athens, or pulling out bits and pieces of her private self during a lengthy monolog quite frankly indebted to Marlon Brando's psychodramatic personal revelations in *Last Tango in Paris*, Melina beats anything she has done on the screen since Dassin's *Never on Sunday*. As for Burstyn, she is devastating in a role that will send chills down your spine. Oscars have been awarded for much, much less. Succinctly, she's a creature consumed by pain, disintegrated, the tremulous but seething embodiment of the dictum that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Larger-than-life emotions that might do for Shakespeare or Euripides are scarcely the daily bread of modern cinema, but *Dream of Passion* is no ordinary movie. Although you may weep or walk away dazed, it's a tearjerker with burning intelligence and unmistakable class.

Complicity in the Watergate scandal has grown into a guilt-edged cottage industry with incomparable fringe benefits. The name of the game is fame. If you're well known, even as a reformed White House hatchet man, there's sure to be a book—and a buck—in it after you get sprung from jail. *Born Again*, the biggest behind-the-scenes Watergate epic since *All the President's Men*, is based on the best-selling confessions of Charles



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Colson, onetime Special Counsel to the President, who lost his faith in Richard M. Nixon but found it in Jesus before doing time as the man behind the smear campaign against Daniel Ellsberg (of the Pentagon-papers caper). Colson is played by Dean Jones, another avowed born-again Christian, with Anne Francis (religious affiliation unspecified) as Colson's skeptical, long-suffering wife, Patti. Executive producer Robert L. Munger, also born again, was reportedly introduced to Colson by singer Pat Boone, which does not surprise me. Former Iowa governor and Democratic U.S. Senator Harold Hughes, a political foe who became a fast friend after Colson's conversion, portrays himself in this milky inspirational drama that's got tears, fears, smears and prayers—everything but a flock of Walt Disney bluebirds beating their little breasts and warbling *mea culpa*.

There's no question about the sincerity of *Born Again*. Even the actors doubling for Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Kissinger and Hunt seem touched with the crusading spirit—as if they had been tapped to impersonate Pontius Pilate and his boys in a Biblical pageant. Washington, D.C., might be as pure and untainted as the Garden of Eden, but somebody still has to play the snake. Director Irving Rapper manipulates *Born Again* to produce lumps in the throat and often gets giggles instead, particularly during early stages of the Watergate debacle, when one of Colson's minions says, "I don't know anything. But Mr. Woodward of *The Washington Post* called—he wants to take me to dinner." That's months before every White House plumber and plumber's helper starts eating crow, years before the media miracle of miracles turns crow into caviar.

Australian director Peter Weir's *The Last Wave* is another visual tour de force with crucial shortcomings as drama. Weir doesn't always let his audience have enough information to know exactly what the hell is going on, though he certainly weaves a spell of intrigue, apocalyptic suspense and occultism among the aborigines. Richard Chamberlain, America's own *Dr. Kildare* of TV, who went on to play *Hamlet* in England and proved himself a sizable actor, delivers an intense, intelligent performance as a lawyer in Sydney who is asked to defend several sullen aborigines in a murder case and finds himself launched on a psychic trip of awesome dimensions. Meanwhile, a black rain falls on Sydney and there are hailstorms in remote desert villages where the normal annual precipitation is zero. Something is afoot, something frightening, and Weir keeps the screen full of it while Chamberlain tries to penetrate the aboriginal mysteries that suggest his eerie nightmares will



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come true. Authentic aborigines and occasional asides about the quality of life down under add a shade of appealing exoticism to *Last Wave*, a cerebral disaster movie in which catastrophe is mostly a state of mind.

There's only one X-rated flick worthy of mention this month. *Skin-Flicks*, produced and directed by Gerard (Deep Throat) Damiano, one of the founding fathers of porno chic, is a hard-core movie about the making of hard-core movies. "Film is forever," says Tony Hudson, as a porn director with a hang-up about completing his current film. Whether fuck films are forever may be debatable, and the staying power of *Skin-Flicks* relates less to the importance of the movie than to the sexual potency of the performers. Most are people such as Jamie Gillis and Sharon Mitchell, familiar faces—even more familiar flanks—on the New York scene, though Hudson is a promising newcomer who shows real acting ability. In the *femme* lead as Hudson's overnight discovery—a small-town recruit who insists she's never done things like this in front of a camera before—blonde Colleen Davis performs with uninhibited gusto. Damiano's few asides about the mysterious money men—probably Mob types eager to protect their investment in the movie in progress—seem to be drawn from personal experience. Yet *Skin-Flicks* is hardly an exposé. Its ultimate message appears to be a standard, simplistic reminder that sex isn't really that dirty, though churning out movie after movie on the subject—with uninspired plots and mostly mediocre talent—is one tough way to make a living. Yeah.

Richard Gere is the name to remember from *Bloodbrothers*, director Robert Mulligan's episodic drama based on the novel by Richard Price. The De Coco family, ruled by *macho* Italian construction workers in the Bronx (Paul Sorvino and Tony Lo Bianco are excellent leaders of the clan), seems dedicated to destroying its women and children while perpetuating the myth of male supremacy—in a neighborhood where manhood means good fuckin', good fightin' and good take-home pay. As Stony De Coco, who thinks he may like to see some of the world beyond the Bronx, or maybe work with kids in the hospital, Gere delivers a tour-de-force performance that's a cross between inarticulate early Brando bullishness and the boyish innocence of John Travolta. Gere is a newcomer to watch, a fact established by his stint as Diane Keaton's first violent midnight cowboy in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. Since then, he has landed the lead opposite Vanessa Redgrave in John Schlesinger's *Yanks* and is also the star of Terrence (Badlands) Malick's forthcoming *Days of Heaven*. Although



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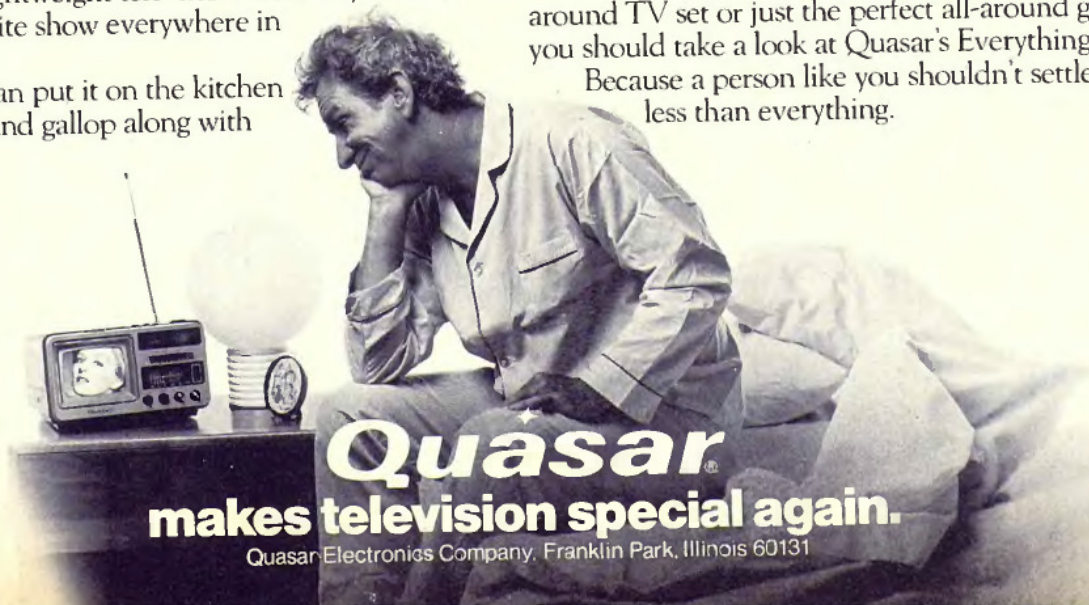
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Bloodbrothers is pretty good as a slice of Italian-American blue-collar life, it won't win any prizes for originality. This time next year, however, the movie may be considered a milestone for an upwardly mobile actor whose career is just shifting into high.

If breath-taking cinematography were the only standard by which films were measured, *Days of Heaven* would be a masterpiece. For the first ten minutes or so, the images flow like magic—wind-swept prairies and wide-open seas of wheat, with a bleak American-Gothic farmhouse looming on the horizon as if Andrew Wyeth had painted it there. Hordes of grubby migrant workers climb off a train in this nowhere country, which happens to be somewhere in the Texas panhandle during the early 20th Century, and your spine stiffens with anticipation. It's great expectations time, because *Days of Heaven* is a movie by writer-director Terrence Malick, who gained a following with the brilliant *Badlands* several years ago and became a certified boy wonder. Unfortunately, Malick's long-awaited second film turns out to be a textbook example of how to fail by letting one's cinematographers (in this case, Nestor Almendros, assisted by two-time Oscar winner Haskell Wexler) overwhelm the story they are supposed to help tell. The story itself is an earthy, provocative mixture of love triangle and social drama, about a migrant working girl (Brooke Adams) whose beau (Richard Gere) persuades her to marry the wealthy young rancher (played by playwright Sam Shepard) who has eyes for her and is supposed to be dying of some nameless, dread disease. Loving the girl gives the rancher a new lease on life and she begins to love him, too, which sets the stage for a crime of passion, the kind of elemental rural tragedy that Eugene O'Neill might have written.

The trouble with *Days of Heaven* is that it doesn't seem to have been written at all. There's not a single sustained dramatic scene with dialog. Every confrontation between the major characters is merely sketched in. What's between the lines is narrated in basic, semiliterate English by Linda Manz (the same stunt performed in *Badlands* by Sissy Spacek, except that Manz's role as Gere's kid sister is dramatically irrelevant). A picture may be worth a thousand words, but Malick presses his luck on that point, keeping his characters at such a distance they become mere figures in a landscape, props in a period reconstruction rendered with flawless detail. Although Gere, Adams and Shepard look capable of acting up a storm, the camera keeps interrupting them to watch the tall grass grow or to gaze into a sunset, to record a prairie fire or to watch the buffalo roam among other furred and feathered creatures of the wild. *Days of Heaven* finally loses all human interest and looks



Bloodbrothers: Sorvino, Gere and Lo Bianco.

Two fine performances by newcomer Richard Gere and a sizzling depiction of repressed womanhood by veteran Geraldine Chaplin.



Chaplin and Perkins are unforgettable.

like a painstaking photo essay torn from the pages of *National Geographic*.

Playing tough or unsympathetic roles in Robert Altman films (from *Nashville* to *A Wedding*) has sharpened Geraldine Chaplin's natural talent but has not done much to make her a favorite with movie audiences. Still, a Chaplin is a Chaplin, and to hell with being America's sweetheart. Geraldine's inherent or inherited gifts come sizzling off the screen as never before in writer-director Alan Rudolph's *Remember My Name*. Rudolph, of course, is an Altman protégé and former assistant whose first feature, *Welcome to L.A.*, met what's known as a mixed reception (here, the reception was relatively warm) and died at the box office. Also produced by Altman, *Remember My Name* has more going for it commercially, as a

newfangled old-fashioned movie that Rudolph describes as an update "of the classic woman's melodramas of the Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford era." That's what you pay for and that's what you get, almost, with Chaplin in complete control as an embittered, sexually repressed jailbird who comes out of stir and begins brewing a bitter cup of vengeance to dampen the bliss of a nice young married couple (Tony Perkins and Berry Berenson, who happen to be Mr. and Mrs. offscreen) in Southern California. The vengeful lady—whose motives are strong but remain secret for quite a while—starts by tearing up the couple's flower beds and throwing rocks through their windows. Is she a homicidal maniac? A castoff old flame? A blackmailer from the husband's past?

Everything becomes clear in due time, and *Remember My Name* generates mystery, sympathy and moments of tingling terror along the way. Actually, the movie turns out to be a sort of comedy: dark in tone, but a comedy, nonetheless. Rudolph did not graduate *cum laude* from the Altman school of cinema in order to make films as simple and straightforward as your average Hollywood potboiler. Decidedly different, *Name* is both original and hypnotic, with a moody musical score—composed and performed on the sound track by 83-year-old blues veteran Alberta Hunter—that ought to become a collector's item overnight. The acting is memorable, too, with Perkins in his meatiest role since *Psycho* vis-à-vis Miss Berenson (she's Marisa's sister, by the way), previously known as a socialite and sometime photographer, though Berry's refreshing and effortless screen debut ought to ensure her work on the other side of the camera for a long while to come.

FILM CLIPS

High Street: From Belgium, not exactly the birthplace of hits, here's one of those minor, admirable, hypersensitive problem dramas that is deservedly getting a second chance in rerelease. Composer-performer Mort Schuman (of *Jacques Brel Is Alive . . .*) resembles a younger, plumpish Vincent Price in his role as a successful artist who gives up everything, including other women, to dote on a raving-mad old fish peddler (Annie Cordy) who believes Brussels is still full of Nazi storm troops.

Despair: The title tells it all. Well, not quite. Adapted by English playwright Tom Stoppard from a novel by Vladimir Nabokov, German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder's first English-language film is part of the prodigious output (30 or more movies in ten years) that has led to a noisy coterie of international critics to hail Fassbinder as the messiah of world cinema. The New York Film Festival needs an annual Fassbinder fix, and *Despair* is the 1978 entry. Dirk Bogarde and



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Andréa Ferréol star in this mannered, soporific psychodrama about a neurotic candy manufacturer who decides to assume another man's identity because life in pre-Hitler Germany has become so stupefyingly dull. Fassbinder's visual flair is not to be sneezed at, granted, but his operatic style and a sluggish Stoppard script are an open invitation to snooze.

The Chess Players: Satyajit Ray, India's master of cinema—virtually the *only* Indian film maker, as far as we Westerners know—creates pellucid poetry out of politics in a small, perfect movie about the colonization of Oudh in 1856. While two aristocratic Indian chess players symbolically move their kings, queens and rooks, the English crown (represented effectively by Richard Attenborough) prepares to depose a life-loving king who has 400 concubines, 29 "temporary wives" and a taste for versification and dancing. The languages spoken are English and Hindi (with subtitles) and the pace is predictably but rather pleasurably slow (action fans, beware), like watching the morning dew evaporate.

A Woman at Her Window: Sex and politics in Greece circa 1936, with Romy Schneider as a ravishing (oh, very) society matron who lets everything go for love of a leftist refugee (Victor Lanoux, obviously France's latest answer to Jean Gabin, Spencer Tracy and the mature male stars of yesteryear). The actors are terrific, but left to the mercy of writer Jorge Semprun, a born proselytizer who cannot shake his conviction that two passionate people would spend a lot of time talking about Franco Spain, Stalin and such. Sensuality loses to socialism and all the really exciting events occur between scenes. Was it Lenin who said, "Is that all there is?"

Servant and Mistress: An heir apparent (Victor Lanoux again) comes home after his uncle's funeral to find that the housemaid (Andréa Ferréol) who used to be his unwilling sex slave has inherited the uncle's entire estate. Role switching and revenge are in order. Lanoux and Ferréol are superb, though largely wasted on a claustrophobic psychodrama that just scratches the surface of a subject explored to perfection in *The Servant*, the Harold Pinter-Joseph Losey classic.

Replay: Marie-Jose Nat and Victor Lanoux (who must be due for R&R after his many recent oncamera labors) share acting honors in an eerie, expert domestic thriller about an amnesia victim who has had a nasty accident and cannot recover her lost memory because her husband—for reasons of his own—keeps revising certain essential details of her past. The story is the sort of light but densely packed stuff that used to serve as padding in old Joan Crawford melodramas; but French director Michele Drach (*Les Violons du Bal*) makes trifling matters loom large.

A Slave of Love: Soviet director Nikita



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Mikhalkov's romantic tragicomedy describes how an eccentric company of moviemakers, on location in the Crimea back in 1917, keeps cranking out its corny melodramas while the Russian Revolution is getting under way. Despite its political slant, *Slave* is surprisingly bright, imaginative, eye-filling and free of dogma—with lots of timeless showbiz humor and a deliciously sly performance by blonde Elena Solovey as a spoiled star of the silents who is forced to become a real-life damsel in distress.

Watership Down: This animated film based on Richard Adams' novel, which sold millions, depicts a world of talking rabbits (talking veddy Britishy, for the most part) in order to score some telling points about man's inhumanity and all that. Probably beyond the ken of kids raised on Disney's adorable bunny wabbits, it distills the book's complex ideas into an impressive movie, appropriate for adults aged seven to 70, if anyone gives a damn. The rich voices of the sound track are supplied by such premium hams as Michael Hordern, Sir Ralph Richardson, Denholm Elliott and the late Zero Mostel.

Viva Italia! Nine unrelated vaudeville blackouts, several of them extremely funny, by three ace Italian directors (Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, Ettore Scola) who serve up an anything-goes actors' holiday starring Vittorio Gassman, Ugo Tognazzi and Alberto Sordi. All are superb at making very sketchy material look like a lot, though Sordi steals it—particularly as a comedy straight man who goes to eulogize his dead partner at graveside and cannot resist the chance to play the funeral as a solo turn, strictly for laughs.

Caro Michele: The title character, an Italian revolutionary, never actually appears. Director Mario (*Big Deal on Madonna Street*) Monicelli acquaints us, instead, with the women he left behind—Delphine Seyrig and Aurore Clement, as his mother and sister, and Mariangela Melato (of *Swept Away*), a stunning actress in yet another tour de farce as a madcap *ragazza* whose bastard newborn child could be Michele's. Subtle and timely but seldom blatantly topical, *Caro Michele* seems to be concerned with survival, a very big deal in Italy today.

Bonjour Amour: First love is spoiled by adult interference in a poetic, rueful romance that has the hypersensitive aura of a first novel, though it's the third feature by French director Roger Andrieux, a graduate of the UCLA film school. Pascal Meynier and Gulhaine Dubos play the dewy-eyed couple whose idyl is shattered when Dubos' cynical brother, the photographer, takes a seductive pinup picture of the girl. Crazy kids. If that throws 'em, maybe they are too young.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



WHY DEPEND ON VOLVO JUST TO GET YOU TO THE SLOPES? VOLVO CAN ALSO GET YOU DOWN THEM.

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We left a great gift idea up near the North Pole. A case of Canadian Club.



is a great place to hide a case for "the C.C. Season," we thought, and soon found ourselves flying northward bundled in parkas and boots. We actually flew to the pole (or what the best available navigation system told us was the pole). Alas, bad weather kept us from landing on it and paying our respects to the man in red. So we flew on over the polar cap till the clouds opened enough to land and left our case of holiday cheer on the ice at exactly 84°50'5"N, 63°55'2"W on April 25,

1978. (Why April? Because we want to be home for the holidays too.)

The hard way to celebrate "the C.C. Season."

To find the case of polar potables, you'll have to hire a ski-equipped plane. Get someone experienced like arctic specialists Kenn Borek Air Ltd. (it's no job for novices), and fly north from Resolute Bay in the Canadian Arctic. Don't be disappointed, though, if the case of Canadian Club is not there when you reach our above-mentioned coordinates. Remember, that's floating ice up there, not land, and it moves.





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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Plans may be under way at CBS to revive the *Millionaire* series. In spite of inflation, eccentric philanthropist John B. Tipton will still be giving away only a lukewarm mil. . . . **Alfred Hitchcock** will start shooting his next film, *Short Night*, next spring in Finland. . . . Word has it that **Gore Vidal** is working on a long historical novel about the ancient world featuring such luminaries as Socrates, Confucius and Buddha. . . . **Arthur Penn** will direct the screen version of **Paddy Chayefsky's** first novel, *Altered States*. The special-effects budget ought to be a doozy—the book's about a scientist who travels backward in time



Vidal



Hitchcock

through his mind until his body de-evolutionizes into a . . . well, go see the film. . . . Capricorn Records chief **Phil Walden** plans to produce a feature film based on the life of **Otis Redding**. . . . **Anne Bancroft** will play **Joan Crawford** in the screen adaptation of *Mommie Dearest*, **Christina Crawford's** outspoken bio of her late mother. . . . **Neil Simon's** got a new play in the works, a musical called *They're Playing Our Song*, about a composer and a lyricist. **Marvin Hamlisch** and lyricist **Carole Bayer Sager** are writing the songs. . . . **Malcolm (Clockwork Orange) McDowell** will play the young **H. G. Wells** in Warner Bros.' *Time After Time*, a—get this—"sci-fi thriller comedy." **Nicholas Meyer** will direct from his own script. . . . **Harold Robbins** is working on a new novel for Simon & Schuster. Tentatively titled *Memories of Another Day*, it's the story of a national labor leader. . . . Checking out the blonde beat: **Farrah Fawcett-Majors'** second starring film role will be in *The Bind*, with **Charles Grodin** and **Art Carney**, shooting in the hair-bleaching sun of Acapulco. And model-beauty queen **Susan Anton** will make her film debut in *Golden Girl*, playing a gorgeously tall track star trying to compete on the U.S. Olympic team in Russia.

THUMBS DOWN: **Julie Christie's** latest picture, *Sophie and the Captain*, has been scrapped after two weeks' shooting in Paris, but it wasn't Julie's fault. The producers took a hard look at the first

footage and decided it was going nowhere. So they chose to cut their losses at the \$100,000 spent so far rather than go ahead with the \$2,000,000 the finished film would have cost. Thus ends Julie's chance to show how a liberated female can turn a husband into a transvestite, as the script called for. But perhaps, for once, commerce triumphed over art.

STRAIGHT TALK: "Impotence, premature ejaculation, lack of desire—all these problems are widespread among men, but nobody talks about them. I've experienced all these things myself and though I do feel a certain embarrassment about revealing that, that's precisely why I'm writing this book," says ex-Yippie **Jerry Rubin** about his latest project, a book on male sexuality and vulnerability. Claiming that "openness and honesty" are the solutions to most sexual problems, Jerry plans to survey hundreds of men and women and draw his own conclusions. "I plan to show the book to sex therapists," he says. "Most therapists believe that someone who's had these problems can be a good teacher. I expect most therapists will like the book."

CALVIN COOLIDGE EXPOSED: "Who knows the First Families better than their maids and servants? I found the concept intriguing from the start," says **Ed Friendly**, producer of an upcoming miniseries for NBC, *Backstairs at the White House*. Based on a best seller by a former White House maid, the TV movie stars **Ed Flanders** as **Calvin Coolidge**, **George Kennedy** as **Warren G. Harding**, **Victor Buono** as



Kennedy as Harding



Flanders as Coolidge

William Taft, **Robert Vaughn** as **Woodrow Wilson** and **Leslie Uggams** and **Olivia Cole** as the maids. "We're not trying to do the Hollywood look-alike bit here, nor are we getting the actors to do imitations," says Friendly, "but George read a lot of books on Harding and Flanders is a real research buff, and we discovered a lot of interesting details. For example, Grace Coolidge didn't do her own shopping—Calvin bought all her clothes for her, sort of an unusual trait for a President. We also discovered that Silent Cal did not choose to run because he smelled the

Depression coming and left Hoover holding the bag. Did you know that Hoover didn't take a salary and paid all the White House expenses out of his own pocket?" *Backstairs* is tentatively set for February airing.

THE BEAT GOES ON: **Delbert McClinton** seems to have become the *cause célèbre* of the New York-L.A. "in" crowd. When Delbert and his Second Wind Band swept into Manhattan, **John Belushi**, **Bette Midler**, **Elvis Costello** and pro wrestler **Dusty Rhodes**, among others, were present. Both Costello and Belushi joined Delbert onstage for several songs. At L.A.'s Roxy, **Kris**



Carlin



McClinton

Kristofferson, **Emmylou Harris**, **Roy Orbison** and **Gary Busey** were in attendance backstage. McClinton will probably appear soon on *Saturday Night Live* and word has it that Belushi wants him to perform on the *Blues Brothers* album **John** and **Dan Aykroyd** plan to record. Meantime, Delbert's busy recording another album of his own, set for release early next year.

COMIC RELIEF: Comedy in America is alive and well. *National Lampoon* has a three-year picture deal with Universal and will probably adapt the stage comedy *Lemmings* for its next screen project. **George Carlin's** got a feature film scheduled for possible spring release. *The Illustrated George Carlin* consists of footage from Carlin concerts, animation and vignettes. **Dom DeLuise** makes his directorial debut with *Hot Stuff*, a crime comedy based on the true story of those Washington, D.C., cops who started a fencing operation to catch thieves. Dom will also star. **John Landis**, who last directed *Animal House*, will direct **Lily Tomlin** in *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. **David Steinberg** is directing *Sex in America* for Universal.

And, working under his usual blanket of secrecy, **Woody Allen** is busy with *W.A.S.P. (Woody Allen's Summer Project)*, also tentatively titled *Woody Allen's Untitled Film No. 3* or, maybe, *Manhattan*, starring himself, **Diane Keaton**, **Anne Hoffman** and **Michael Murphy**.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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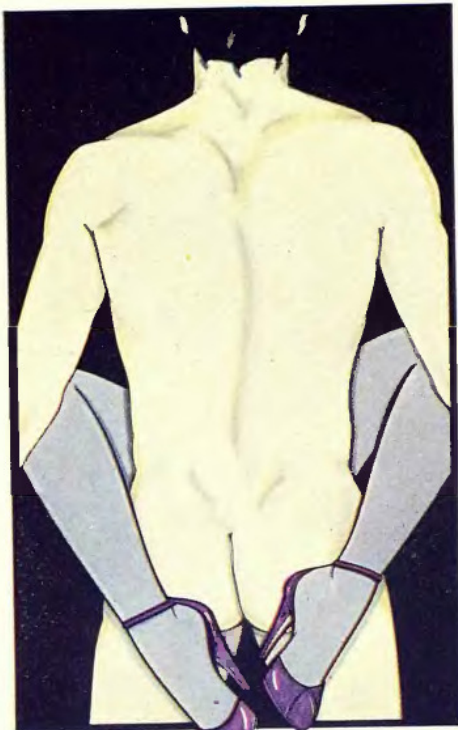
110 Zoom SLR. There's never been a camera like it.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My roommate and I are planning a vacation for the Christmas break. After a semester of hitting the books, we want to boogie. Our dilemma: Do we hit the beaches or the slopes? We conducted an informal poll of the guys in the frat house to see which locale was the luckier and came up with a draw. Who meets more girls—sun bathers or skiers? And what are our chances of scoring?—D. B., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

We searched our files and could not find a study that related directly to your question. However, we did uncover an interesting experiment, described in "A New Look at Love," by Elaine Walster and G. William Walster, that might help. Researchers investigated the notion that fear and excitement increase sexual attraction and contribute to passionate love. It seems that in North Vancouver, there are two bridges that span Capilano Canyon. One is a five-foot-wide suspension bridge that "tilts, sways and wobbles over a 230-foot drop to the rocks and shallows below." The other bridge, a few hundred yards upstream, is a solid, safe structure. Psychologists placed an attractive young college girl at the end of each bridge. Whenever a young man would cross, she would meet him, give him a questionnaire and ask him to fill it out. She would also give the man her telephone number and offer to explain the project later, if he wanted to call. Who followed up on this opening? The men who had taken the risky bridge. (Nine of 33 men who crossed the suspension bridge called the coed. Only two of the men on the solid bridge called.) What does this mean? Try taking a vacation in North Vancouver. At first glance, it would seem that adrenaline makes the heart grow fonder. The excitement that surrounds a ski vacation should increase sexual tension, especially in comparison with a beach vacation, which is seldom if ever described as high risk. However, a shrewd observer will note that there is less competition in the low-risk atmosphere. (Two as opposed to nine callers.) You'll have to make up your own mind. Since we are going skiing in a few weeks and would like to have the mountains to ourselves, we recommend the beach vacation.

I have been a dope smoker for several years now, but only recently have I started getting wrecked on a regular basis. I am extremely nearsighted and have had to wear contact lenses for many years (I can't stand to wear glasses). After we have passed a joint or two around and settled back a bit, my contacts begin to irritate my eyes.



I am forced to remove them. But then, I can't see more than ten feet in front of me. It is kind of a bummer when you go to a party and can't see what is going on. Any suggestions?—T. M., Ashland, Oregon.

Let's hear it, now: Smoke gets in your eyes. And even if it doesn't, grass can have a drying effect on the body. That includes your eyes, mouth and the mucous membranes of the vagina (which is why sex is sometimes difficult under the influence). For sex, we suggest K-Y jelly or another lubricant. For your eyes, we suggest using drops to get the red out, or perhaps switching to soft lenses. (Many lensmen find that the soft lenses are easier on their eyes.) Whatever you do, don't get so stoned that you confuse the eyedrops with the K-Y jelly.

My wife and I have been happily married for years. Up to this time, our relationship has been monogamous, but we've been talking about extramarital affairs recently. She said that she did not object to them in principle but that she had read somewhere that fooling around was bad for your health. She is not referring to crimes of passion or jealous lovers but, rather, to the chance of having a heart attack while making love to a mistress. It sounds like an old wives' tale to me. Is there any truth to the story?—J. R., New York, New York.

Uh, we hate to be the bearer of bad news, but your wife is on to something. The chances of having a heart attack while making love are infinitesimal, but

if you do have one, the chances are that you will have it with your mistress and not with your wife. A study of 34 cardiac patients who died during intercourse revealed that 29 of the 34 were having an extramarital affair. We don't know what this means; we're not sure we want to.

Hey, coach: You've helped me with my sex life. How about some pointers on jogging? I've just taken up the sport to keep in shape (cf. *Alice in Wonderland*, "You have to run to stay in the same place"). My question is this: How far should I be running? The joggers I meet in the park all seem to be into long distances—four or five miles at a clip, seven days a week, whatever. The books on running I've read are all filled with mystical macho mumbo jumbo about hitting the wall. They aren't any help. I'd be depressed about the whole situation, except that running supposedly cures depression. What are the facts?—L. R., Seattle, Washington.

Frankly, we view with alarm the popularity of running. Our species seems to be less and less interested in sex and more and more interested in the stampede. Like lemmings, we have gone into training for the great Grand Canyon marathon—25 miles horizontal, one mile vertical. If you insist on continuing this madness, consider the following: A study at the University of California at Berkeley determined that maximum fitness (as measured by oxygen uptake) could be obtained by running 12 minutes a day three times a week. Doubling the running time did not increase cardiorespiratory fitness (though it does burn off additional calories). In short; less is not more. It is merely enough. As for depression, running does seem to help. A team of researchers at the University of Wisconsin enrolled a group of depressed patients in a running-therapy program. The group ran three times a week for 30 to 45 minutes each time. The exercise reduced symptoms of depression in the group. Moral: Running does the same for you as a hit of Valium, except with Valium you don't get shin splints.

What can you tell me about herpes? From what I've read and heard, it's the Devil's own disease. Once you have it, you have it forever. And, you have to give up lovemaking, unless you want to become some Herpes Harry. Right now, I'm about to take a vow of abstinence, just to keep myself from getting it.—G. J., Washington, D.C.

Herpes and the victims of herpes have been getting a lot of bad press lately. Last we heard, there was a movement

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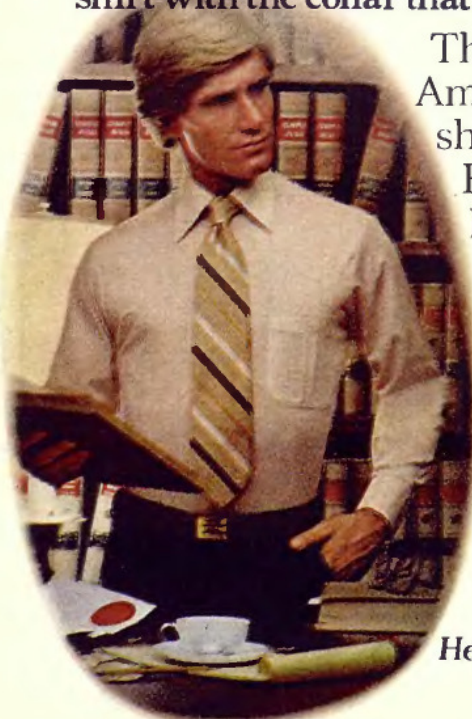
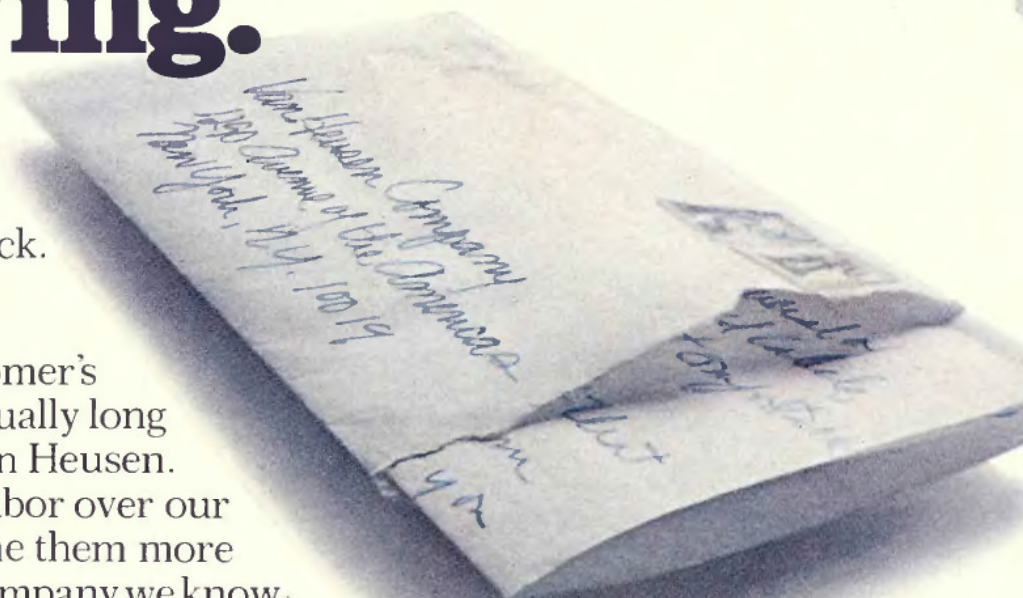
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afoot to create a kind of leper's colony for sufferers. Everyone who turned up with a case of herpes would get a free plane ticket to Los Angeles. Do unto others as they have done unto themselves. Current research indicates that while herpes may put a temporary crimp in your lovemaking style, it is not grounds for permanent abstinence. When a person contracts the virus, he or she may suffer recurrent infections during the first year (as frequently as every two to eight weeks). The outbreaks diminish in frequency and severity over the next two to three years as the victim develops immunity. An infection is easy to spot: A cluster of small blisters forms near the genitals. The area is incredibly tender to the touch. Within one to three days, the blisters break. Treatment of herpes is limited to the use of drying agents (alcohol, ether or Burrows compresses) to speed the healing of the blisters. There are no successful vaccines. According to Dr. Michael Jarrat, during the blister-and-broken-blisters stage (which may last from three to five days), the area is teeming with infectious viral particles. However, infectious virus cannot be recovered from lesions after the fifth day. Jarrat writes, "Nevertheless, patients should be advised to abstain from sexual activity until crusted erosive lesions have healed, leaving smooth pink re-epithelialized skin (usually seven to ten days)." If you are not willing to abstain from sex during an outbreak, you should at least use a condom (otherwise, your partner's chance of contracting herpes is greater than 50 percent). If your partner has had herpes in the past, the need for precautions is diminished. (Use contraceptive foam during intercourse and wash with soap and water afterward.) So there you have it: While herpes is a major annoyance, it is not cause to give up sex, especially if you haven't caught it.

To celebrate a recent raise, I threw a small dinner party that started with hors d'oeuvres and cocktails. I had chosen a caviar that I thought was rather expensive. Indeed, I bought it because it was expensive. But it tasted awful. Can it be that I'm not ready for the jam of the jet set or did I buy the wrong thing?—M. C., San Francisco, California.

Alas, one of the most upsetting things about being rich is the realization that expense is no criterion for value. Caviar, like any food, is a matter of personal taste. The most expensive caviar is Beluga. It is firm, dark and mild. Plus, it comes from hardy sturgeon that swim in colder water than other caviar-source fish. As a result, you can pay up to \$180 for a 14-ounce tin. On the other hand, the second most expensive, golden Osetra caviar, is more piquant, comes in a brownish-gray mélange and costs no more than \$120 per 14-ounce tin. On the bargain-basement side is Great Lakes

whitefish caviar produced in, of all places, Wisconsin. This caviar, like other cheaper varieties, is often artificially colored black and normally leaves a dark residue on your plate. They are the types most often found in restaurants, along with lumpfish and salmon caviar, and will cost you no more than eight bucks a tin. We don't know what you were expecting, but the fact is that caviar is something of an acquired taste and is not meant to change your life. We suggest you accept it as a largely symbolic item for celebrations only, like cheap champagne, until your taste buds catch up with your new-found wealth.

Help. My fiancée, who is perfect in every other way, has refused to take my name when we get married. I don't want to use one of those hyphenated names, since I would have to change every piece of identification I own. She says she doesn't want to lose her identity as a separate person. What do we do?—M. C., New York, New York.

Nothing. The only thing marriage changes is your marital status. There is no law in your state that says a woman has to take her husband's name. It is only a long-held custom. Granted, some merchants, banks, etc., may get their computers fouled up, but that's their problem, not yours. If your fiancée is, as you say, "perfect in every other way," why rock the boat?

My girlfriend and I are in the midst of a heated debate that threatens our relationship. She was advised to go off the pill by her doctor. Since then, we have resorted to using prophylactics for contraceptive purposes. One night, we were enjoying a vigorous 69 session. After I had come in her mouth, she implored me to enter her. An argument ensued when I insisted on using a rubber. She said that there is so little sperm left after an ejaculation that there would be little chance of her getting pregnant. She was willing to take the chance of having intercourse with no means of contraception. I argued that there was enough sperm still active after my ejaculation to impregnate her. Who is right?—K. M., Tinley Park, Illinois.

It takes only one little bugger to make a woman pregnant—and there are more than that kicking around after an ejaculation. She may be willing to take the chance of pregnancy, but it is not her sole responsibility. You acted reasonably. You might tell her that she had overlooked the possibility of a second ejaculation (after all, she is good in bed). After you've made up, you can try for that second orgasm.

Roulette is my game. Although I know the odds aren't the best, I just get a kick out of watching that little ball

bounce around. I play most often in Las Vegas, but I've been told you get a better chance at the big win in Europe. How come?—L. D., Los Angeles, California.

Because that little ball doesn't have as far to bounce in Europe, that's why. European roulette wheels are different from those in the States (even though Stateside wheels are made in France, it being illegal to manufacture roulette wheels in the U.S.) in that they have no double zero, only a single zero. This cuts the house percentage from the usual 5.26 percent to about 2.70 percent. While the European percentage is a little more reasonable, roulette in any language is still a game of chance. So don't count on buying your return air ticket with your winnings. It could be a long swim back to Southern California.

I've been married seven years to a woman who's almost frigid. When I can convince her to have sex (it has to be a Saturday or Sunday afternoon before six P.M.), she has the following stipulations: The dishes must be done, the house cleaned and our son out of the house. I must wash my genitals. She takes a shower, brushes her hair and then drinks a glass of brandy to get loose. After all that, she is ready. We seldom have intercourse. She never orgasms when I'm inside her. Usually, she puts my cock in her mouth. When I come, she runs to the bathroom and spits out my sperm. I get her off by manual stimulation of her clitoris. She's not really into that, either. As a result, we have sex only about once a month. I'm totally frustrated, constantly horny. I don't want to get divorced, because of my son. Can you help?—L. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

Your wife makes sex sound like a human sacrifice. The situation is not healthy—for you or for her. No sexual relationship can succeed if the two people involved don't communicate. You aren't going to be able to arouse your wife's interest in sex until you find out why she goes to such extremes to avoid it. She's the only one who can tell you what the problem is. If she can't put her feelings into words, professional counseling may be necessary. If she refuses to talk or to seek outside guidance, there are several alternatives. Hire a maid to do the house cleaning. If your wife still isn't interested, make it with the maid.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Sexual accelerators pressed to the floor, sexometers zooming past 100 thrills per lover. In this decade of pleasure run rampant, bedroom breakthroughs are reported faster than you can say Masters-Johnson-Kinsey-Comfort. Where is this intense eroticism carrying the sybarites of the Seventies? Toward a future in which everyone has done all the exciting things there are to be done? Where each physical nook and cranny has been hooked and crannied? We wish.

Total erogenous freedom is further away than diehard libertarians like to admit. Everyone, even the sexually daring avant-gardist, is still afraid to live out at least some fantasy, probably one that frightens more than it titillates. What are these special inhibitions?

We asked 100 men and 100 women what taboo they were most eager to explore and what they thought the opposite sex would say. Are you ready?

Q: MEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU THINK WOMEN MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

Twenty-three percent of the males guessed that most women wanted to make it with another woman: "It's odd, whenever we're out, my girl spends more time commenting about other women's sex appeal than about any of the men she sees: 'That waitress is beautiful because her tiny tits are firm and upright with nipples that stick way out, that one because her cute ass sashays like a cheerleader's.' At times, I almost feel she'd rather get off fucking chicks."

Twenty-one percent of the males believed that most ladies would someday like to participate in a group-sex scene: "I think it must be an extension of the gang-bang fantasy, but I'm convinced every girl wants to let go at least once. A dick in her mouth, another in her ass, some dimple-faced chicks aggressively slurping her clit—and maybe with luck, a few more honchos and honchesses jacking off and feeling her up. That's got to be the popular remaining taboo."

Eighteen percent of the males thought that many girls wanted to get involved with bondage and domination: "For Halloween, I floored my fiancée when I showed up at her apartment dressed as the Marquis de Sade, complete with whips, handcuffs, gags and other kinky S/M gear. I immediately cuffed her



Q: THE LAST TABOO

hands behind her back. I almost talked her into spending an 'educational' night at her place, instead of our going off to some corny costume party, but she got more scared the more I pressed. Scared but excited. Next time, she'll surrender."

Twelve percent of the males said the feds would like to have the nerve to turn a trick like a prostitute: "I go with an interior decorator. She's told me that many times when she arrives at some particularly attractive man's place, she finds herself romanticizing that she's really a high-class prostitute showing up to turn him on to the thrill of her body instead of the color of the drapes."

Eleven percent of the males thought that women could get into public exhibitionism: "I've decided that every babe secretly harbors a desire to flash her tits and cunt to see if the male would appreciate the merchandise. Unfortunately for us guys, most of the gals who feel that way like to do it only in the privacy of their pretty little heads."

Six percent of them decided that some women would love to learn to let a man

ejaculate in their mouths, while another six percent of the males replied that the gals would want to discard their anal-sex taboo.

Two percent of the men were sure the females would express suppressed desire to rape a guy, while one man thought that some girls wanted to give themselves to a life of white slavery.

Q: WOMEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

Forty percent of the females said they'd like to participate in a group-sex scene: "Right near where I work as a lab technician, a swingers' club opened. One of the more adventurous fellows I work with invited me to check it out with him. I had no trouble stripping and partying amidst the room full of bare bodies—cocks, tits, cunts everywhere. I even made it with several super guys, but only one by one. I just couldn't get up the nerve to fulfill my wildest fantasy. I guess it's still *verboten* for me: I want a trio of studs to dork me at the same time. I would position myself on all fours on a giant mattress to make it easier for their stiff dicks to enter me. One gently sliding up and down my throat, another burrowing away inside my pussy, while the third would ease into my ass, pumping back and forth. I want us to pace ourselves so we all come at once. Someday..."

Nineteen percent of the females stated that they would eventually like to make it with a woman: "I'm kind of turned on by the idea of making it with someone of my own sex, but my life is so filled with boyfriends I'll never do it. I'd like to see if I could make some other woman squirm at my touch. Could I give her more orgasms than men do?"

Sixteen percent of the females expressed a very strong desire to get involved with bondage and domination: "I was sailing with my boyfriend. There were lots of ropes on board and I really wanted him to tie me up—spread-eagle on the deck, and blindfolded—making me his sexual prisoner, powerless, with him having total control and with me not knowing what would happen next. Would he tease me with his cock or the empty champagne bottle? The mystery is an incredible turn-on."

Ten percent of the females said they

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With these new improvements, the Bose 901 IV gives you a flexibility no other speaker can. You can place the 901 IV in almost any room and get the life-like, spacious sound for which the 901 IV

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wanted to try anal sex: "It's certainly the new rage in kink. Not only is my steady always whispering into my ear, 'Please let me get into your ass, you'll love it,' but almost all the random guys I sleep with also try. I can't do it, though I really get excited by the idea. I wish I could loosen up, in every sense of the word. I have let him get a finger inside me, and it really feels good. However, when he teases me with his cock, I automatically freeze up and can't go on."

Seven percent said they'd like to have the nerve to have a fling as a prostitute. Four percent responded that they wanted to become public exhibitionists, two percent hoped they could eliminate their inhibition about a man's ejaculating in their mouth and the rest of the women wanted to try incest: "Making it with my brother. That would be healthy."

Q: WOMEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU THINK MEN MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

Thirty-four percent of the females guessed that men wanted to participate in a group-sex scene: "The chairman of the pharmaceutical company where I work doesn't mind when his secretary quits. It gives him a wonderful opportunity to interview lots of gorgeous ladies. I'm sure he'd give his chauffeured limo in return for the balls to pull off a scene in which he was a different kind of boss, playing the kingpin in a good fuckarama with a bevy of prospective applicants—trying them out all at once, checking their sexual dexterity."

Fifteen percent of the females believed that guys would like to make it with a prostitute: "My boyfriend has never admitted his craving to me, but by the way he acts, he either wants to hump a hooker or he's losing his marbles. He can sit for hours, reading out loud the classified ads in the back of the sex rags—pointing out which whore advertises the most intriguing come-on, which madam offers the most novel nooky. But at heart, he's the same as other men; vicarious pleasure is all he can handle. He's afraid to do anything except window-shop."

Thirteen percent of the females thought that most men had a repressed craving to commit rape: "When I was 11, I was almost raped. Every time I tell a lover what almost happened to me, it's incredible; without exception, they get turned on. You can bet that sweet lock on your door that given half a chance, rape's what all those nice fellas we women date would want to try out, if it weren't so abhorred by society."

Twelve percent of the females assumed that men secretly wanted to get involved with bondage and domination: "Now that women can control the

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things.

The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

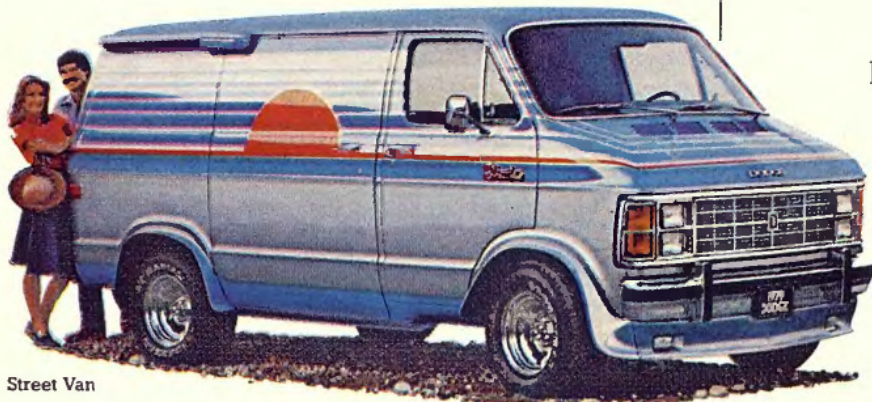
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HEAVY

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Street Van

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Dodge Jr. Sport

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biggest engine in its class, teamed up with a five-speed overdrive transmis-

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METAL

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Warlock II

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station wagon for shopping trips or hauling the gang around. But get it out there in rugged four-wheelin' country and watch out!



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And if someone in your family hasn't asked for us yet, get ready.

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bedroom scene. I think a lot of men secretly would enjoy turning the tables again, roping chicks in through bondage. I've had only one guy tie me up. What a night that was! He stretched me across the hood of my Volkswagen bug, spread my legs, secured my arms, gagged me and then threatened to drive me around as his new car ornament. I thought I'd come just hearing his hard-nosed commands to lie perfectly still and submit to his mild tortures—tickling my vagina with the car-upholstery brush. What man wouldn't love to have the guts to make a woman powerless to his prick."

The rest of the women came up with a variety of taboo topics for men. Seven percent of the females answered that men yearned to make it with young girls, while another seven percent of the females replied that the fellas would want to abolish the anal-sex taboo. Five percent said that men would eventually like to get into exhibitionism, four percent thought that men were curious about other men, and three percent thought that for some men, oral sex was still taboo.

Q: MEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

Thirty-six percent of the males felt that anal sex was the taboo they would like to explore: "This desire to anally penetrate a woman started a few months ago and now it has turned into an overwhelming obsession. One of my ex-girlfriends said she was sexually hung up on my ass. The first few nights, she showed me how arousing it was to have your anus kissed and licked. By the second week, she would gently stick fingers up me just as I came. Then she got me a vibrating dildo for a one-month anniversary gift. She wouldn't let me fuck her unless I let her shove it up my ass at the same time. She always prohibited me from doing anything to her posterior. I gave in to what she wanted because I was absolutely wild about her body. She broke up with me last summer, when I refused to marry her. Since the split-up, I have a burning desire to fuck women in the ass. I want to have that same power of pain over my new girlfriends that my ex had over me."

Twenty-seven percent of the males expressed a very strong desire to get involved with bondage and domination: "Dominating a powerful broad, corraling her into naked submission. Just the thought makes my cock swell. How could a guy as strong as I am not have the courage to act this out?"

Seventeen percent of the males said they'd like to participate in a group-sex scene: "As an archaeologist, I often find myself in weird places and strange situations. Recently, six of us, four men

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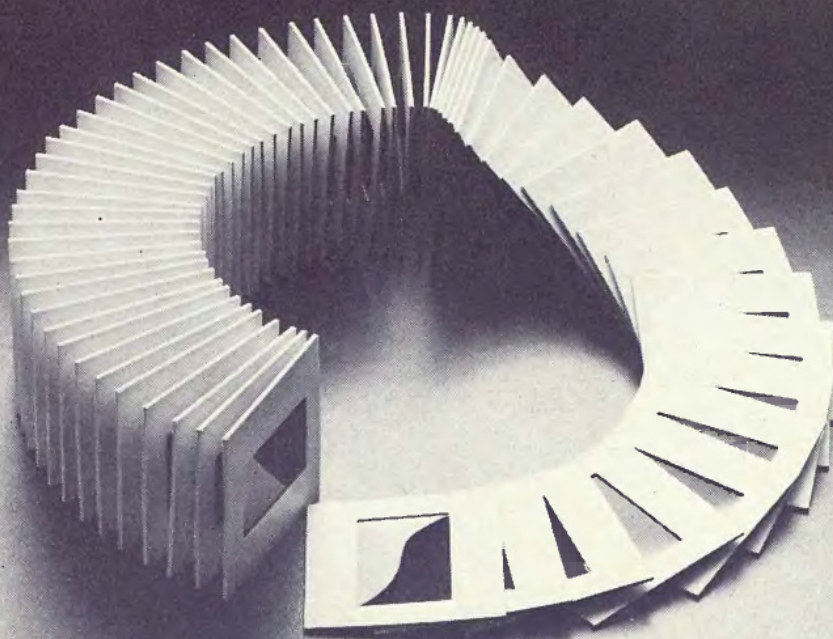
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and two women, got stationed in an isolated spot for months. Propinquity eventually took over. Pretty soon, it was dig all day and into the tents at night; it was one big pile of Ph.D.s, except for me, balling their I.Q.s out. If only I could uncover the cause of my inhibition as easily as I uncover ancient civilizations."

Seven percent of the males responded they'd like to have the nerve to rape a woman: "Jail is one apartment house I never intend to live in, which is why I don't take my obsession about raping women any further than the limits of my imagination."

The rest of the men gave an assortment of answers. Six percent said they'd like to make it with other guys. Four percent hoped they could eliminate their inhibitions and learn to ejaculate in a woman's mouth. Two percent answered that they would like to be daring enough to slip their dates an aphrodisiac, and one man confessed a desire to become a gigolo.

Summary: Almost half the women (40 percent) said group gropes were the forbidden fruit they'd like to sample. For years, they've been told by books, movies and TV that the sexual capacity of a she is superior to that of a he. At an orgy, the new female can see just how far her body can really go. It's the perfect opportunity to discover how many "Ohs" make up the highly touted multiple orgasm.

However, women have become so fascinated with the idea of flinging themselves into these physical free-for-alls that 34 percent of them wrongly surmised that men would feel that way, too. When, in reality, half that number (17 percent) expressed that preference.

The second-largest female category was the stated desire to make love to another woman. Men actually guessed that this inclination would run high; whereas, for themselves, the homosexual taboo hardly piqued their own sense of carnal adventure. For a woman, experimentation with lesbianism is considered a permissible step in her sexual development; it doesn't brand her for life. On the other hand, a gay experience for guys can leave an indelible stigma if it's found out.

The self-imposed embargo of screwing women in the ass is the ban that 36 percent of the men want to overcome, a sentiment shared by only ten percent of the women. A common theme heard often with this type of answer is that nowadays it's the only opportunity a guy has for penetrating virgin territory. A man feels good conquering new ground.

What's the final word on taboos? Is there anything out there not worth trying? One free spirit came up with the best revelation: "The only unnatural sex act is that which you cannot perform."

—HOWARD SMITH





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THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

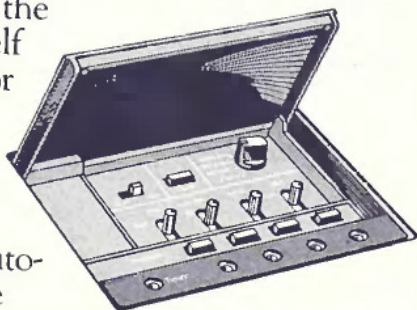
RCA announces SelectaVision 400.

The video cassette recorder that turns on and off and changes channels for a whole week ...all by itself.



Think of the four shows you want to put on video tape this week. The game on Monday, the special on Wednesday, perhaps the Friday movie, or something educational for the kids.

Now, simply by touching a few buttons, you program your selections into the timer of the incredible new SelectaVision 400. The rest is automatic: The 400 will turn itself on at kickoff time, silently record the game, then turn itself off. When it's time for your second selection, the 400 turns itself to the proper channel and starts recording again—automatically. The entire schedule is preset by you up to a whole week in advance—as many as four different shows or even the same program for seven straight days. And you've got up to four hours before changing cassettes.



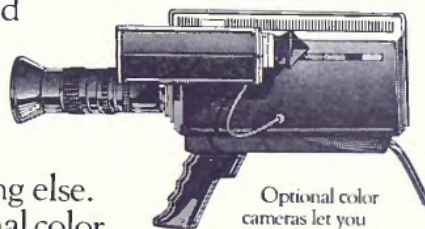
The 400's programmable timer turns the recorder on and off and changes channels—automatically. Set it up to seven days in advance!

The 400 has more going for it. Like the maximum time available on a single cassette—up to 4 hours. Plus new electronic channel selection. Remote pause control. Direct-drive motor. Special circuitry that automatically compensates for changing signal strength. And quality video tape made to our own rigid specifications.

It's all there in the new 400.

So's something else. Our new optional color cameras. With a Canon 6:1 zoom lens. An electronic viewfinder. And a price that puts home color productions well within your budget.

The new RCA SelectaVision 400. The 4-hour video cassette recorder with the 7-day memory.



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RCA


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Let RCA turn your television into
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BEACH BRAWLS

How could you take "How to Achieve Orgasm" so lightly (*The Playboy Forum*, August)? I think the lady's onto something. Sigmund Freud theorized that our basic energy (libido) is sexual and aggressive. That would explain why her release of aggressive energy while fighting with another woman on a beach would lead to a release of sexual energy later: "That night, after my dominating experience, I climaxed with my boyfriend."

I'm not suggesting that women punch people out in order to enjoy sex. However, a game of football might be worth a try. Or how about a pillow fight?

Kennan Derby
Eureka, California

SEX IN THE SNOW

On a snowbound weekend last winter, with drifts measuring eight to ten feet, my lover and I, being in an adventurous mood, began a search for the ultimate in sexual eroticism. We donned innocent snowsuits. The zippers started at our throats and traveled to our crotches. Underneath we were naked. We forged our way to the highest snowbank, where we proceeded to hollow out a romantic niche. We quickly stripped ourselves and fell into a warm embrace against the icy snow. The shock of the sub-zero temperature created a multitude of tingles throughout our bodies and when my lover thrust his stiff cock into my warm cunt, we came almost instantly. Afterward, we retreated to a hot, steamy shower and then climbed into our soft bed and drifted off into a contented slumber.

(Name withheld by request)
Lansing, Michigan

Maybe you enjoyed coming almost instantly, but it seems premature for your boyfriend.

WILDLIFE

My husband and I are avid nudists—not the colony or camp type but the great-outdoors kind. He and I are school-teachers and spend our vacations in the mountains off the beaten trails. We backpack to our favorite spot in the Siskiyou Mountains in Northern California and strip for the summer vacation of six weeks. We put something on only when the weather is cold, and to hell with any stray fishermen.

With this kind of nudity, sex can occur most any time of the day. Our greatest enjoyment is to play bondage games after some foreplay. One day I was

spread-eagled on the ground and having my pubic area shaved and my clit teased, all prior to a wonderful screw. Just then, a man and a woman fishing along the stream yelled, "Can we watch the final act?" What joy it was to show other folks the fun we have.

(Name withheld by request)
Ojai, California

We're waiting for a letter from the other couple, describing what they encountered while fishing in the Siskiyou Mountains.

"The thought of watching strangers pumpin' and humpin' turns her off."

HOME ENTERTAINMENT

For years, I have been trying to talk my wife into watching X-rated home movies. She has protested that they don't appeal to her and, in fact, the thought of watching strangers pumpin' and humpin' turns her off. The other night, we heard a car drive into a parking lot next door and my wife peeked through the bedroom window and whispered, "You wouldn't believe what I'm watching." I joined her at the window to find



a scene right out of a stag film. A very experienced lady was giving head to the driver and my wife thought the antics would surely give the girl whiplash, considering the energy that was being expended. Slowly I realized that she was fascinated with the scene; the couple turning on and us watching the performance. Unfortunately, my wife acquired a dose of respectability at the wrong moment and declared that she was going to call the police, because recently there had been some breaking and entering in the area. I talked her out of that and soon the episode was over, but we proceeded to re-enact the crime, so to speak, and I found my wife really got into it.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

Consider the implications of the massage-parlor lady's findings regarding penis size (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Either the population of men with penises eight inches or more in length is rather small or those men who are so endowed do not ordinarily patronize massage parlors. This latter hypothesis may have some interesting ramifications. For example, if there is any relationship between professional or vocational activity and penis size, it may be possible to better structure our media for entertainment or, indeed, employment, based on the population of big pricks as compared with small.

I would like to propose the following study. Women, and in some cases men, in various service or other worthwhile occupations could be recruited to collect the hard data. To collect such data, one would need only a firm resolve and a tape measure (equipment costs would be low). The aims of the study—namely, to more "democratize" our work and pleasure—might even make such research eligible for Federal funding. If enough volunteers can be found to act as data collectors, the funds necessary to complete the study might be small enough to satisfy even Senator Proxmire.

Harvey Monder
Binghamton, New York

I read with much amusement the letter from the masseuse who stated that she had measured almost 1700 erect cocks and that 97 percent of them were about six inches. I am a 45-year-old woman who has come into contact with more than 3000 erect cocks in the course of 1500

swing parties and numerous swinging-couple affairs with my husband of 22 years and I have measured 2500.

Eighty-five percent of those have, indeed, been six inches or less in erection (if you measure from underneath the balls, as I do), but the other 15 percent have ranged all the way up to 14 and a half inches, and that includes my husband's own 12-inch pussy pleaser. I have run across more than 100 that were ten inches or longer and I have to say that while many of those well-endowed men were not very good lovers, I received much more pleasure from them than from studs with puny peckers. I am simply one of those women some would refer to as size queens. I even belong to a Los Angeles-based swing club where the criterion for membership is that men must be hung at least seven inches.

My husband supports and encourages me in my cock-measuring hobby and we now have several dozen scrapbooks full of color shots of me measuring well-endowed men. I can even state with pride that our four teenaged sons have turned out to be as well hung as their daddy—I know, having taken their measurements each birthday since they were 12. I also have two sexy daughters, both of whom have been encouraged to make love without guilt to their boyfriends—especially with those who are well hung. In fact, my 20-year-old daughter has just gotten engaged to a wonderful young man whom she has measured at 12 and a half inches, and I couldn't be happier.

Mrs. C. Brown
Los Angeles, California

I have a question that I'm sure many of us women would like answered. There are numerous articles and letters in your magazine that make reference to the size of a man's penis. However, there has never been an article in your magazine, to my knowledge, telling where you start measuring. (I know where to end.) I would love to know exactly how big a man my boyfriend is—in inches, that is.

(Name withheld by request)
Bloomington, Minnesota

Some people use a tailor's cloth tape measure, start at the belly button, conform to the curves and come up with 12 to 15 inches, but that's cheating. The PLAYBOY-approved method is similar to that used by horse people to measure the height of the animal: so many hands high (for fractions, use fingers).

GOOD FOR LAUGHS

Your Forum Newsfront item in the August issue about kids' sniffing nitrous oxide out of whipped-cream cans reminds me of a very sexy dentist who has relieved me of three cavity-ridden teeth. The first time I went to him, I had heard so many horror stories about dentalwork that I was not a very good patient. On the next trip, he hooked me up to a tank

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CONFUSED ROOSTERS

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN—A New Mexico researcher, attending a dairy- and animal-science convention at Michigan State University, has reported progress in getting hens to lay two eggs a day through the use of female hormones. He added that some male chickens similarly treated developed female traits. One such bird was described as flirting



with other roosters and trying to "act as female as he could." Although the same rooster "would just cluck and sing and give me all these promises," it laid no eggs.

PROSTITUTION RING BROKEN

WEST PLAINS, MISSOURI—A Nebraska man and his wife, both 70 years old, have been fined \$200 after allegedly soliciting a deputy for prostitution. The price asked, according to the officer, was ten dollars. The original charges—transporting a woman for purposes of prostitution and soliciting—were reduced to "lewdness" when the elderly couple agreed to pay a fine of \$100 each and leave town.

EQUAL RIGHTS

BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON—The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare has finally decided that students in Bellevue schools can be spanked without violating Federal guidelines—as long as teachers administer the spankings nondiscriminately. The issue came up in 1972, when Shirley Amiel, a registered nurse, the mother of three daughters and a foe of child abuse, complained to HEW about sex discrimination and corporal punish-

ment. After determining that during the 1975-1976 school year 30 boys and only two girls had been spanked, the HEW regional office in Seattle advised that "the Bellevue public schools must submit a plan that would guarantee equal treatment on the basis of sex in discipline matters, and in particular the administering of corporal punishment." Commented the original complainant: "After waiting six years for an answer, all they said was, you have to beat as many girls as boys."

BOMBED IN A BAR

ACAPULCO—An unidentified man entered a local bar at two A.M. and ordered a drink. When the bartender refused to serve him because it was closing time, the would-be customer became irate, walked outside and tossed in a hand grenade, blowing up the bar and injuring 20 people.

EXPERT GUESSWORK

The authors of an American Civil Liberties Union handbook, "The Rights of Mental Patients," has raised doubts about the value of using psychologists and psychiatrists as expert witnesses in court. Mental-health professionals agree with one another only 54 percent of the time on some questions—only slightly better than the law of averages—and shrinks were able to agree only 40 percent of the time on whether or not a particular patient was suffering from a specific functional disorder.

GOOD TRY

INDIANAPOLIS—The Indiana Supreme Court has rejected the appeal of a convicted male murderer who wanted to serve his life sentence in a women's prison. The prisoner had argued that he was being arbitrarily denied the right to engage in relations with the opposite sex and that it was "cruel and unusual punishment to impose a lifetime of celibacy, contrary to an inmate's natural biological drive." The court held otherwise and said that the prisoner had already forfeited his right to "pursue his amorous pleasures as if he were a free man."

GOING DOWN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration believes that concern over paraquat spraying in Mexico may account for the changing

pattern of airplane crashes involving marijuana smugglers. The DEA reports that crashes of planes coming from South America more than tripled in the Bahamas and Florida in 1978, while crashes in U.S.-Mexico border states have declined by 66 percent.

SELF-PRESERVATION

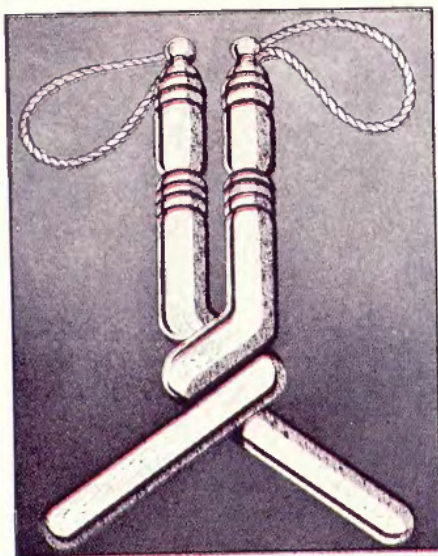
WASHINGTON, D.C.—A U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has held that prisoners who flee from jail can attempt to defend themselves against the charge of escape by citing bad jail conditions. The court ordered new trials in the cases of four men who argued that they escaped from a Washington, D.C., jail not to obtain freedom but to survive intolerably dangerous conditions.

BACKFIRE

DECATUR, ILLINOIS—A male prisoner in the Macon County Jail who claimed he was homosexually raped found himself, in turn, charged with prostitution. Officers who investigated said they learned that the inmate willingly had sold sexual favors to another prisoner in exchange for commissary supplies.

OFFICERS FRIENDLY

A Los Angeles newspaper reports that two Santa Ana vice cops figured out a novel way to do their duty and also save the taxpayers two dollars. When they noted that admission to a porno parlor was five dollars a person



or eight dollars a couple, they held hands, demanded and received the special rate. The paper didn't say what they did after being admitted.

LIBBERS LOSE

HAMBURG—The popular German magazine Stern has survived a major lawsuit brought by ten prominent women attempting to stop it from publishing cover pictures of attractive

nudes. The plaintiffs, including a publisher, an author, a psychoanalyst and several actresses, had sought a court order restraining the magazine from carrying such "insulting" pictures in the future, but a Hamburg judge said he could set no absolute standards. That, he said, would be up to the national parliament, not the courts, and he ordered the plaintiffs to pay an estimated \$50,000 in legal costs.

PARENTAL UNDERSTANDING

CHICAGO—An 81-year-old man, chained to a bathroom radiator for a week, beaten, starved and robbed of some \$2300, has refused to press charges against his 19-year-old daughter and her male friend who were accused of the crime. He explained to police, "With women, you have to overlook some things."

LACK OF CONVICTIONS

CHICAGO—A computer study of cases heard in the Cook County Criminal Court from 1974 through 1976 indicates that nearly half the defendants charged with murder went free. The data shows that of 1631 accused murderers, only 863, or 52.9 percent, were convicted and that the conviction rate for rape or attempted rape was even lower, 51.5 percent.

PROTECTION OF THE GUILTY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Only one rape complaint in 20 results in identification of a suspect and less than three percent lead to a conviction, a recent study has found. It further estimates that some 250,000 rapes are committed each year, while only 56,000 are reported to police. The investigators found that many women did not report being attacked for fear of the treatment they would receive by police and the courts. The study, conducted by the Batelle Memorial Institute Law and Justice Study Center in Seattle with a grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, added: "It seems ironic that it is the victim, not the offender, who is often deterred by fear of the criminal-justice system."

SURPRISE ENDING

CLEVELAND—To the surprise and dismay of the prosecutor, a Federal-court jury acquitted a major pornography distributor and six employees of obscenity charges after deciding that an average person does not have a prurient interest in sex. The jurors agreed that 12 films and 24 magazines involved in the case were "morbid, shameful and lewd," but then advised the U.S. district-court judge that they had difficulty with the definition of

prurient interest: "The major problem is that we are convinced that the average person has a normal, healthy response to sex [and is incapable] of having a shameful or morbid interest in sex or excretions. Therefore, the first half of the definition of prurient interest . . . is not relevant to the average person." In his instructions to the jury, the judge had said that U.S. Supreme Court guidelines on obscenity required that the material in question must appeal to an average person's prurient interest, defined as "a shameful or a morbid interest in sex or excretion or material having a tendency to excite lustful thoughts."

DOPERS 700, NARCS 900

Newspaper columnist Jack Anderson has taken the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration to task for allegedly goofing off on the job—and

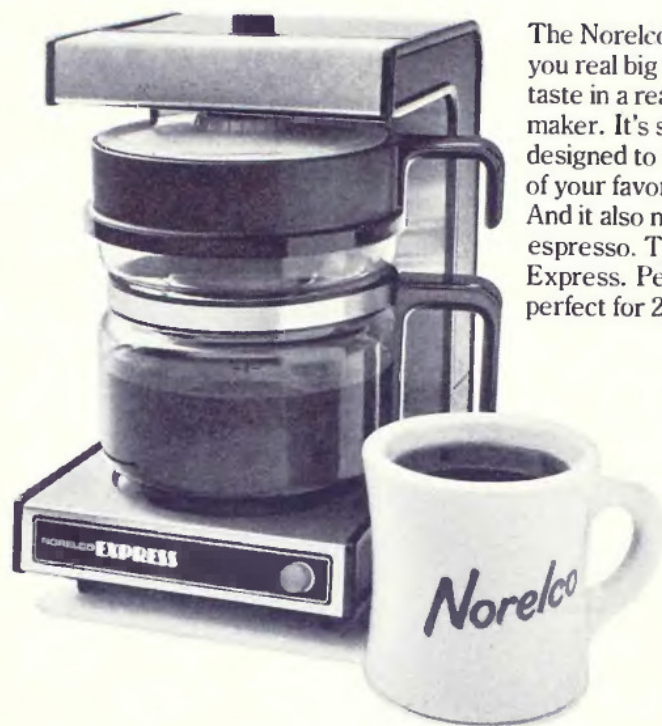


allowing drug smugglers to get off with "an astonishing 700 pounds of hashish" that had already entered the country and was under surveillance. It seems that it was staked out at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport, but while one agent was eating lunch and another was calling his office, somebody slipped in with a forklift and made off with a 700-pound crate of hash that had arrived on a flight from London. He left behind another crate containing 900 pounds of the same drug.

SELF-DEFENSE

BAYTOWN, TEXAS—A 22-year-old woman told police that she narrowly avoided being raped by throwing up on her attacker. She said she had been dragged into a van, which one man drove while another began removing her clothes at knife point—until she vomited on her assailant. At that the man became angry and she was taken back to her car and released, unharmed.

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of nitrous and I relaxed, to say the least. The only problem was when the dentist said, "Open wide... wider... Fantastic! What are you doing Saturday night?" I nearly fell out of the chair laughing while trying to keep my mouth open. (At least it seemed very funny at the time.)

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

We don't know why nitrous oxide is used as a propellant in whipped-cream cans, but they don't call it laughing gas for nothing.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

I, too, hope that the cat that clawed the balls of the Ohio man lying nude on his couch somehow managed to survive—referring, of course, to the cat, and assuming that its owner was not mortally wounded (*The Playboy Forum*, July). But what do I do about our dog? We have a young male Airedale that tries every night to climb into bed, worm his way under the covers and lick my wife's private parts. And while she pretends to object, she doesn't make any great effort to discourage him. I'm beginning to feel a bit jealous.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

We took your problem to the *Playboy Advisor* and he seemed to think that either you or we were putting him on. He advises that you locate a female Airedale and display enough affection toward the beast that your male dog becomes jealous and contents himself with one of his own species.

GETTING STRAIGHT

I found the letter titled "Peer Pressure" from Lancaster, Ohio, (*The Playboy Forum*, August) quite amusing. I quickly learned that by *not* smoking pot I am labeled smart and the only thing I've found myself without is a lot of asshole acquaintances. A true friend will respect you for your lifestyle.

A little over a year ago, I was arrested for selling a quarter pound of pot to an undercover policeman. The whole experience was scary enough to persuade me to "get my shit together." Since I've discontinued the use of drugs, I feel 100 percent better. I am in better health now than I've ever been. Chalk one up for your friendly neighborhood narco agent.

I have a comment based on my experience with drugs. This one is for the police officer who wrote to *The Playboy Forum* in May. It is my belief that young people do not use "dope" to intentionally escape the problems of growing up. The need to escape is the result of using drugs that reduce the ability to function in the real world. I do not wish to stereotype the "high society." I have seen people who can handle it. But the

(*"Playboy Casebook"* follows on page 90. Letters continued on page 92.)

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We call it Midland Micro-Precision Tuning, simply because that's what it is. So microprecise, it locks in on the strongest signal a station can put out.

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designed to bring MicroPrecision technology to life where it counts: in your ears.

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You don't have to compromise on the quality of the cassette deck when you buy an all-in-one stereo system.

Because now every Centrex® receiver-deck compact stereo features the exclusive Loaded Deck.™

BIASED FOR PREMIUM TAPES SUCH AS TDK.

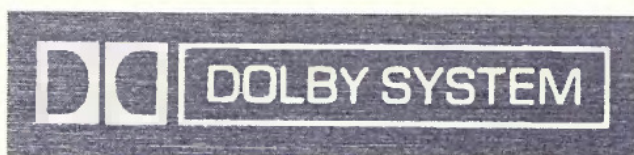


PLAY WITH A LOADED DECK.™

It's a component quality tape deck loaded with features you don't often find on the most expensive components. Features like the Song Finder™—so you can jump forward or back to your favorite tunes without hit-and-miss button pushing. A damped door. And a bias switch for chrome tape.

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To keep the wow and flutter down the Loaded Deck™ has an electronically



governed motor for constant speed control. There are permalloy precision tape heads. We also added a Dolby® noise reduction system for a superior signal-to-noise ratio.

TABLES FOR TWO.

Our system takes records seriously, too. You can choose between a Centrex® receiver-deck that has a single-play, professional-style, semi-automatic turntable with a die-cast aluminum platter and strobe rings for accurate pitch control (KH-8855). Or one that has a semi-programmable record changer (KH-8833).

Both are belt-driven and come with an S-shaped tone arm and Audio-Technica cartridge. You can even buy the

SEMI-AUTOMATIC TURNTABLE.



IMPACT STEREO PE SERIOUSLY.

system with no record player at all (KH-858).

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The receiver portion puts out a substantial 22 watts per channel minimum, both channels driven into 8 ohms from 40-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.7% THD. So even when you turn the volume way up the distortion stays way down.

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Finally, to make sure you play our new receiver-deck through speakers that let you hear all the music it puts out, we



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A CLOSE CALL FOR CLAUDIA

an ohio case raises the question: how many innocent people have gone to prison because they lacked the money and the means to defend themselves?

Last February, police in Columbus, Ohio, found the bodies of 52-year-old night-club owner Robert McCann, his 26-year-old girlfriend and his 77-year-old mother shot to death in an apparent robbery by home invasion. The killings were particularly brutal: The victims had been shot many times and beaten or stripped, or both. Four weeks later, Claudia Yasko, a 27-year-old night-club waitress, presented herself to police, waived her right to have an attorney present and confessed to the killings, naming two male friends as her accomplices. The three were quickly indicted, with death-penalty specifications, on the basis of Claudia's lengthy statement that described the night of the murders in vivid and gruesome detail. Case closed—or so it seemed.

But by the time Columbus attorney Lewis William Dye undertook Claudia's defense, police ballistics experts were discovering that the same gun used in the McCann killings—and not found—had since been used in other, similar murders that had been committed while Claudia was locked up. Then they discovered that the same gun had been used in at least two murders weeks before Claudia had confessed and that the same .22-caliber Luger-style pistol was the weapon in even more recent murders—a grand total of nine at last count. And, meanwhile, quite a few other facts were turning up to suggest that Claudia might be more a victim than a criminal. When attorney Dye talked with Senior Editor Bill Helmer of the Playboy Defense Team, he opened the conversation with a line that deserves repeating: "I'm a criminal-defense lawyer in Columbus, Ohio, and I've got quite an unusual situation on my hands—I think I've got a client who is totally innocent."

Dye explained that initially he'd represented one of Claudia's friends and since had agreed to defend Claudia at no fee because he thought something very fishy was going on. He'd discovered that Claudia had a history of emotional problems, had been in and out of therapy and mental institutions since she was 14 and had previously confessed to crimes that either had never occurred or that she could not have committed. A psychiatrist who had treated her in the past had testified at a court hearing that she seemed to have no inclination to violence but was a consummate actress who might well persuade the police, indeed herself, that she was guilty of almost anything.

And in this case, the Franklin County prosecutor, George Smith, who happened to be running for a higher state office, seemed especially anxious to try a suspect and declare a victory. Franklin County has some of the most elaborate crime-fighting facilities in the country and is a virtual showcase for Federally funded law-enforcement programs. But it has no great track record for solving crimes, and both Smith and his chief prosecuting attorney, James O'Grady, needed to recover from much bad publicity over their handling of another major case. In 1975, Smith and O'Grady had obtained a confession and a guilty plea from a young retarded man accused of murdering a 14-year-

ders. . . . But Franklin County detectives barely concealed their scorn for Mr. Smith's contention that Miss Yasko is one of the killers. . . .") Recently, investigators have found other cases where they suspect the county may have obtained convictions of innocent persons.

What Claudia's attorney wanted from PLAYBOY was the kind of legal research and investigation it would take to prepare a defense. Dye said that Claudia had been secretly interrogated for some 11 hours and had given a 158-page statement that was absolutely hair-raising and sounded both plausible and gruesome enough to give the impression of a closed case, if he could not counter it point by point. He specu-



Claudia Yasko, followed by attorney Lewis Dye, leaves the county jail for women at Columbus, Ohio, where she was held for nearly three months while awaiting trial for murder.

old girl, only to have the victim's own parents support a drive that eventually got him a trial. The jury found his confession false and him innocent, only three months before Claudia's arrest. (In reporting Ohio's ".22-caliber killings," *The New York Times* concluded on this note: "Mr. Smith, who is running for state attorney general on the Republican line, was campaigning in Cincinnati today and could not be reached for comment. He is preparing to try Claudia Yasko, a waitress, for the McCann mur-

lated that the prosecutor knew that and was counting on his avoiding trial by having Claudia civilly committed to a mental institution. That would have spared her the risk of a conviction and a possible death sentence and would have given the appearance of a successful prosecution in a sensational case.

PLAYBOY's Helmer met with Burt Joseph of the Playboy Foundation and they decided that while murder was not the kind of legal issue we ordinarily deal with, this case was exceptional. It

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Another surprise.

Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.

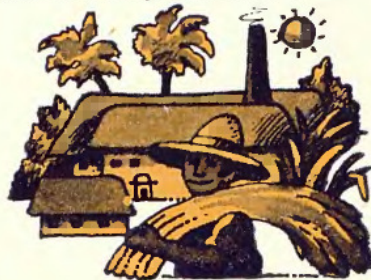
Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's



made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

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to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:

Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:

Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.

Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods.

Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



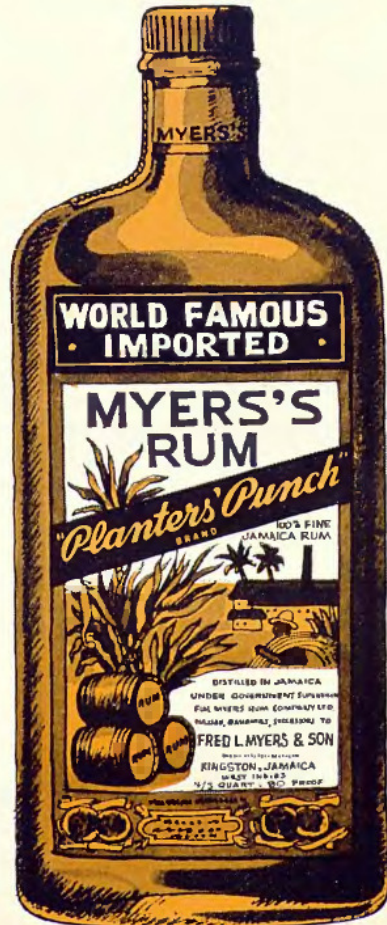
to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



**Next to Myers's
All other Rums
Seem Pale.**



seemed appropriate to lend Dye the services of Russ Million, a legal investigator for the Playboy Defense Team.

Both Helmer and Million went to Columbus to talk with Claudia in prison and to examine her confession. They were first surprised to discover that Claudia did not even realize that she'd given a confession. When that word was used by her attorney, she corrected him: It was only a "statement"; she was only trying to help the police in their investigation. She went on to explain that she was a psychic: "I was only there in mind, not in body. Why can't they understand that?"

From listening to her taped confession, it was clear enough that Claudia had had little understanding of what was going on. In response to the interrogator's questions, she didn't know the time of day or even what year it was, explaining that she was on prescribed medication for her emotional problems. As to whether or not she understood her legal rights, carefully spelled out over several minutes, she said, "I really don't understand anything. I'm so mixed up and confused." Later, after much reiteration and coaxing, she said, "Yes."

Million stayed in Columbus for nearly two weeks of investigation and interviews and concluded that Claudia's blow-by-blow confession was largely fiction based on widely reported facts. A jury might have been expected to believe it in the absence of any rebuttal, but not an experienced police officer or a prosecutor. Almost every question was answered wrong, inconclusively or with a groggy question. Her few right answers were virtually spoon-fed, or arrived at by a process of elimination. The interrogator cannot be accused of impatience or roughness. He seemed to soon persuade his subject that he was her best friend and her greatest benefactor. In return, Claudia seemed to do her best to please him with her answers.

After determining that little in Claudia's confession conformed to the details of the crime, PLAYBOY also discovered that the prosecutor had no witnesses, no physical evidence and no circumstantial evidence—in other words, nothing—connecting Claudia with the McCann murders or any of the other killings. Claudia then passed a privately administered polygraph test arranged by Dye and Million and volunteered to be questioned under sodium amytal, which was not done for medical reasons.

With Dye refusing to make any deals and declaring that the defense was prepared, the county prosecutor finally dropped the charges—on a Thursday, two days after he had won the nomination for state attorney general and before Claudia's trial was to begin on the following Monday.

At the point where PLAYBOY intervened, Claudia's trial looked like a certainty. As the police ballistics experts tied more and more killings to the same gun, the local press, the national press and even city and county police officers began shaking their heads in bewilderment over the Yasko prosecution. Yet, up to the time the charges were dropped, the prosecution insisted it had a good case. And in a way it did: Confronted with Claudia's confession, her unsavory lifestyle as a waitress and sometimes a dancer in topless bars and her lack of money, many attorneys would have tried for a psychiatric commitment or a bargained plea. But justice hardly would have been served, and in any event, it has suffered a setback. The county prosecutor's office has another black eye, and having revealed what few cards it was holding in the McCann and other killings, it may well have provided the real killer or killers with useful information they could one day use to erect a successful defense. Trying Claudia would have made a later prosecution even more difficult.

majority of the dopers can't; and it ain't for me, baby!

My dear 22-year-old female from Lancaster, this 19-year-old dude from Lafayette sincerely hopes that you do not do what everybody else has been doing here lately. The beans in jail are terrible.

One more message I wish to convey. This to the narcs of America: Keep up the good work.

(Name withheld by request)
Lafayette, Indiana

In answer to the girl from Lancaster: I just want to say, "Bullshit." I have plenty of friends and I'm a 20-year-old male who doesn't smoke pot or cigarettes and doesn't drink. My friends don't care that I don't smoke or drink and I don't care that they do. They don't even consider me weird!

It's a cop-out saying "not being able to find friends" is the reason for pot smoking or for doing anything else. I'm no square; it's just that it makes me sick to smoke or drink.

(Name withheld by request)
Sunrise, Florida

HOMOSEXUALITY ON THE BALLOT

On November seventh, California voters were to decide the fate of the controversial Briggs initiative (Proposition Six), which, as the first state-wide referendum affecting gay rights, has received extensive national attention. According to its proponents, the purpose of the initiative is to fire any teacher, teacher's aide, school administrator or counselor, no matter how competent, who "advocates, solicits, encourages or promotes homosexual behavior."

It is important to understand that such an initiative threatens the careers of all public school employees, not only those who are gay. It not only restricts sexual activity, it severely limits exercise of the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, association and religion. To save their jobs, all persons connected with public education in California will have to remove homosexuality from their conversation, except to condemn.

If this initiative becomes law, its broad and ambiguous provisions will set in motion the machinery for a witch-hunt reminiscent of the McCarthy era. The law would require local school boards to invade the privacy and threaten the careers of thousands of teachers and other school employees. Rumors will lead to investigations of families, friends, home lives not only of teachers but also of students.

Sponsors claim that if Proposition Six passes, it will sweep the nation as did California's tax initiative, Proposition 13. They see it as a critical step in a national effort to destroy the gay-liberation movement.

Unlike other gay-rights referendums (such as that spearheaded by Anita



Local newspapers report the arrest of Claudia Yasko and other developments in the bizarre case of the ".22-caliber killings"—a series of at least nine murders still unsolved in Ohio.

MIDNIGHT DREAM COMPONENTS



Hear your dream music on the dream system: black Optonica® components in the dark.

Fly up through soft and smoky clouds into a dream of midnight music, where smart black machines pour out high fidelity fantasies.

A passing cloud carries the gleaming ebony dream deck: the Optonica RT-6505.

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with softly glowing output meters that allow you to monitor output power (in watts or dB) for purity of sound and safety of speaker systems.

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Now your speaker systems: Optonica CP-5151's. If the highs you hear seem especially pure, it's because of a tiny metal ribbon tweeter that's about as heavy as the wing of a medium-sized butterfly.

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ingly beautiful sound you might very well hear in tonight's midnight dream.

But why wait until dark? Visit an Optonica dealer and listen to the Optonica dream system, black as midnight, in the bright light of day.

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Bryant in Dade County, Florida). Proposition Six is being opposed by political leaders of all persuasions (Governor Jerry Brown and Ronald Reagan, for example), as well as religious, civic and educational leaders.

Let us hope that reason will prevail. If it does not, Gay Rights Advocates will file suit on November eighth, challenging the constitutionality of this pernicious law.

Donald C. Knutson, Director
Gay Rights Advocates
San Francisco, California

We'd add that this initiative neither spells out what is meant by advocates or encourages nor, apparently, confines itself to utterances in the classroom. In the Los Angeles area, the No on Proposition Six Committee had mobilized opposition to this Dark Age nonsense and had enlisted the support of such prominent individuals as Cher Allman, Jessica Walter, Sandy Duncan and PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.

CONJUGAL VISITS

This letter is in response to "Prisoner Problems," which appeared in the August *Playboy Forum*.

I have been visiting my husband in prisons for the past six months and, to sum it up in three words, it's pure hell! The torment and anguish imposed by those visits is more than a person can take. Not to mention the frustration simply because I love and want my man. A vital part of my function as a woman is being denied me, and the very degradation of this is a cruel and inhumane act. I'm not a prisoner, but my happiness and my life are being controlled by the prison system.

Nowhere in the Constitution is it said that if a man goes to prison, he is relieved of his duties as a husband. It does say that as a citizen, I am entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I understand punishment for a crime that has been committed, *if* a person is guilty. I also know the definition of the word rehabilitation. What I am trying to say is, I want my man. I'm tired of the emptiness I feel in my body, and I'm tired of seeing other women ache the way I do. The answer is to have every woman—wife, lover and sweetheart—join together and make conjugal visits a reality instead of a dream.

Stacia Zane
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HIGHWAY HAZARD

As a trucker who's logged half a million miles without an accident, I'd like to protest PLAYBOY's implicit approval of "mobile blow jobs" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Your average automobile driver is stupid enough without having his attention distracted by sex. Nearly every truck accident I've witnessed has

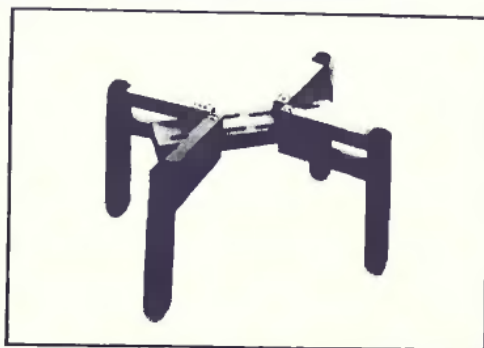
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The OM-1 Compact SLR Camera.

It's America's number one compact camera.

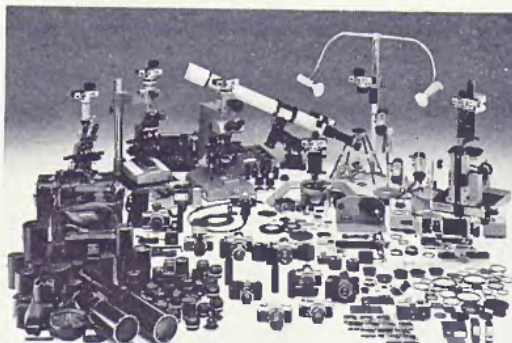
In fact, before the OM-1, there was no such thing as a compact camera. Yet even today, years after it was introduced, the OM-1 is still a marvel of technology that other SLR's haven't been able to copy.

The OM-1 is smaller and lighter than other, conventional SLR's. But the viewfinder is 30% bigger. 70% brighter. So focusing is easier. Faster. Sharper.

When you buy an OM-1, you're not just buying a camera. You're buying a system.

There are over 280 components from which to choose. Which makes the OM System the world's largest compact camera system.

No wonder the OM-1 is Number 1.



The OM-1 Hundred Dollar Give-Away.

America's number one compact camera brings you America's best camera buy.

When you buy an OM-1 and prime lens (50mm f1.8; 50mm f1.4 or 55mm f1.2) between Oct. 1, 1978 and Jan. 31, 1979, you're eligible for \$100 worth of rebate certificates toward the purchase of selected Olympus Zuiko lenses and OM System components.

Just send us your sales slip and owner registration card. Then we'll send you the OM-1 Hundred Dollar Give-Away rebate certificates, redeemable until April 30, 1979.

So you'll have time to plan your system carefully.

See your camera dealer for details or write: Olympus Camera Corporation, Woodbury, New York 11797. Don't let this Give-Away slip away.

OLYMPUS

After Five

Recipes

used by famous
**BARS,
RESTAURANTS
& NITESPOTS**

●
Ranking of the
Top 20 Drinks

HAPPY HOURS BARGUIDE



TOP 20 DRINKS

CAN YOU RANK THEM?

Test your skill! Write your guess in the boxes below.

Answers are shown on the following pages, with their recipes.

YOUR RANK

- ☐ Tonic
- ☐ Martini
- ☐ Old-Fashioned
- ☐ Pina Colada
- ☐ Sour
- ☐ Sombrero
- ☐ Black Russian
- ☐ Gimlet
- ☐ Rum 'n Cola
- ☐ Collins
- ☐ Screwdriver
- ☐ Bloody Mary
- ☐ Tequila Sunrise
- ☐ Wallbanger
- ☐ Manhattan
- ☐ Bacardi Cocktail
- ☐ Rob Roy
- ☐ Margarita
- ☐ Stinger
- ☐ Oaquiri

Drink ratings indicate relative popularity of best sellers on a nation-wide, annual basis. Individual rank may vary by locale, climate, season, etc.

HOW TO MIX GREAT DRINKS

at home . . . the same way professionals make them, when you're out on the town!

Today's pubs, clubs, disco and dining spots are a lively scene. Adventurous young adults set a brisk Happy Hour pace. They are experimenters. They eagerly look to their favorite bars for



new tastes in drinks, created with the expertise of professional barmen. Pros are meeting the challenge, mixing both new and classic drinks with different, better-tasting combinations of liquors and mixes. Examples of this are in this guide. Drinks you and others order determine national popularity rankings.

Learn how to make the top 20 drinks:

This guide shows you how to mix all today's favorite drinks, including the "top 20" best sellers in bars and restaurants. It has easy-to-use recipes for drinks made with all basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, tequila, rum, Southern Comfort. You'll even be able to *improve* your drinks . . . when you learn the experts' secret of "switching" basic liquors. An example is their use of Southern Comfort as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans, Sours, even Collinses, etc. The difference is the unique, delicious taste of Southern Comfort itself. Mix one of these drinks the usual way; then mix the same drink with Comfort®. Compare them. The improvement is remarkable.

What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used just like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different from any other basic liquor. And there's a reason. In gracious old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create this superb, unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. It tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! Its formula



is still a family secret; its delicious taste is still unmatched by any other liquor. First try it on-the-rocks. Then you'll understand *why* it improves *mixed* drinks, too. You'll realize why more and more leading bars and restaurants are switching to Southern Comfort as a base for new drinks and famous classics. It is the secret of creating the really good-tasting drinks that set today's trends.



How to improve drinks—secret of the pros

The flavor of any drink you mix is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor used as a base. Therefore, knowledgeable bartenders *improve* many drinks just by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. The taste test at right shows *why* this is true.



Make this taste test: prove it yourself

Fill short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, rum into another, gin into a third, and Southern Comfort into a fourth. Sip the whiskey, then the rum, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different kind of liquor. It tastes *good* with *nothing* added. That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base will make most mixed drinks taste much better. It adds a *deliciousness* that no other basic liquor *can*. Try Comfort® in *your* favorite drink, at home or next time you order it in a bar. One sip will convince you.

Mix drinks high on the lists
of bars coast to coast:

RANK

8

MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila

½ oz. Triple Sec

1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.

16

ROB ROY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch

½ jigger sweet vermouth

Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Add a cherry or twist of lemon peel. (This drink's often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")

15

BACARDI COCKTAIL

Juice ½ lime or lemon

½ teaspoon sugar

1 teaspoon grenadine

1 jigger Bacardi® light rum

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

COMFORT® 'N BOURBON

Hit combo, on the scene at the Hotel Ambassador, Los Angeles

½ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ jigger Bourbon • ½ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass and add water. Stir. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. It's a delicious combination!

RANK

4

ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye

½ jigger fresh lemon juice

1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add an orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now use the recipe at right . . . and discover how a switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

Try both recipes . . . one sip will convince you!

the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice

½ teaspoon sugar

Mix like ordinary recipe. Then sip it. You'll agree that Southern Comfort makes the smoothest Sour ever!

**Comfort® Sour, a top drink
at the Top of the Mark, Hotel
Mark Hopkins, San Francisco**





Use recipes from "pros" and rank high as a host:

RANK

1

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth. Serve with a pearl onion.



SICILIAN KISS

Sun-lovers' great love, at Joe Murphy's Lounge, Tampa

2 parts Southern Comfort
1 part Amaretto di Saronno

Pour over crushed ice in short glass; stir. Southern Comfort mates deliciously with this romantic liqueur from Italy.

11

GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's
sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional: serve with small slice fresh lime.)

9

DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice, until the shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

For a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.



*Women's clothes by Jill Richards Collections
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COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS

Smooth solo! Super star with skippers & mates at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add twist of lemon peel. Comfort® is popular on-the-rocks anywhere... it's smooth and delicious as a cocktail!

MIST: Use crushed ice in above recipe. This slight dilution frees even more of Comfort®'s naturally delicious flavor.

Southern Comfort®



SLOW 'N COMFORT®ABLE

Swinging new screwdriver, served at Alice's Restaurant, Lenox, Mass.

½ jigger (¼ oz.) Southern Comfort
¾ oz. sloe gin • 3 oz. orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Pour in orange juice and stir. Add a cherry. A drink to sip for slow 'n easy enjoyment.



LEMON COOLER

Terrific tall one, as served at Brennan's Restaurant, Houston

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour S.C. over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.



COMFORT® 'N COLA

As served at the Breckenridge Pavilion Hotel, St. Louis

Juice and rind ¼ lime • cola
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass; add rind. Add Southern Comfort. Fill with cola; stir.

17 Rum 'n Cola: Use rum instead of S.C.

The simple drinks are the most popular

... and Southern Comfort makes the best tasting ones! Its delicious flavor enhances the taste of any mix you use.

Try COMFORT® and:

Cola • 7UP • Club Soda • Ginger Ale
Tonic • Squirt • Lemonade • Milk
Juices: orange, pineapple, grapefruit,
apple, apricot nectar, Cranapple®.

RANK

Try both recipes ... prove it to yourself!

3 ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret ... use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously.

improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Southern Comfort's delicious flavor makes a much better-tasting drink.

**Comfort® Manhattan,
talented headliner at Paul
Young's Restaurant,
Washington, D.C.**



Keep these recipes at hand, and mix the cool ones most in demand!



RANK
13

TEQUILA SUNRISE

2-3 dashes grenadine • orange juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila

Put grenadine into 8-oz. glass; fill with ice cubes. Add tequila. Fill with orange juice. Do not stir! Comfort® instead of tequila brightens any sunrise.

2

BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice
½ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz. glass.



the cool TEUL

Cool one created at the Las Piramides bar in Mexico City

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. tequila • orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Fill with orange juice and stir. Add a cherry. Enjoy a most unusual, delicious drink. Caramba!

COMFORT® WALLBANGER

Popular with pace-setters at the Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, Calif.

1 oz. Southern Comfort
½ oz. Liqueur Galliano • orange juice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Fill with orange juice; stir. It's delicious, fabulously smooth.

18 HARVEY WALLBANGER: Use vodka instead of Comfort®, Add Galliano last, floating it on top.

COMFORT® COLLINS

Sun fans' big drink at Bal Harbour's Americana Hotel

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP. Best tasting—and easiest to mix—Collins of all!

7 Tom Collins: Dissolve 1 tspn. sugar in ½ jigger lemon juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes, 1 jigger gin. Fill with sparkling water; stir.

RANK
20

SOMBRERO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Café Comfort® or other coffee liqueur
Chilled milk

Fill 8-oz. glass with ice cubes. Add liquor; fill with milk; stir. A tip of the hat to a cool one!

5

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Orange juice

Put ice cubes into 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice; stir.

Give your screwdriver a new twist. Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

14

PINA COLADA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) rum or Southern Comfort
1 oz. Cream of Coconut
2 oz. pineapple juice

Shake with ½ cup crushed ice or use blender. Pour into tall glass filled with ice cubes. Add cherry. Superb coconut accent!

6

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Schweppes Tonic Water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin. Fill with tonic and stir until well chilled.

Switch to a better-tasting drink. Skip the gin and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.



COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

Famous fashion at the Gaslight Club in Chicago

Dash of Angostura bitters
½ oz. sparkling water
½ tspn. sugar (optional)
1 jigger Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, S.C. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, cherry. Superb!

Regular Old-Fashioned: Use 1 tspn. sugar. Bourbon or rye instead of Southern Comfort.



10

After Five

HAPPY HOURS BARGUIDE

Recipes used by famous
BARS, RESTAURANTS & NITESPOTS



RANK

19

STINGER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) brandy
½ jigger white creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.

S.C. instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.



12

BLACK RUSSIAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Café Comfort®
or other coffee liqueur
½ jigger vodka

Pour over ice cubes in short glass; stir.

COMFORT® EGGNOG

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
1 quart dairy eggnog

Chill ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10, please all.

1 Drink: Stir 4 parts eggnog, 1 part S.C. in short glass; add nutmeg.



HOT BUTTERED COMFORT®

Hot choice at the Red Lion, Vail, Colo.

Small stick cinnamon • slice lemon peel
1 jigger Southern Comfort • pat butter

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S.C. in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in mug to pour hot water.)



OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

Tastes like a super cocktail! Serves 32.

One fifth Southern Comfort • 3 quarts 7UP
6 oz. fresh lemon juice • One 6 oz. can frozen lemonade
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired (optional); stir. Float block of ice; add orange and lemon slices.

HAPPY HOUR PUNCH Serves 25.

One fifth Southern Comfort
1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice • ½ cup lemon juice
1 cup grapefruit juice • 2 quarts champagne or 7UP

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding champagne last. Add ice cubes, and garnish with decoratively cut orange slices. Tastes delicious . . . and puts punch in any party!

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(over)

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Southern Comfort®

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS, MO 63132

(over)

been caused by some fool in a four-wheeler who didn't know how to drive.

(Name withheld by request)
Rapid City, South Dakota

I just hope I'm not on the road when the lady from Canoga Park, California, is giving her husband a blow job while he's tooling from Los Angeles to Las Vegas. There are enough idiots on the road already, and I don't want to meet one head on, as it were.

B. Davis
Los Angeles, California

TACO TALE

Three years ago, I moved to Texas from Connecticut and only want to say that my impressions of this state are borne out by the picture and letter in the September *Playboy Forum*: a pretty girl wearing a T-shirt with the inscription IF THE LORD HAD NOT INTENDED FOR MAN TO EAT PUSSY HE WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT LOOK SO MUCH LIKE A TACO.

This place is populated by the craziest bastards I've ever met. The Federal Government should set the entire state aside as a special preserve for the vanishing species of eccentric Americans with a sense of humor. It also has great tacos.

(Name withheld by request)
Austin, Texas

TEMPEST IN A TEST TUBE

In a culture as fragmented as ours, which sees events in terms of loosely related pieces while oblivious to their fundamental integrity, the stage is exquisitely set for the test-tube baby. The alienation of living beings from a whole and living context now reaches before the cradle—before, even, conception.

Can we arbitrarily assume that the impact of the environment on the developing mind begins at some moment *after* birth? Certainly not, for the strict demands of the placental environment are now recognized. And yet, can we assume that these fostering conditions become demanding *only* after conception; or does it make more sense—logically and intuitively—to view *all* events leading to the emergence of a living being as a continuum in which each element must serve the whole, *including* the mental and hormonal components of the passion preceding conception? To confuse the altering, or fragmenting, of a barely grasped process with advancement must inevitably prove deadly. In a similar if simpler way, breast feeding is now understood to provide a *Gestalt* whose importance involves more than just the ingredients of a mother's milk.

Perhaps the least that can be said is, when our biological heritage begins to resemble our plasticized, mechanized environment, our self-concept will be in complete accord; and whether we regard

that as positive or negative probably expresses the value we place on life.

Joel M. Levin
Redondo Beach, California

We think you're taking the so-called test-tube baby too seriously; we think we disagree, but our Metaphysics Editor is on a sabbatical, so we can't say for sure.

TRUE RIGHTS

Karen Wilson claims that a child has a "birthright to proper medical care, parental love, adequate housing and enough intellectual stimulation to give it at least the basic prerequisites to live a decent life" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). I don't argue that a woman might be using good judgment to have an abortion if she knows she cannot provide her child with these benefits, but I challenge her definition of birthright.

Rights are something that can be preserved, protected and enforced. Perhaps one can be compelled to provide medical care and adequate housing, but how can parental love and intellectual stimulation be enforced? True rights are static. They do not change with time, from one society to another or from one individual to another. I have a right to live but not to have my life maintained. I have a right to pursue happiness but not to compel another to make me happy. I have a right to freedom of thought and action—up to the point where my actions infringe on the rights of others. Finally, I have a right to either help others or ignore them, according to my own choice—and that is a most precious right.

Douglas W. Scheel
Mankato, Minnesota

In response to Tim Wilson, who attempted to appeal to our nausea concerning "twitching aborted babies" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), I suggest that he behold an unloved, unwanted child dying of malnutrition and neglect. Personally, I'd rather be dead.

Bob Diamond
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

YES, BUT. . .

In the September *Forum Newsfront*, you have an item about Detroit officials planning to seize the automobiles of persons cruising in search of hookers. For those of you who think this is a bad move on the part of the Detroit police, it's apparent you don't have hookers and cruisers filling your streets. Our neighborhood is trying to build itself up to be a decent place to live and raise children, but, believe me, it's awfully hard to explain to young children who and what these creeps are after.

You can be any kind of slob, have young or older children, or even be pregnant, and these cruisers still proposition you. Some do it rather decently and some are outright vulgar. Once or twice is one thing, but all the time is another.

So sorry to put the poor hookers out of business, but if seizing the cruisers' automobiles is a means of getting rid of them all—then so be it. Let them go to your neighborhood and not only proposition your 11-year-old daughter but also try to pull her into a car. Let's see how you like it.

Ginny Keen
Louisville, Kentucky

You make a good point and raise an issue we can't deal with in these few words. But consider that prostitution is not exactly a recent development in the history of the world and that many cities in other countries deal with it by regulation rather than by sporadic efforts at suppression. What if the state of Michigan legalized prostitution and the city of Detroit confined it to one well-policed district? Too bad no elected public official can propose such an arrangement in this country without being hounded out of office by those who would rather have crime than sin—and end up fostering both.

MILITARY MEMO

Here's a direct quote from a military memo that was circulated at the Army hospital in Mesquite, Texas, for quite some time. It became an item of local folklore and I want *PLAYBOY* to interpret it to see if it does, as many have claimed, advocate homosexuality:

Not everyone is or can be expected to meet ideal moral standards, but there is a limit of tolerance below which the individual soldier cannot fall without compromising the reputation of the U.S.A.R. [U.S. Army Reserve] . . . In light of this responsibility, personal misconduct such as, but not limited to, the following may be the subject of disciplinary action: (a) Personal relationships exhibiting an excessive degree of intimacy beyond that befitting the customs of the Service and the ranks/positions of the individuals involved will not be tolerated. This specifically applies to relationships between unit members of opposite sexes.

What does this tell you?

(Name withheld by request)
Little Rock, Arkansas

That the Army hasn't changed; that its officers are constantly fighting a losing battle to make enlisted personnel appreciate and respect military tradition; that the intimacy problems at the hospital were not, repeat not, homosexual. Dismissed.

SEX ON WHEELS

I had always been what is generally termed "the American dream girl." You know the type: long blonde hair, large blue eyes, pixy smile and interesting body lines. The kind that gets whistled at by



GUESS WHAT OUI'S GIVING YOU FOR THE HOLIDAYS?

An issue bursting with entertainment delights, that's what. You'll meet two former oui cover girls who've formed a band but have a problem keeping their hands off one another's instruments. Also in this special issue, Barth Gimple's alter ego, Martin Mull, sounds off about show business. Lance Rentzel tells why football players are crazy, Conrad Dobler names the All-Flake N.F.L. Team and a former pro cheerleader reveals what it's like to be a locker-room love object. Plus: Clifford Irving's guide to three-somes, a rundown of ski resorts where you do your hotdogging indoors and the ultimate in unusual gifts—from an indoor outhouse to a laser-beam mousetrap. December oui. You can't get through the holidays without it.

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all of the hard-hats if she dares to walk down the street. Hell, all through high school and college, it seemed as if every guy I met wanted to get into my pants. Unfortunately, at a still rather young age, I was injured in a car accident. After a bit of hospitalization (the medical students were all very helpful), I regained my health and my "wealth," except for the fact that I can no longer walk. Now, what I can't understand is what happened to all the whistles? I may no longer wiggle when I walk (since I don't walk), but otherwise, everything is in the same place. Guys don't seem to think women in wheelchairs are into sex. They couldn't be more wrong. I mean, what could be kinkier than sex on wheels?

F.A.D.

Washington, D.C.

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

The movement to reclassify marijuana for medical purposes has lost one of its strongest fighters with the death of Lynn Pierson in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Lynn was a 27-year-old cancer victim who convinced the New Mexico legislature of marijuana's medicinal value in the treatment of cancer chemotherapy side effects and glaucoma. As a result of his efforts, New Mexico became the first state to pass legislation that recognizes marijuana's medical value and provides prescriptive access to the herb.

Lynn's success was due, in large part, to his extraordinary faith in the American political system. He went to the legislature with a problem that was not only his but also that of every citizen of the state with cancer or glaucoma and, to its credit, the legislature moved with compassion and expediency to solve that problem. Since then, four other states have passed similar legislation and NORML expects at least 20 others to consider the question in 1979.

Lynn accomplished a great deal in his short life. His efforts will continue to be felt throughout the country as more and more states legalize medical access to marijuana. Those seeking such access are encouraged to look at Lynn's example and begin their own campaign to change the present prohibitions against marijuana's medical use. As always, NORML stands ready to aid those citizens seeking such a change.

Alice O'Leary, Coordinator
Medical Reclassification Project
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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at 43mm.



GRANDPA
at 75mm.



STEVE and LARRY
at 43mm.



STEVE and LARRY
at 75mm.



SNUFFY
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN TRAVOLTA

a candid conversation with the hottest young star in america

In less than a month, John Travolta may surprise everyone all over again. "Moment by Moment," his newest film, will complete one of the most successful three-picture contracts in history. It may also prove, once and for all, that its 24-year-old star is more than just a pretty face who can dance well and mug teenage angst. The film, in which he plays a teenage runaway who becomes romantically involved with co-star Lily Tomlin, could confirm Travolta's credentials as a serious dramatic actor.

Three years ago, Travolta became a popular but innocuous teen idol because of his role as Vinnie Barbarino in the hit TV series "Welcome Back, Kotter." A year after the series' start, he signed a \$1,000,000-plus, three-picture deal with Robert Stigwood's R.S.O. films. With the release of "Saturday Night Fever," the first of these films, Travolta became, arguably, the film star of the year, as well as America's newest sex symbol. He didn't hurt the disco business, either.

While Travolta was being nominated for an Oscar, and being compared by the critics with De Niro, Pacino, Dean, Brando and just about every other film star whose face seemed to have a special relationship with the camera, "Saturday Night Fever" was breaking

world box-office records. In less than a year, the domestic box-office receipts are approaching \$112,000,000, while the film's sound track has been certified as the largest-selling album of any kind in history.

Born in 1954 in Englewood, New Jersey, Travolta is the youngest of six children, all of whom have followed their actress-mother, Helen, into show business. Travolta dropped out of Dwight Morrow High School at 16 and, encouraged by his parents, sought an acting career in New York. He appeared in a number of small stage productions, supported himself by appearing in 40-odd commercials and, in 1972, traveled to Hollywood. He landed guest spots on "Emergency!" "Owen Marshall," "The Rookies" and "Medical Center" while auditioning for the film "The Last Detail." Between trips to the Coast, he performed on Broadway in "Grease" and "Over Here."

After his first season on "Kotter," he made a TV movie, "The Boy in the Plastic Bubble," which was significant to Travolta because during the filming he met and became deeply involved with the 40-year-old actress Diana Hyland. In the spring of 1977, during the filming of "Fever," she died in his arms, succumbing to a long bout with cancer. By

the time of her death, their relationship had been mercilessly exploited by the fan magazines and gossip tabloids. As a result, he became bitter toward the press and wary of its intrusion into his personal life—a bitterness that remains.

On the heels of "Fever" came the second R.S.O. film—"Grease"—a mediocre rehash of the Broadway musical. In contrast to at least the semblance of realism of "Fever," "Grease" was a predigested lubricant for all Travolta's preteen and teen fans. However, the film has already outgrossed its predecessor and earned in excess of \$114,000,000 in U.S. box-office receipts.

To find out what it's like to be the newest king of the mountain, PLAYBOY sent free-lancer Judson Klinger to track down the megastar. Klinger reports:

"I first met Travolta a month before the release of 'Saturday Night Fever,' when I profiled him for The New York Times. I was surprised to find him even more attractive in person than on television. His eyes, especially, have an incandescent quality that just doesn't transfer onto video tape. We conducted our conversation over dinner on Sunset Boulevard—uninterrupted by fans. Although eager to discuss his future in films, he was unexpectedly shy—at times dropping his



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL IRI

"When a lot of people try to confront their lives, they try to separate themselves from their work. Well, that's bullshit. What you do is what makes you alive. That's what makes you great."

"Lately, more attention has been put on my life than on almost anybody else's. Suddenly, it's so important to know intricate details that I sometimes feel compelled to make up stuff when I'm asked."

"I think of myself as a very sexual person, because I think I'm sort of hot-blooded. That doesn't mean I'm necessarily promiscuous. It means I really enjoy sex, the idea of sex and my fantasies."

voice to an almost inaudible whisper whenever his words might be misconstrued as arrogant. Perhaps he's been burned in the past, when his self-confidence has been misinterpreted as cockiness.

"Nine months later, when it had become impossible for us to meet publicly without causing a furor, we arranged the PLAYBOY sessions for a week-long series of evenings at a suite in the L'Ermitage Hotel in Beverly Hills. On the first night, he arrived in his beige Mercedes 450SL, dressed in a Munsingwear sport shirt and jeans. He loped into the suite and threw an arm over my shoulder, treating me with the disarming deference I suspected was reserved only for trusted friends. Although we were both conscious that time was very important, he insisted upon spending an hour asking me questions about what I had been up to over the past year. Surprisingly enough, his interest seemed genuine. It became clear that he would have preferred to interview me—he prides himself on being a studious listener and a fastidious observer. At one point, he interjected, 'I bet I could get a good imitation of you down before the night is over.'

"When we finally turned on the tape recorder, much of his excitement and spontaneity disappeared. He became serious and, I sensed, defensive, as if an impenetrable shield had been raised. He was aware that in the past he had successfully constructed his public image while carefully avoiding details of a private nature. Apparently, he saw no need to contribute to the invasion of what little privacy he can still maintain. When the conversation stuck to what he knows best—show business—he spoke freely; but when it turned to the intimacies of his life, his voice slowed and his answers danced along the questions' perimeters.

"While our first evening was pretty much free form, the next night we returned to L'Ermitage for a marathon Q-and-A session. He arrived in extremely high spirits, having come from the rehearsal of a 'Kotter' episode in which Finnie gets his own apartment. John dominates this particular episode and, in a demonstration of unbridled enthusiasm, there in the hotel suite, he became Finnie and began to jump around the room, pantomiming the scenario. Once again, I noticed part of the energy he'd brought into the room fade before my eyes as I went for the recorder. Still, over the next six hours, we discussed subjects ranging from sex to Scientology. On four separate occasions, to illustrate a point, he jumped from his chair and recreated one of his characters. By contrast, whenever Diana Hyland's name was mentioned, he withdrew entirely and whispered replies that urged me to move on quickly. But when discussing subjects that interested or challenged him, he was enthusiastic and opinionated.

"Watching John perform before the TV cameras after our final session, I was reminded of the startling dissimilarity between the man with whom I'd spent the week and the character Barbarino. The 'Kotter' audience, seated in bleachers among the various television stages, was predominantly teenaged and female—and totally Travolta's. In order to diffuse as much of the hysteria as possible, the cast was introduced for a brief pretaping Q. and A. Travolta's introduction drew a reaction not unlike the response accorded the Beatles on 'The Ed Sullivan Show.'

"Our final interview took place in his production offices at the Burbank Studios. By then, it was obvious that I would not see him drop his defenses. In spite of that, I left the final session realizing I liked him quite a lot. I'm sure that for him, the outcome of the interviews had never been in doubt—he was as well rehearsed for our talks as he was for the 'Kotter' taping the next afternoon. We began with the subject of his carefully guarded image."

PLAYBOY: You seem a little apprehensive about this interview, and you give very few of them. Are you afraid of the press?

"When I was eight, I was a total greaser. I wore short, black, tight pants and pointed black shoes. Do you know what kind of effect that made when I walked into a Catholic school?"

TRAVOLTA: No. In fact, since *Saturday Night Fever*, the press has been rooting for me. If I feel anything negative, it's that the press might begin to get skeptical with so much talk about my being a wonderful person. [Laughs] Journalists are programed to think that anything good must have a negative side, so when the negative doesn't come up, they question the validity of—

PLAYBOY: The positive?

TRAVOLTA: Exactly. Sometimes I feel people are waiting for me to break down, go on a drinking binge or on a drug binge. If I feel any paranoia, that's where I get it. I guess I don't do a lot of things that are appropriate to someone in my situation. I don't like drugs, I don't like drinking. It may sound corny, but I love my work; that's what I'm most interested in.

PLAYBOY: Has the attitude of the press toward you changed since *Saturday Night Fever*?

TRAVOLTA: Definitely. Before that movie, I tended to get the worst press in the world. No one knew why I was famous in *Welcome Back, Kotter*; they weren't sure they saw it in my work. I used to worry about it. But let's face it; since my career started, I've been exploited in many ways. That's mainly because I don't give many interviews, and if you yourself don't fill the void, someone is going to fill it for you. And that's obviously what's happened to me.

PLAYBOY: Are we going to set the record straight?

TRAVOLTA: I hope so. I think the public is a little confused about my personality. They get flashes of this, flashes of that, but they don't quite know what to make of me, because I don't think it's necessary for my life to be an open book.

Lately, more attention has been put on my life than on almost anybody else's. Suddenly, it's so important to know the intricate details of John Travolta's life that I sometimes feel compelled to make up stuff when I'm asked. Because I don't know if there is anything that interesting, or devastatingly negative—other than what you see.

PLAYBOY: You're telling us we can't believe what we read about you in the gossip columns and fan magazines?

TRAVOLTA: [Laughs] I've been connected with just about every female in the industry. I'm always caught in these love triangles. I'm flying off to Paris to meet Marisa Berenson, while Olivia Newton-John's waiting with my baby at home. Or Lee Majors is jealous because Farrah is going out with me. They're so far-fetched I can only laugh at them. There was one great one, one fantastic one. The headline was something like, "TRAVOLTA SEX ORGIES."

PLAYBOY: One reason we're having this conversation is that the public seems to consider you, at the age of 24, the newest male sex symbol. What is a man's sex appeal? Can you define it?

TRAVOLTA: No, I can't. That's my problem when I see my own films. I look at them as an actor; I always forget that people think I have a certain sex appeal. It's very hard to tune into one's own sexuality. I know I feel sexual. I know I think of myself as a very sexual person, because I think I'm sort of hot-blooded. That doesn't mean I'm necessarily promiscuous. It means I really enjoy sex, the idea of sex and my fantasies. [Pause] So I'm passionate, but I don't necessarily tune into that on the screen. I feel it as a person, but I can't see it, I can't be objective.

PLAYBOY: Some people feel your appeal is to both sexes. Do you think of yourself as an androgynous sex star—perhaps like James Dean or Montgomery Clift or even Mick Jagger?

TRAVOLTA: I know I don't feel that way, but I certainly like the idea of how it



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sounds. I think if I can evoke that kind of feeling, whether it's from a male or a female, then that's an inspiring effect. It's also exciting to know your power can exceed the usual. You're not put into one category, you're put into a universal category. You can have everyone love you.

PLAYBOY: It means you're also a big star in the gay community.

TRAVOLTA: Again, if I'm creating that effect, that's more power to me, in a sense. If I have that effect on everyone—heterosexual, homosexual, whatever—then why be discriminating? I'm not gonna say, "Gee, I wish those people weren't turned on to me." I'd be cutting off my nose to spite my face.

PLAYBOY: Have there been an unusually large number of gay people connected with your career?

TRAVOLTA: I think it would probably be unfair to assume they are gay, and I don't really care if they are. I've never been one to investigate the sexual preferences of people around me. If there is anyone around me who is gay, it's never interfered with his work. If they're good artists, or they're responsible and good workers, that's what's important. If sexual preference enters the picture on any working level, you're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to sexual power, do you think of it as something you can use to your advantage?

TRAVOLTA: I'm never using it. It's something I feel, and I'm not ever manipulative with it. I would use it within a scene, but in my own personal life, I would never misuse that, because if I feel excited or stimulated, I'm just affecting whoever is there. It would almost be as if I were fulfilling someone's needs.

PLAYBOY: So, in a sense, you are aware of your sexual presence.

TRAVOLTA: I know when I feel sexual and I know what I perceive as sexual. I see something, I identify with it, and by identifying with it, I also *become* it.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel a sense of sexual power during your dance solo in *Saturday Night Fever*?

TRAVOLTA: Absolutely. A lot of it came from the excitement of what I was doing, of what I was about to show everyone. I had a lot of confidence in what I was doing. [*Travolta gets up and begins to re-create his dance solo as he continues to talk.*] It's like, I know the steps so well that when I go [*swings his arms*] I know I have confidence in the movement. See? All of these moves are, "Look what I can do." [*Spins around*] But that doesn't necessarily mean, "Boy, this is really turning them on." It's an air, the ability or the confidence a person has when he has talent, and sometimes it's sexy. Yet he's not being self-conscious of the sexuality in it. [*He does an exaggerated dip and sits down.*]

PLAYBOY: How many hours did you spend rehearsing the dance routines?

TRAVOLTA: I had the script early on, and I trained about three hours a night for five months in a studio with Deny Terrio, who was with the Lockers. Then, after the lessons, we'd go to the discos and I'd try out my stuff. I worked very hard training for the film, but I just felt terrific doing it. I've loved dancing since I was a kid.

PLAYBOY: When did you learn to dance?

TRAVOLTA: I think my first turn-on to dance was James Cagney in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. That was when I was five or six. I used to try to imitate him in front of the television set. I went to a school that was 50 percent black, and they were always very into dancing. I mean, everybody was, but I liked black dancing better than white dancing. I used to watch *Soul Train*, and what I wanted to create was a *Soul Train* feel in *Saturday Night Fever*. I wanted to use a lot of that feel, plus theatrical dancing, which was a very interesting combination.

PLAYBOY: At one point, wasn't your solo supposed to be a duet?

TRAVOLTA: Right. You know, I had to enforce the dance-solo scene. They were basing the movie on Tony's being the best dancer, and he didn't have a solo. Everyone talked about how great he was; I thought you had to see how great

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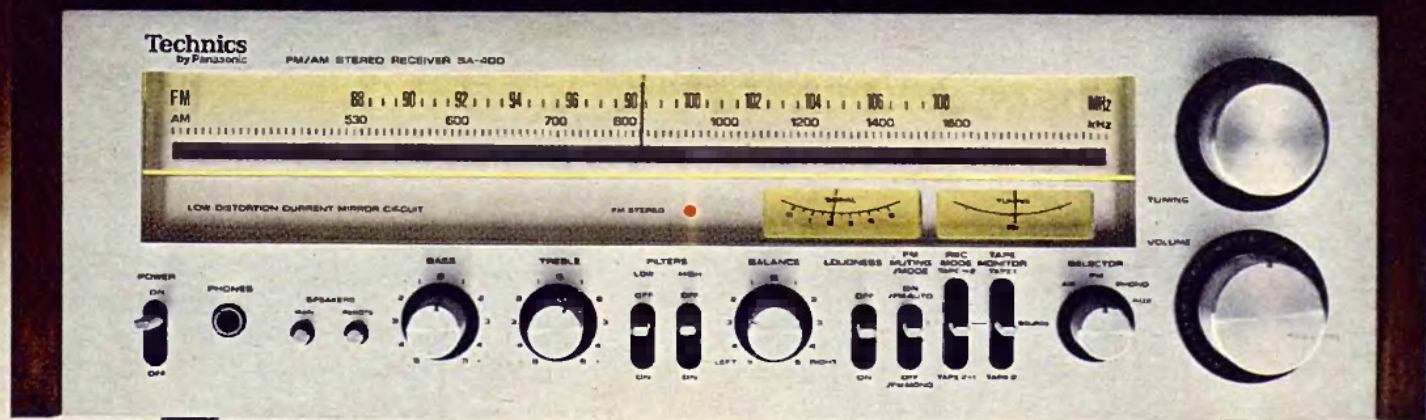
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he was. It couldn't be faked. So I asked Robert [Stigwood] whether I could do it. I said, "You spent all this money training me, and you're not gonna let me do a solo dance? That's what the kids do who are good."

PLAYBOY: The best dancers actually clear the floor?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. It's a ritual. I *have* done that in real life, I've cleared areas off. Even me, and people haven't known I was John Travolta. Anyway, I said, "You've got to prove to the audience that he is the best. Until the solo, you don't see where he gets his name from." So he said, "All right, but do it to *Stayin' Alive*." And I said, "I really feel that I should do it to *You Should Be Dancing*." So when I finally sort of pressed that issue a lot, he said OK and let me have it.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you pressing your luck a little, making demands like that?

TRAVOLTA: I have a feeling it has to do with your approach and how strongly you believe in what you're saying. I really believed that the dance solo had to be worked on, because there was a misunderstanding about the character. At one point, someone thought that he couldn't clear a dance floor. I said, "That's what it's all about, so let's see his whole body." They wanted to edit it up here [*draws an imaginary frame above his chest*]. I didn't study five

months to be looked at up here. I thought the acting scenes were edited brilliantly. But on the dance scene, I said, "Please, let's really *show* how this guy could clear a dance floor."

PLAYBOY: Fred Astaire was quoted as saying that you're a damn good dancer. How do you feel about that?

TRAVOLTA: I think that if Fred Astaire said that I'm a good dancer, we should believe it.

PLAYBOY: How else did you prepare for *Saturday Night Fever*?

TRAVOLTA: I'd go out to discos and watch the people. I'm very good at absorbing situations and duplicating people. I spent a couple of days in Brooklyn with Norman Wexler, the writer, and I spent a lot of time talking to some of the kids I met. It gave me confidence in what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

TRAVOLTA: A couple of times I went incognito. Sort of sat in the back and watched. And I picked up two or three things right off the bat. The guys at the bar, they all stood like this [*stands with his shoulders back, legs about a foot apart, hands clasped in front of his groin, face expressionless*]. And they all played with their rings. Well, those are two things I did a lot during *Saturday Night Fever*. Just kind of hands in front, real cool, playing with the rings, checking it out.

I used that in the scene where I went to Stephanie's house and I met her boyfriend. I'm sort of awkward; I'm in that purple shirt and black-leather jacket. So when you're awkward, what do you do? You put your hands together in front and you ground yourself—trying to remain cool and solid. It worked perfectly.

PLAYBOY: So, like many other actors, your technique is based on observation.

TRAVOLTA: And I'm very good at imitating. Show me a person, a specific character type, and I'll probably get an excellent imitation down. I also get behind a person's attitude. When I lived in New York, I made up a lot of characters. I used to call it my "bag of characters." I would very easily go into one in a restaurant or a department store and I thought nothing of embarrassing myself or the person who was with me.

PLAYBOY: Give us a character or two from the bag.

TRAVOLTA: There's one I called Strip—not too sophisticated, but he was real *macho*. I'd do him a lot. He can sort of slip in and out without being too obvious. Or there's your typical New Yorker father character. I'd slip into that and reprimand whoever was with me. And I had a Bowery-bum character—a kind of wine-drinking bum, but real vulgar. You know, if you didn't give him money, he called you a name like *fucking faggot*!

From the roles I've played, people

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probably have the idea that I've got to have some sort of evil pool of knowledge to work from. Look at the movies that I've been in: *Carrie*, *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*. The first two are foul-mouthed, hard-edged characters. But it's all been just observation.

PLAYBOY: Since you mentioned *Carrie*, we have to ask about that scene in which you get a blow job. That couldn't have been, well, *real*, could it?

TRAVOLTA: In all fairness to the actress, Nancy Allen... no, it wasn't.

PLAYBOY: What a terrific acting job.

TRAVOLTA: Thank you.

PLAYBOY: Another example of just imitating someone else's performance?

TRAVOLTA: No. Total recall. [Laughs] It was something I *had* experienced and was re-creating.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried to analyze why *Saturday Night Fever* has had such a social impact?

TRAVOLTA: Yes. No one thought it was bullshit. It was just cold, it was hard language, it was hard-driving, it was *real*. Everything had a cold reality to it. I'm proud of it because it's one of the most realistic films I've ever seen. I mean, when I first watched it, I was in pain, because I felt I was invading these characters' lives. I was uncomfortable watching what I was doing with that character. I felt like I was really exposing him. Does that sound strange? There were times I wanted to turn my head away because I was seeing someone say and do things that you only say and do in private. I had to see it three times before I relaxed watching it. I felt like I had exposed a lot, but not necessarily of me—of the character that I made up.

PLAYBOY: Realism is one thing, but we were referring to the fact that the film seemed to serve as a catalyst for the current disco phenomenon.

TRAVOLTA: I can understand it, because there is a side to the film that's exciting and flashy, and that's the thing that sticks with people. It's fun to go out dancing, and maybe it's not any more complicated than that. I think that I've allowed men to feel free. My character, Tony, was sort of that down-to-earth, *macho*, straightforward guy. He worked in a paint store. He had a family with which people could identify. He had a rough mouth. So there's nothing to lead you to think this guy could dance. But then, when he did, he did it with such conviction and pride. It was important that he was dancing. There was nothing unmasculine about it. It was like a sport. And it had romance in it, it had sex in it. It was sexy to watch. And I think people started saying, "I want to do that, too, because it looks so good."

PLAYBOY: How responsible were the Bee Gees for making the film a hit?

TRAVOLTA: Oh, I think that it was a real 50-50 situation. Without the effect they created, it still would have been a hit,

but it wouldn't have been the gigantic thing that it was.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a percentage of the sales of the sound-track album?

TRAVOLTA: Yes.

PLAYBOY: It grossed well over \$100,000,000. If you had as little as one percent, it would make you a rich man.

TRAVOLTA: I don't like to give misrepresentations of what I make, because sometimes I think that it's blown out of proportion.

PLAYBOY: You don't want people to think you're rich?

TRAVOLTA: It's such a generalization that all stars are rich. Because you are blown out of proportion as a presence, the financial picture is also blown out of proportion. I've been advised not to discuss specific figures.

PLAYBOY: It's certainly a lot of money in a very short time. When you were a kid in school, did you think you'd be singled out this way?

TRAVOLTA: No. Especially since I really wasn't that good a student; I was always cutting up and jiving. I was always more interested in anything other than what

"I knew I couldn't get out of the 'Kotter' contract. It's almost impossible. So I asked for a compromise."

was going on in the classroom. And I was more interested in making people laugh. I got in trouble a lot by talking—telling someone next to me something stupid or funny.

PLAYBOY: You were a high school dropout. Do you feel insecure about your lack of formal education?

TRAVOLTA: Sure. But, for some reason, I don't think that has anything to do with intelligence. I may not have formal education, but I've got instincts and I trust my instincts. Many of the brightest people I know have no formal education.

PLAYBOY: But you're familiar with the old show-business truism that good actors are dumb?

TRAVOLTA: Is this *The Newlywed Game*, or what? That's the dumbest truism I've ever heard. An insane generalization. Re-ask the question and I'll answer it.

PLAYBOY: OK. How intelligent do you think you are?

TRAVOLTA: That's the dumbest question I've ever heard. It's sort of unfair. Because, on the one hand, I don't want to feel like an egotist, but on the other, I have confidence in my intelligence.

PLAYBOY: Then why were you so turned off by academics?

TRAVOLTA: When I was in high school, all

they ever seemed to talk about was the Vietnam war. I didn't have much interest in the Vietnam war. I had more interest in why it felt so bad to be in school. So I took a psychology class, because I wanted to find out what was making me tick. And when they would go into all this talk, I'd say, "Look, why are we avoiding the problem?" And they'd say, "John, what's the problem?" And I'd say, "The problem is none of us are happy right now. When we come to school, we're unhappy, and we're talking about everyone else's problems—let's talk about the suppression that's going on here." And it was always avoided.

I always felt that if I could solve what was going on inside, maybe we'd have further insight into what was going on out there. I had to handle my personal hang-ups before I could handle the Vietnam war. And I had to feel that I could handle what was going on with me, my family and my friends before I could handle the world.

PLAYBOY: Any other pleasant memories from that period?

TRAVOLTA: I remember a real heartbreaker. In seventh grade, there was this girl, Mary Jo. And all my friends kept teasing me that this girl liked me. Well, she was sort of a strange-looking little girl, and everyone would make fun of her. So they kept on saying, "John, Mary Jo likes you," and they made up all kinds of stuff. Finally, I saw her at an assembly and I tapped her shoulder and I said, "Look, I don't like you. Just stop talking to everyone about me." Imagine someone turning around and saying that to you—and this girl was totally innocent. I mean, it was like *total invalidation*. Well, the look on her face was so devastating that I'm still not over that. Because that was the cruelest thing that I had ever done. And it all had been fabricated by my friends.

PLAYBOY: Were you good-looking in those days?

TRAVOLTA: I wasn't really a good-looking teenager. As a matter of fact, I was pretty awkward-looking. My nose was too big for my face. I was very skinny—out of proportion, if you know what I mean. I just started growing into my looks three or four years ago.

When I was eight, I was a total greaser. My brother was a greaser and my sisters all hung out with the tough kids, right? So I wore short, black, tight pants, pointed black shoes and a white shirt with the collar and the sleeves rolled up. Well, do you know what kind of effect that made when I walked into a Catholic school? No one looked like me.

Then there was a crossover period between *West Side Story* and the Beatles. I had Bernardo shoes, a Beatle haircut, McCartney's silver-sharkskin suit with tight short pants and white socks. I was

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a real rebel, and that was what was cool to me at the time.

PLAYBOY: What were the summers like in Englewood, New Jersey?

TRAVOLTA: Summer meant a lot of hanging out in the park, getting into trouble a little more than you did before. It meant a lot of listening to music.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

TRAVOLTA: Tammi Terrell. Four Tops. Temptations, Marvin Gaye, all of that. I was a great black dancer.

And I can remember summer dusks. We'd sit by the sewer, underneath the street lamp, smoke a little bit and wait for the lights to go on at nine o'clock.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever venture into Manhattan?

TRAVOLTA: The first trips I made into New York were when my brother was in the Service and my father would pick him up at the bus terminal. I'd walk 42nd Street with my father and we'd go into all the cheap gift stores and look at all the radios and things, and then we'd have a hot dog and wait for my brother. That was early Sixties. During the late Sixties, it was more of a hippie scene. You went to the Village to get bell-bottoms. It was incense stores, a lot of long-haired people, a whole thing that I didn't identify with at all.

PLAYBOY: Let's jump ahead a few years. When you moved to Los Angeles permanently in 1974, were you thinking strictly in terms of a film career?

TRAVOLTA: At that time, there were too many serious film directors interested in me to ever think that I wouldn't end up in films.

PLAYBOY: Then you must have had second thoughts about signing a five-year TV contract.

TRAVOLTA: Well, I did, actually. Except that when I put all the facts together, it was a great part and I was very suited for it. And, to be perfectly honest, I was not about to turn down work.

PLAYBOY: Who made the final decision to sign the *Welcome Back, Kotter* contract?

TRAVOLTA: I did. Because I really wanted the job. I figured you don't know if a series is going to run five years, first of all, and we didn't even know if it would go 13 weeks. Also, before the first episode even aired, Brian De Palma asked me to do *Carrie*. And shortly after that, Terry Malick asked me to do *Days of Heaven*. So what you're getting here is two important film makers who asked me to do films in spite of the TV series.

PLAYBOY: Gabe Kaplan created *Kotter* as a star vehicle for himself, but during the first season, you emerged as the star of the show. Did that cause ill feelings?

TRAVOLTA: No. And I'm being honest with you. I remember, even before the first show aired, [producer] Jimmy Kormack said, "I don't know which one of you guys is going to take over." So they were expecting a supporting character to

take over the show. I was just excited to be part of it, whatever happened. We were just trying to get as much mileage out of it as possible.

PLAYBOY: And part of that mileage included the dubious distinction of being a teen idol, right?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah, and that was really a fleeting thing. It's something that can burn out so quickly. I tried to ignore it and go with more serious acting. I didn't want my career to be over tomorrow. The smartest thing I did was, in the worst of the heat, I chose the right things. Instead of going the PR route, I did what I wanted to do. I never did a talk show; instead, I did a play in summer stock. I did *Carrie*. I never once went with something that I hadn't planned on.

PLAYBOY: But you *did* accept a record contract. Did you make any other merchandising deals?

TRAVOLTA: When the offers came up, I made legitimate deals. I was being ripped off left and right, they were gonna do it anyway, so I said, "I'll sign a deal." It ended up not being that good, anyway. So I did participate in the merchandising, but I never promoted it.

I got offers to go on the road and do concert tours that you wouldn't believe! God, the money I turned down. I got offers to appear for, like, an hour for \$25,000. Just to show up someplace and sign autographs. They didn't want my ability, they wanted my presence. It's building up personality as opposed to ability.

I had no money when I first became popular. I was getting very little on the show. So for money, I went to two automobile shows, and I think it was the worst I'd ever felt as a person. It was awful, just signing autographs. But when you're starting out, you have no choice. I was clearing \$700 a week on *Kotter* the first year, and out of that I paid a manager, a publicist, all the people on a big program. But I had no money to pay for them. So I did a telethon and the two auto shows for 1000 bucks apiece. After the third one, I said, "Boy, I think I'll just do without the money." What's interesting is that *then* the bigger things started to happen.

PLAYBOY: Were you offered your own series after the first season?

TRAVOLTA: I think I was, actually. But I was successful as a supporting character and there were too many other things happening. Too many movie offers.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

TRAVOLTA: I had done *Carrie* the year before and had gone into preproduction for *Days of Heaven*, but because of the *Kotter* schedule, I couldn't do it. And when I was down in the dumps, depressed because I couldn't do it, one week later, Stigwood came up with a deal



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"White Label" to all,
and to all a good
Scotch.*

that at that point was mind-boggling.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to the three-picture, \$1,000,000-plus package with the Robert Stigwood Organization.

TRAVOLTA: Right.

PLAYBOY: In spite of the previous film offers, wasn't it mostly your television success that attracted Stigwood?

TRAVOLTA: I don't think Stigwood would have signed me if he didn't think I was somewhat bankable. But being perfectly honest, that wasn't the sole reason. The reason stated to me was that he really liked my talent and signed me because he thought I could be a film star. I can only go on what he told me. He auditioned me for *Jesus Christ Superstar* way back when I was 17, right? And he showed me what he had written on a yellow pad he had saved from that audition: "This kid will be a very big star," or something like that.

Of course, he had to think, Well, he is a bit bankable, and he is right for this property that I've already bought—he can dance. I don't think you could have put David Cassidy or Bobby Sherman or any other teen idol into *Saturday Night Fever*. They wouldn't have been physically right.

PLAYBOY: If you had been able to predict the success of *Saturday Night Fever* and the validation you received as a serious actor, would you prefer not to have followed it with *Grease*?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I really didn't have a choice. They came together; they weren't individual offers.

PLAYBOY: So when you signed the R.S.O. deal, you wanted to do *Grease*?

TRAVOLTA: I had done the Broadway show and I really wanted to do the film. But I'll be honest—on one hand, there was some . . . concern about doing it, because it certainly was a different caliber of film from *Days of Heaven*. On the other hand, I was saying, "I'm glad, because there are three films offered here, and at least I can make up for the loss of *Days of Heaven*."

PLAYBOY: How have you taken the terrible reviews that *Grease* has been dealt?

TRAVOLTA: *Grease* has gotten a lot of good reviews. Depends on which ones you're reading.

PLAYBOY: The ones we read were awful.

TRAVOLTA: The play never got good reviews, either, but the public has loved it. The critics have never tuned into it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think the screen version was watered down to get the PG rating?

TRAVOLTA: Look, the extra little bite that the play had, I missed in the movie version. Yet it was made up for with the musical numbers, and it still captured some of the charm that the play had.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't it stretching things a bit to make Sandy an Australian transfer student?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I don't think that there's a better choice for Sandy than

Olivia Newton-John. Swear to you. Because it was my idea.

PLAYBOY: How's that?

TRAVOLTA: I suggested it to my manager. The first thing that I thought of was Olivia Newton-John, because I had seen all the Sandys and they were all very good, but it needed a star. And there was no star I could think of better than Olivia. She had the perfect quality.

The saddest thing that I felt about *Grease* and the critical reviews was that everyone was taking it far too seriously. You don't compare *Grease* with *Saturday Night Fever*. You don't compare *Grease* with any dramatic film. *Grease* is a light, funny musical. And that's all it is. Everyone reviewed it like a serious documentary on the Fifties.

PLAYBOY: In a couple of interviews, you've compared yourself in *Grease* to Marlon Brando in *Guys and Dolls*.

TRAVOLTA: I was just giving a reference point. People who are considered serious dramatic actors have done musicals.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Olivia Newton-John, would you like to confirm or deny the romantic rumors?

TRAVOLTA: That she's having my baby?

PLAYBOY: That's the spirit. We knew we'd get the *real, untold story*. In a more realistic vein, what's the story behind your forming your own company after your Stigwood contract expired?

TRAVOLTA: Travolta Productions is an opportunity for me to produce my own films. For a couple of reasons: one, total creative control. Two, the same financial sharing that Stigwood has in his pictures.

PLAYBOY: We heard you were angry because Stigwood wouldn't renegotiate your contract before your third starring film, *Moment by Moment*. After the huge success of *Saturday Night Fever*, didn't you ask for more money?

TRAVOLTA: Stigwood gave me more money.

PLAYBOY: How much more?

TRAVOLTA: Double my percentage and double my salary.

PLAYBOY: Will you put that in dollars and cents for us?

TRAVOLTA: All I can say is that it was double what it had been and that I have no hostility toward the man.

PLAYBOY: Lily Tomlin is your co-star in *Moment by Moment*. How did that come about?

TRAVOLTA: I went to see her in her one-woman show in New York and I told Stigwood I wanted to get a project with her because she was so incredible. I think Lily is one of the most brilliant talents that we have or have had. Every time I see her, I'm overwhelmed.

PLAYBOY: That sounds a little sweet to us.

TRAVOLTA: I'm giving you a totally honest opinion. There are very few people I have that reaction to. So whether it sounds sweet or not, it's pure. There's no reason for me to bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Lily's longtime collaborator,

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Jane Wagner, wrote and directed *Moment*. Do you see it as a woman's film, if there is such a thing?

TRAVOLTA: I think that the film sometimes takes the viewpoint of Lily's story. If you were to generalize and say men were more into the *macho*, action kind of films and that women were more into the love story with romantic needs, then you might say that it's a woman's film.

You're talking to a person who is more tuned into women's performances than into men's performances, because of the emotional content. I get much more turned on watching what women go through on the screen—I tend to tune into women's points of view.

PLAYBOY: Is this role a turning point for you?

TRAVOLTA: Yes, and not just for me. This may be a turning point *in film*, because you're seeing a man for the first time go through as much emotional change and coloration as women have in the past.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the subject matter controversial, dealing with the love affair between a younger man and an older woman?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah, these are two totally different characters that you've never seen before on the screen. I really think the film can make a statement and a breakthrough if the timing is right and the people are ready to look at these characters.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider your character to be the prototype of a new kind of leading man?

TRAVOLTA: I think it will be a shock for a lot of people. This is a young man with hardly any social defenses. He is stripped of them and, for some reason, has been saved the need to react in any way other than directly, emotionally. There's no bullshit involved—he just reacts openly. Maybe he expresses himself the way a woman wants a man to express himself; he deals directly without feeling inhibited. He's just so blatantly honest and vulnerable that it's a new, yet identifiable, character. And the broader statement the film could make is that it could take the edge off age; it could take the edge off sexist points of view.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this character is identifiable on a mass level?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah, I think you have definitely met someone with his qualities. I mean, people should identify with his quality of restless innocence.

PLAYBOY: Will your audience accept your playing a character other than a punk?

TRAVOLTA: Well, maybe this is an important time for me to change. If I did a couple of more movies in that genre, maybe it would be just too familiar. I'll tell you something interesting—everyone bought *The Boy in a Plastic Bubble* [a made-for-TV movie] and there wasn't a trace of anything I had done before in that film. This character is like that. I

have a feeling that if you do your character with enough conviction, and it's believable and it's good, and it's got dimension and color and all that stuff going for it, people will buy it.

PLAYBOY: During the filming of *Moment*, reports of emotional confrontations on the set were widely circulated.

TRAVOLTA: Lily and I work similarly. We're both very concerned, very emotional and very sensitive about our work. But there's too much regard for each other's opinion to ever have fights. I want to make it clear that my concern for making things go right was not a selfish one. The idea is not to prove each other wrong or right; the idea is to get the product out there. It's kind of the same thing with good musicians who work together. It's not a fight with "My lick is better than your lick." It's "Let's make this work." So if it meant getting emotional, all that stuff was part of it.

What I'm saying is that we can all converse. It's really on a level of mutual exchange, not power plays. And it never is with me, I swear to you. If I feel strongly about something, my instincts usually are right. And if I'm really sure about something, I'll fight for my opinion.

PLAYBOY: Did you fight for Jane Wagner when R.S.O. supposedly considered replacing her with another director?

TRAVOLTA: I never knew they were considering dropping her.

PLAYBOY: Really?

TRAVOLTA: Really. Never to my knowledge.

PLAYBOY: Come on, now. It was being talked about all over Hollywood.

TRAVOLTA: I don't think it was true. If it was, I was never directly told about it—I'd chalk it up to rumor. The only thing that did happen was, I changed my interpretation of the character a little bit, and we did a couple of scenes over again, and then, because of the situation, I think that it got blown out of proportion.

This happens because I'm a new star. No one comments on Warren Beatty's control anymore, or Robert Redford's or Paul Newman's. They've proven themselves. But if a new, upcoming artist tries to make his product better, it's blown out of proportion. And I think that's unfortunate, because all I want is the best picture possible. Do I need to prove to the public or the industry that I have the power to do it? Someone said to me, "How do you expect to get the best directors to work with you when you have final cut?" I said, "If I want the best director, I'll give him final cut. At least I *have* it to give up."

PLAYBOY: Do you have any control over the editing of *Moment by Moment*?

TRAVOLTA: No. I can only make suggestions.

PLAYBOY: But you'll have final cut on



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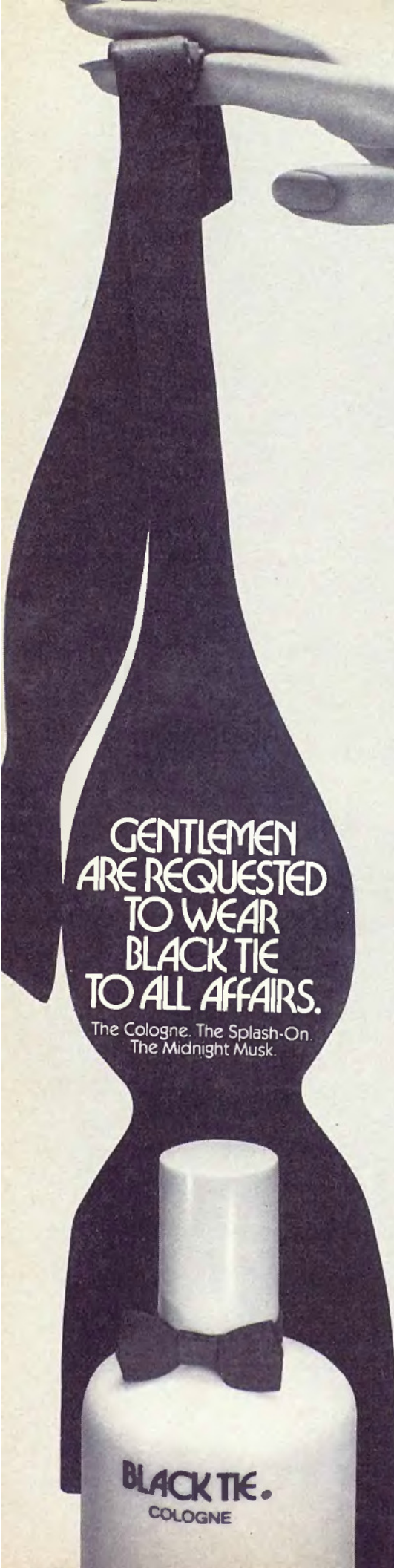
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your next film, *American Gigolo*?

TRAVOLTA: The director, Paul Schrader, and I will control the outcome of *American Gigolo*. And Paul would not have gotten final cut if I hadn't been able to give it to him. If I hadn't asked for it in my contract, Paramount would have controlled it.

PLAYBOY: Your production company has signed a two-picture development deal in conjunction with Orion, right? What is Orion?

TRAVOLTA: It's an independent distribution company made up of five guys, all of whom left United Artists last year. The truth is that they subsidize my production company right now until I make a film.

PLAYBOY: How did your contract with Orion come about?

TRAVOLTA: What happened was this: Orion offered me a development deal. Paramount offered me any picture that I wanted to do there, plus a development deal.

PLAYBOY: But there was more money involved with Orion?

TRAVOLTA: No. Paramount basically said they'd match whatever Orion offered, and I was interested in two projects at Paramount: *American Gigolo* and *Godfather III*. Neither of those required me as a producer, only as an actor. So the difference came down to the development side, and Paramount wasn't offering the same thing as Orion. Orion already had a reputation for giving artists much more freedom, and they were the first to offer me final cut on a development deal. I went with that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any present commitments?

TRAVOLTA: I'm committed to *American Gigolo*. Nothing after that. So my next film could be an Orion/John Travolta Production.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a little about *American Gigolo*.

TRAVOLTA: It's about a high-class gigolo who works the Beverly Hills/Bel Air circuit. He originates in the streets, and in order to break into the higher-class gigolo areas, he has to become sophisticated, elegant, poised, gracious and knowledgeable. He studies other languages. He's very proud of what he does, but he has a problem: He gets off on pleasing women. So when he finds a woman he could possibly stay with, there's a struggle to conform to his lifestyle. I don't want to give the plot away, but it's about this man's struggle for survival in his profession, plus a murder subplot.

PLAYBOY: And Schrader wrote the script.

TRAVOLTA: Yeah. And I think this is his best work. It's the only script he's written in which the characters are redeemable.

PLAYBOY: Do you always look for characters who will gain the audience's sympathy?

TRAVOLTA: Well, it's not sympathy. I

guess it comes from my belief that man is basically good as opposed to someone else's belief that man is basically evil. I don't mind showing evil if you can give a reference point. It's more exciting to me to see someone dark redeem himself.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of evil, who owns the film rights to the novel *Interview with the Vampire*?

TRAVOLTA: Paramount. But my manager has been assigned to produce it.

PLAYBOY: Have you read the book?

TRAVOLTA: No, I've read the first screenplay of it, and right now it doesn't interest me. It has one quality that sort of fascinated me, the story of his pained existence. But even as a kid, I never really tuned into the Dracula movies. So right now, I'm not that interested in doing it, but that could change. I mean, if a brilliant screenplay is written, I could go for it. But apparently I'm supposed to read the book to get more excited by it.

PLAYBOY: Will you be in the sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*?

TRAVOLTA: No! [Laughs] But not because I couldn't make a fortune doing that.

PLAYBOY: It must be nice to be able to write off millions of dollars with a laugh.

TRAVOLTA: From a totally artistic point of view, I don't know if I have anything more to say about that character.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought about making a rock-oriented movie?

TRAVOLTA: I'm certainly open to ideas. I was offered the Elvis Presley story.

PLAYBOY: You were?

TRAVOLTA: A couple times over.

PLAYBOY: Is that an idea you haven't written off?

TRAVOLTA: Well, at first I did, but I think Gary Busey's interpretation of Buddy Holly sort of made me look again. I do think Elvis Presley is too identifiable. Buddy Holly was not a universally familiar artist. Therefore, Busey's interpretation was almost original. If I could have the same effect that Gary Busey did, and I think I have the tools to do it, that could be interesting.

PLAYBOY: Is there any type of role—comedic, romantic, dramatic—that you are afraid to try?

TRAVOLTA: No. It may sound rather strange, but I've always felt that I could do whatever I wanted in any area. If I like the script, I'm not frightened by the challenge.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a leading man or a character actor?

TRAVOLTA: You're asking a difficult question, because I approach every role as a character. I never think in terms of leading men or nonleading men. To me, they're all character roles. What do you consider me?

PLAYBOY: We're asking the questions.

TRAVOLTA: I know you're doing the interview, but I'm just curious.

PLAYBOY: Can we reserve our opinion

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until after we see *Moment by Moment*?
TRAVOLTA: Sure. I think the concept of leading man creates an image that is opposed to everything that I've done so far, including *Moment by Moment*. *Gigolo* is probably the closest thing to a leading man that I have played so far—and maybe that *will* be my thing. But to get back to your original question, I feel like if I have to be a leading man, I'll be a leading man. I don't feel threatened by any new ground. I hope it doesn't sound egotistical.

PLAYBOY: You may have a right to sound that way—we heard that you were offered \$300,000 a week in Las Vegas.

TRAVOLTA: Right.

PLAYBOY: Will you take it?

TRAVOLTA: That's a great offer, but I don't want to do it right now.

PLAYBOY: What's the most outrageous offer you've turned down this year?

TRAVOLTA: The greatest offer this year came in a letter from a woman who sent pictures of herself and her dancing school, and it looked like she had sort of a hip outfit going. Her letter was well written and it seemed like she was a bright lady, but what it said was, "I will pay you *as much as* ten dollars an hour to come up here and teach a class for me." And then something at the end like, "I know this offer will be hard to refuse." [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you're pretty secure financially. Surely, you must realize that as you move away from the teen market, you'll probably never match the box-office success you experienced with *Saturday Night Fever*.

TRAVOLTA: Or *Grease*, for that matter. To try to get films that will make that kind of money, and to go into competition with myself on every film from now on would be silly. I mean, it's *possible* that I'll do it again, but I don't think that I can do it with every project. So it's almost like you're starting from scratch with each job. Just because I made it through one project with flying colors doesn't mean anything. You have to work just as hard to make yourself that good in the next one.

Thank God I have the freedom to do whatever I'd like right now. And, hopefully, your integrity tells you that you should do what you want as an artist and what you think makes the important statement. Because that's what got me here to begin with.

The three Stigwood films—probably the most successful three-picture deal ever—have three youth-oriented characters that, because of my own age at the time *Moment* ended, all belong to an age category that I almost have to stop playing. I've made my statement on that age category, and the *Gigolo* character is in his late 20s. He's an adult.

PLAYBOY: So your future films will be adult-oriented?

TRAVOLTA: Yes, though I won't go as far as to say that if something youth-oriented fascinated me, I wouldn't go back and do it. All I'm saying is that it looks like what's ahead for me are scripts set in the adult world—like *American Gigolo* and *Godfather III*.

PLAYBOY: Has your co-star for *American Gigolo* been picked?

TRAVOLTA: We were after Julie Christie for that, but she's not going to be able to do it. She seemed like the perfect one, so I haven't really thought about who else might do it.

PLAYBOY: Who else would you like to work with, generally speaking?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I got my one wish and that was Lily. She was right on the top of my list.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned your admiration for Lily Tomlin, and you were deeply involved with Diana Hyland, who was 18 years older than you. Are you attracted to older women?

TRAVOLTA: I don't think age has anything to do with it. If you saw a line-up of all

*"There are enough people
 I already know that I'm
 attracted to. I don't pick
 up strangers."*

the women I've been with, you'd see a lot of different ages. In fact, you'd say they had nothing in common.

PLAYBOY: You told us at the outset of this interview that you'd prefer not to talk about Diana Hyland again. [Actress Hyland died of cancer during the filming of *Saturday Night Fever*.] We respect that, but we'd like to ask why you talked about her to David Frost on television. It seemed an uncomfortable situation.

TRAVOLTA: It was. When he asked about Diana, I was *very* nervous, and I could only be totally honest. But it was an invasion of my private thoughts. It was a self-conscious thing, because he was dealing with a subject that was very close to me. I just don't like to talk about Diana in interviews.

PLAYBOY: OK. How do most women react today when they meet you?

TRAVOLTA: I think everyone's reaction is different. A lot of times, because I've been blown up out of proportion, *they* become more self-conscious. They're completely preoccupied with themselves; they're not perceiving how I am. They're thinking, How am I coming off? What will he think of me?

PLAYBOY: Do you think most women are attracted by the approach of your *Satur-*

day Night Fever character, Tony Manero? The punk *macho* attitude?

TRAVOLTA: I'd say that Tony had a typical approach to women, in certain ways, but what balanced it out was that those women had a typical approach to *him*. The thing about Tony is that you know he has a sensitivity at a higher level. There is potential there for a tasteful, tactful man. If he falls in love with someone, he isn't likely to say, "Hey, give me a blow job, just suck my cock."

PLAYBOY: You obviously encounter your share of groupies. Have you ever taken advantage?

TRAVOLTA: No, there are enough people I already know that I'm attracted to. I don't pick up strangers.

PLAYBOY: Then you're not exactly lonely these days.

TRAVOLTA: Right.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a girlfriend?

TRAVOLTA: A couple.

PLAYBOY: We're still amazed that you haven't just grabbed—

TRAVOLTA: I've *been* grabbed.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to elaborate?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I'll tell you about the time I was attacked at the Academy Awards. They weren't prepared for the reaction I got when I walked in. And what happened was that one girl actually broke down the barriers and jumped my head. I was brought down a bit as my head was snapped back. So it was not only the feeling of the fingernails in my face but the pressure of feeling my neck snap backward. It was like a scene from *The Day of the Locust*. And the same thing happened at the *Grease* opening.

PLAYBOY: Has it reached the point where the crowds frighten you?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah, because I don't feel in control. The thing I don't understand is that when this has happened, no one has been prepared. Both times, my manager warned them to get protection and no one did it.

PLAYBOY: How bad are the crowds elsewhere?

TRAVOLTA: Basically, what I've found out by going to Paris and Milan is that I've become an international star. The hysteria there is about equal. All the restaurants had *Fever* playing and the theater in Milan had it playing seven months. And in Israel I hear it's just bananas, and in Paris it's still running. So there is a great sense of accomplishment internationally—it was exciting.

PLAYBOY: But pretty restrictive, we imagine.

TRAVOLTA: Yes. I couldn't go to any of the museums in Paris or anything like that, because of the tourists.

PLAYBOY: Has it become a pain to deal with on a day-to-day basis?

TRAVOLTA: I've tried to accept it as a fact of my life now, and I try not to let it get to me. To try to ignore it and say it doesn't exist or just ride over it would be lying. Some days it's annoying, other

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days it's fine, depending on how much nourishment I need. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about hiring a bodyguard?

TRAVOLTA: The fact is that I should, but it's strange; when I'm in a situation where I think I need them, I get them. But I really haven't hired one full time, because I try to make my life as normal as possible. Having a bodyguard with you all the time would be the last straw. Say goodbye to your privacy. I want to hold on to that last bit of being a regular person when I'm in public.

PLAYBOY: Immediately after you were jumped at the Academy Awards ceremony, didn't you present the first Oscar?

TRAVOLTA: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You must have been shaken.

TRAVOLTA: I was so nervous I didn't know where I was that night. I was sort of stunned that I was even there. I mean, you've got to imagine this: Here I am, my first film, and to be nominated after all those memories of watching the Oscars when you're a kid—and I mean, I was even up against a line-up that sounded *real* official.

PLAYBOY: We'd call Richard Dreyfuss, Woody Allen and Richard Burton a respectable group.

TRAVOLTA: Definitely heavy company. So I felt like I was there but I shouldn't be. It was very much like a dream. Like, I had a dream the other night that I had

to fight Muhammad Ali. And there I was in shorts and boxing gloves and I had committed to fight him. Now, imagine that I had the confidence in my dream even to be there. Within the dream I was scared to death, but I was there, ready to fight him. And I called him and told him all this. Well, it was a similar kind of thing at the Oscars. It was like I was there, but I didn't quite believe that I should be there. Or that it was just a fantasy, as if no time had elapsed since I was a kid, and there I was in the middle of my daydream.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your female admirers. Haven't you thought of taking home one of the beauties who've waited hours in line, just to get into the *Kotter* audience?

TRAVOLTA: I'm not saying I haven't thought about it. I'm just saying that I've never *done* it. And I can count on one hand how many times I've been approached by groupies.

PLAYBOY: Aren't women more aggressive toward you now?

TRAVOLTA: I think they're a little more inhibited. As a matter of fact, a woman will take five or ten minutes to explain why she's there, as opposed to a couple of years ago, when they came on more directly.

PLAYBOY: So success has had a definite effect on your relationship with women.

TRAVOLTA: I feel that I'm leaning more

toward people that I knew before than getting involved with new people.

PLAYBOY: Do you more closely examine the motives and the sincerity of the people you meet now?

TRAVOLTA: Oh, I think so, absolutely. Do you think I'm good at it?

PLAYBOY: How would we know?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I think I'm a very good judge. I react to how a person handles a responsibility that affects me. If a person cares about what he does, I can react to that. And I think I react to artists who care about the effect of their work on you. I hand-pick people like that. When it comes to whom I want to be with, or whom I would favor in a relationship, that's what I tune into. It exceeds just a general presence or goodness or charisma.

PLAYBOY: Has success changed your sexual attitudes or habits?

TRAVOLTA: I've probably become a little freer. I guess I feel like I'm OK. Maybe I'm more in tune with expressing myself sexually. But who cares? If you really think about it, do you spend a whole lot of time thinking about other people's sex lives? I don't. I sure don't go around thinking about stars' sex lives. I just don't. I may fantasize having sex with someone, though.

PLAYBOY: Whom have you had sexual fantasies about?

TRAVOLTA: Well, Jane Fonda, for one. I

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don't necessarily like to think of Jane Fonda's sex life, but I may like to think of *having* sex with Jane Fonda. . . . You have a *lot* of sex in this interview, don't you?

PLAYBOY: We were just about to change the subject—from sex to religion. You're a Scientologist. Do you try to avoid talking about it with the press?

TRAVOLTA: Only if I sense that the questions are going to be antagonistic. I find that people who are honestly curious about it come in with a much more open viewpoint.

PLAYBOY: We're curious as to why you're associated with a movement, or a religion, that elicits such negative reactions. Why, for instance, would *People* magazine, on its cover, call Scientology a "bizarre cult"?

TRAVOLTA: As far as *People* magazine goes, it's probably for the same reason it wrote about "vampire blood" in the article, which I think is the most laughable thing I've ever heard.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though you distrust the reporting in *People*.

TRAVOLTA: Only because I had three cover stories and the integrity of the magazine is questionable. When I read such articles as "Bizarre Religious Cult" or something dealing with vampire blood, I can't even begin to judge it seriously. The taste of the entire magazine is totally questionable to me. The way they handled Diana

[Hyland's death] was so distasteful—I mean, that whole point of view was so exploitative. They have no limits as to how far they'll go.

PLAYBOY: To stay on the subject, three years ago, you were in psychoanalysis. Why did you switch to Scientology?

TRAVOLTA: I found out there was less room for mistakes because of a specific technique for locating past experiences and resolving one's own case. *Case* meaning your history or problems or whatever you want to handle.

PLAYBOY: How did you get interested?

TRAVOLTA: Through an actress friend.

PLAYBOY: Why did it seem attractive?

TRAVOLTA: Because it applied an actual technology to the same approach used in analysis to handle neurosis. It really fascinated me, so I said, "I'm gonna try this." And it seemed to get the best results of anything that I had tried.

PLAYBOY: You're saying it was more effective than psychoanalysis; what problems did it help you overcome? Were you better able to handle Diana's death? Or your success?

TRAVOLTA: Well, let's say if I had trouble in those areas, that was definitely somewhere that I went to handle it. For instance, let's say that everything that could possibly have gone wrong in a two-week period went wrong. Because of my name, I was ripped off in a plane deal and in a car deal. They hiked the price up to

double the amount. Or every time I answered the phone, something went wrong. Now, if it had been three years ago, I probably would have gone under. I don't know what I would have done. Instead, I'm at this interview with you right now and I'm fairly sane. I guarantee you I could not have been this sane three years ago.

That's how it's helped me. I'm able to handle myself 100 percent better than before I got into Scientology. Some days when I am about to cave in before I shoot, I can handle it. A couple of years ago, I would have been bad onscreen. I feel like I've grown up, in a sense. Before, I couldn't handle more than one or two things at a time; now I can handle a hundred things and still do my work.

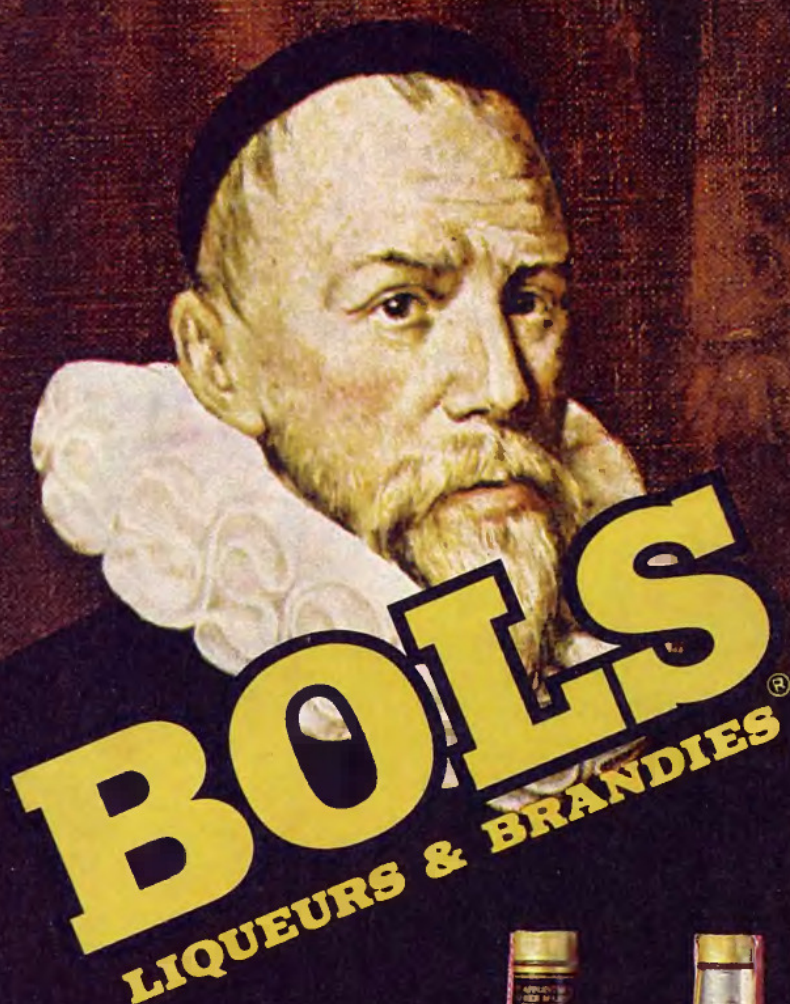
PLAYBOY: Do you recommend Scientology to others?

TRAVOLTA: Sure. If you came to me with a problem, I would probably suggest that. But I wouldn't suggest it unless you felt you needed help.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel exploited by the church of Scientology when your name is used to endorse church-sponsored seminars?

TRAVOLTA: First of all, they cannot use my name unless I've allowed them to use it. And I feel if you believe in something or stand up for it, you have to go with it—you can't deny it or fear reaction. Whether people view Scientology as

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right or wrong, it *has* helped me. It has worked for me, in a productive and supportive way.

PLAYBOY: So you don't feel exploited?

TRAVOLTA: I don't, because I think I have control over endorsements.

PLAYBOY: Did it bother you to be associated with Scientology in *People's* article about the criminal charges against the church's leaders?

TRAVOLTA: Sure, it bothered me that my picture was in that article, but, again, Scientologists didn't put that picture in there, *People* magazine did. It boils down to freedom of the press. I can be connected with anything at any time, whether it's true or not. At least the quote under my picture was correct. They did that much.

PLAYBOY: Do you give a percentage of your earnings to Scientology?

TRAVOLTA: No, I don't. If you want a course, you pay for a course. I get so upset when I hear all the rumors. If people only took the time to study it and find out what it's about. But, instead, what they do is say, "What do you hear about Scientology? Oh, really? Geez." It has as much rumor to it as a movie set.

Why should I have to defend it? If something works for me and people ask a question, what I should say is, "It works for me, no more comment." But, instead, I go around trying to clean it up so people have a better understanding, so they don't go around thinking—

PLAYBOY: Vampire blood?

TRAVOLTA: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Still, you haven't discussed the Federal indictments that charged church officials with burglary, bugging and conspiracy.

TRAVOLTA: I guess I don't feel they need my defense. There are two sides to the story, but I don't know both sides. I wish I could give you a more concrete response to what's happening with the Government, but I'm not involved with that. Someone could deface and destroy Scientology and I'd still use the technology I know from it. It's too real for me. It's too significant.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the controversy surrounding Scientology, and your belief in it, you must have other ways of relaxing, easing the tension.

TRAVOLTA: Whenever I have spare time, I like to fly, and that's about the only thing I get in. I used to see movies in my spare time, but movies now have become part of my work because of the production company. So any movie that I have to see I can privately screen at the studio.

PLAYBOY: You own an Air Coupe and a DC-3, right?

TRAVOLTA: I sold the Air Coupe and I bought a Rockwell 114 to replace it, and I still have the DC-3.

PLAYBOY: What else do you spend your money on?

TRAVOLTA: Well, it's not that I'm frugal,

A close-up photograph of a man's chest and upper torso. He is wearing a blue denim button-down shirt that is open at the collar. A gold chain necklace with a large, vertical, rectangular pendant inscribed with the word 'MILITARY' hangs around his neck. He is holding a gold-colored bottle of 'Machos' fragrance with both hands. The bottle has a textured, metallic appearance and a label that reads 'Machos' and 'COLOGNE'. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

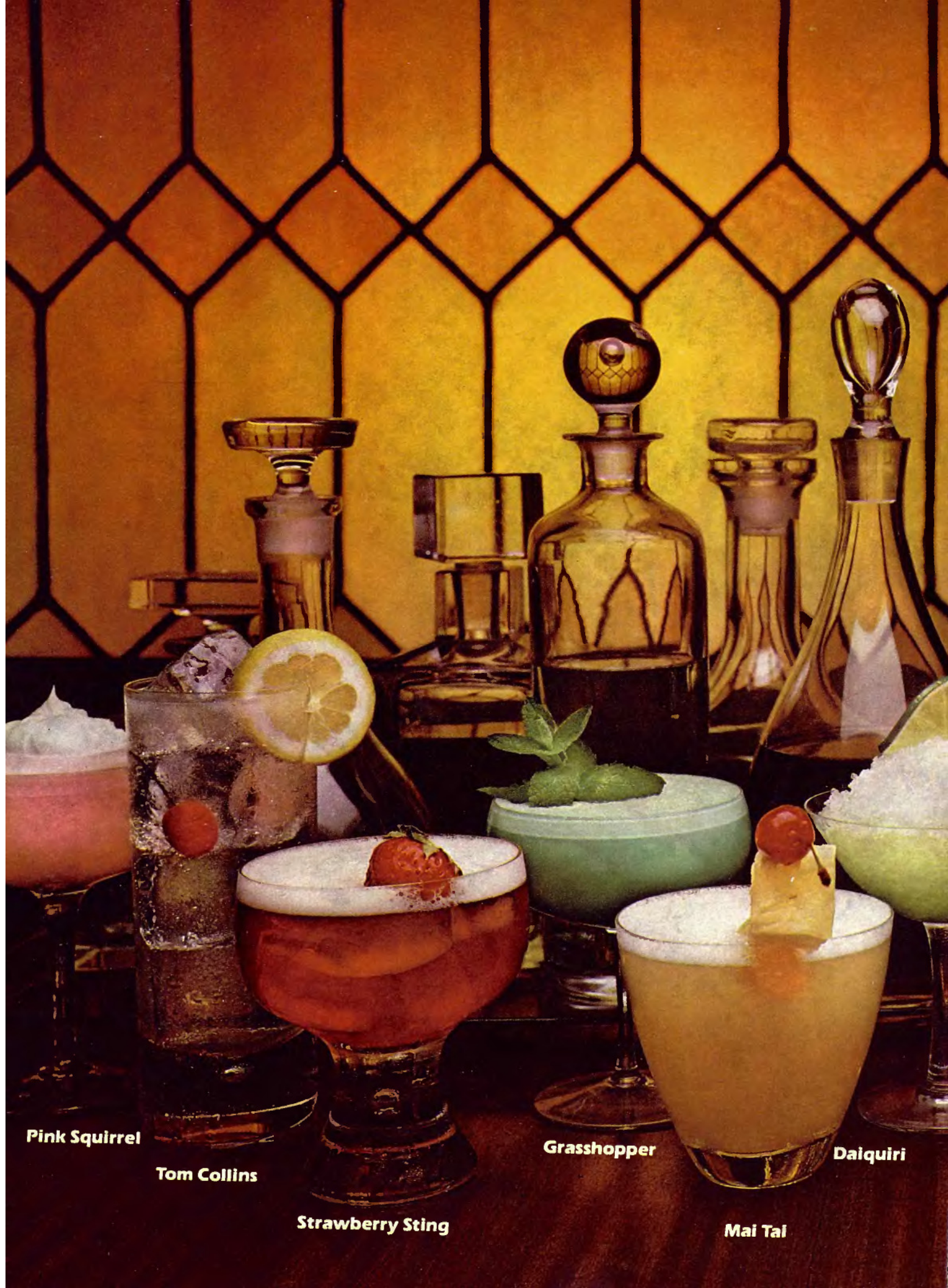
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Manhattan

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but I just don't spend that much money. I probably would be extravagant if I had things to be extravagant about. I love airplanes and cars, and I've been extravagant about both of those things. But once you've got a couple of cars and a couple of planes, it's like . . . that's it.

PLAYBOY: We read that you gave \$5000 to your older brother Joey, to help him get started in show business. Have your sisters and your other brother opted for Hollywood as well?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I have three sisters. Ellen's my oldest sister and she's living with me. She had a stage background and is now doing a lot of television and film work out here. My sister Margaret lives in Chicago and she is doing commercials. And there's Annie, who lived in New Jersey and has just moved out here. And I just helped my brother Sam get a job at Paramount as a propmaster's apprentice. Now that Sam is moving out here, there's no one left in New Jersey. That's what my parents were waiting for. So they'll probably move out here in a couple of months.

PLAYBOY: Do you spend much time with your family?

TRAVOLTA: I don't get to see them that much. I try to, but it's very rare that we can all get together. It usually happens on a holiday. I would say I average seeing everyone about three times a year. That's not bad.

PLAYBOY: The fact that one of your sisters does commercials reminds us that you once made a memorable tearjerker for Mutual of New York, in which you played a teenager whose father had died.

TRAVOLTA: It's interesting that you remember that. That commercial got a lot of attention. Hal Ashby saw it during a basketball game and called my manager in connection with the movie he was doing at that time—that was a year before *Kotter* started and I was still in New York. It's amazing how 30 seconds can have that kind of impact. When I met Jack Nicholson, like six months ago, he didn't mention *Saturday Night Fever*. He said, "You were on that great commercial; I remember you from then."

PLAYBOY: You made that commercial in 1974, when you were dreaming of success. Now that you've got it, does it still seem important?

TRAVOLTA: Oh, yeah. To be perfectly honest, I wouldn't have been very happy without success. If you want to take it to the real basics, when I was a kid and watched artists that I loved, that excited me. They gave me joy; I wanted to create the same effect for someone else. And that's the full cycle. It's not as selfish as it may seem on many artists' part. I really believe that's much more of an insight into this whole business than anything else. I think that creative

people get off on giving others the same thing that got them interested in the first place. That's what it's all about—I want to inspire you and I want you to inspire me. And I want to do that the rest of my life. Because the only thing that gets me off right now is inspiration.

PLAYBOY: How will you want to be remembered?

TRAVOLTA: I guess in all honesty I want to be remembered as a great actor, a great character actor who made social statements and gave people insights and inspiration. Because you can be a great actor and not necessarily inspire people. Lily Tomlin's ability to create characters is immense. I'm hoping that's the effect I'll have when people look in retrospect on my career.

PLAYBOY: Assuming you're on your way, isn't it a little galling to have to return to a fluffy TV series?

TRAVOLTA: Well, this year the scripts are better, which is fun for me, and I can slip into Vinnie because I know him so well after three years. It's very easy for me to slip into his balance, so I can have more fun with him now than I ever have.

I love the guys on the show; I'm very close with them. There's satisfaction in being with the people you were with when your success started. It's like a certain safety that you almost identify with.

I love doing my filmwork and really exploring my artistry, so it's hard for me to go back in the sense that I feel that cycle is over as an artist. But there's something very settling about coming back to where I started. It's home, a point of reference, and it's the same for them. It's very good knowing that we're all basically the same.

PLAYBOY: But in reality, you're not the same. Because of your film career, your fame clearly exceeds everyone else's on that show. Is there any degree of jealousy this season?

TRAVOLTA: No, because we've explored that already. We talk about it. And, besides that, last year they all came to me and said, "Go with it—take the ball, John." I know that sounds corny and quite dramatic, but they said, "If you make it, we have a chance." That was before *Saturday Night Fever* opened. They said, "If you can do it, that breaks the ice for all of us in television."

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you were the first television teen idol to be able to erase that stigma and succeed in films?

TRAVOLTA: It could be a combination of things: timing, vehicle, ability. All those things hit at the same time. *Saturday Night Fever* was just the perfect vehicle, it was what the public wanted, and I had the opportunity to express my abilities to the utmost.

So what I'm saying is that they're only grateful now because they're really a bright group. They're just perceptive

and intelligent enough to know not to be jealous.

PLAYBOY: Frankly, we were surprised to see you on the show this year. Did you make any attempt to get out of your *Kotter* contract?

TRAVOLTA: Honestly, I knew I couldn't get out of it—it's the hardest kind of contract to get out of. It's almost impossible. So what I did was, I went to them with the desire to make it work out and asked for a compromise. Which they gave me.

PLAYBOY: What are the details of the compromise?

TRAVOLTA: In exchange for staying on the show, I have to do only eight episodes in '78 and four episodes in '79, plus a special before 1980 or '81.

PLAYBOY: When you're through with *Kotter*, do you think you'll ever work on television again?

TRAVOLTA: Yeah, because I feel that television reaches an audience—you can get to people like you can nowhere else. And I think that's so important it shouldn't be forgotten. I don't think I'd jump into a five- or seven-year series like I have now, but I do think it's possible to do specials or a miniseries. You never know—in a few years, a miniseries might be attractive to me. Maybe there's something that I'll want to get to the people that I can't get through film, because it will take 12 hours. Well, that's when a miniseries would be the right vehicle.

PLAYBOY: There's a school of thought that says that by staying off television, an actor can create a mystique that enhances his power at the box office.

TRAVOLTA: I think there's a lot of truth to that. Yet you cannot totally withdraw, either. You have to time it properly. There are times when it's appropriate to be on television or do an interview. When someone *real hot* is on television, I mean, *everyone* watches. That doesn't hurt the mystique. But if you're on three times a week, people are going to get bored with your essence.

PLAYBOY: And what, finally, is the essence of John Travolta?

TRAVOLTA: Well, I had an interesting revelation during the filming of *Moment by Moment*. I wasn't working for a short period of time and I wasn't happy. I was depressed. And I thought, What is it? Can't I be myself when I'm not working? And the truth is, I am only myself *when I'm working*. I started acting when I was nine, I've been a professional since I was 16, and the point I'm trying to make is: I feel my best when I'm creating, because that's me. *That's* my identity. When a lot of people try to confront their lives, they try to separate themselves from their work. They say, "I am going to work things out without that dependency." Well, that's bullshit. Because what you do is what makes you alive. *That's* what makes you great.

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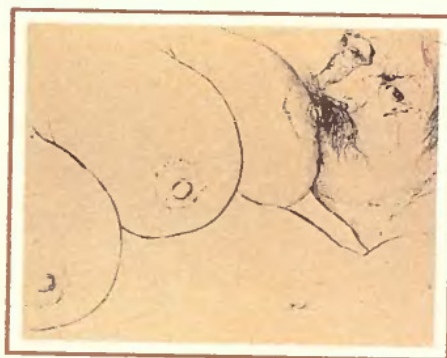
Remy Martin  **V. S. O. P.**
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

The Flounder

would you believe a talking fish? a woman with three breasts? the author of "the tin drum" serves up six spice-filled morsels from his extraordinary new novel

fiction

By GUNTER GRASS



SKY WOLF AND THE POUCH

In our early myths, there was no fire. Lightning struck, moors burst into flame of their own accord, but we never succeeded in holding on to the fire; it always died out. And so we ate our badger, elk, cow and grouse raw or dried on stones. And we huddled shivering in the darkness.

Then the dry wood said to us, "Someone whose flesh is also a pouch must climb up to the Sky Wolf. He is the keeper of the primal fire, whence comes all other fire, including the lightning."

It had to be a woman, because the male has no pouch in his flesh. So a woman climbed up by the rainbow and found the Sky Wolf lying beside the primal fire. He had just been eating a crispy brown roast and he gave the woman what was left of it. Before she had finished chewing, he said sadly, "I know you've come for fire. But have you a pouch?"

When the woman showed him her pouch, he said, "I'm old, I can't see anymore. Lie down with me and let me test you."

The woman lay down with him, and

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

he tested her pouch with his wolf's member until he was all worn out and fell asleep on her flesh. After waiting a little while and another little while, she let his tester slip out of her pouch, tipped him—remember, he was lying on top of her—off to one side, sprang to her feet and shook herself a little. Then she took three glowing bits of charcoal from the primal fire and hid them in her pouch, where they instantly seized on the wolf sperm and made it hiss.

Thereupon the wolf woke up, for he must have heard or sensed that the fire was consuming his seed in the woman's pouch. "I'm too exhausted," he said, "to take back what you've stolen. But let me tell you this: The primal fire will make its mark at the opening of your pouch, and the mark will leave a scar. Your scar will itch and itch. And because it itches, you will wish for someone to come and take the itch away. And when it doesn't

itch, you will wish for someone to come and make it itch."

The woman laughed, for her pouch was still moist and the glowing charcoal hadn't yet started to burn her. She laughed so hard she had to hold herself in. And, laughing, she said to the exhausted wolf, "You old wreck. Don't make up stories about my pouch. I'll show you what else I can do. You'll be amazed."

At that, she spread her legs and stood over the primal fire. Holding two fingers under her pouch to make sure nothing would fall out of it, she pissed into the primal fire until it went out. And the old Sky Wolf wept, for that spelled the end of crispy brown roasts; he'd just have to gulp everything down raw. That, it seems, is what made earthly wolves murderous and misanthropic.

Just in time, the woman climbed back down to earth over the paling rainbow. She returned to her horde, screaming, because her pouch was dry by then and the glowing charcoal was burning her. "Awa! Awa!" she screamed, and those primordial sounds became her name. In a later day, the scar at the entrance to

Günter Grass has a deserved international reputation as a writer; his extraordinary skill as an artist is less well known, though he has had exhibitions of his work. The etchings on these pages are from the set that Grass did to illustrate his book *The Flounder*.



her pouch, which the Sky Wolf had prophesied, came to be known as the clitoris or tickler, but it remains an object of controversy among scientists investigating the origin of the orgasm.

From then on, we had fire. It never died out. Where there were people, there was always a wisp of smoke. But because a woman had brought us fire, the woman kept us pouchless men in a state of dependency. We were no longer allowed to sacrifice to the Sky Wolf, but only to the Heavenly Elk. For many, many years, the origin and function of the itching scar were unknown to us. For when the returning Awa had finished screaming, she told us ever so casually that the old wolf had been kind to her, that he had roasted a hare for her over the primal fire, that roast hare is perfectly delicious and that she now knew how to cook. She further told us that she had complained to the wolf about how cold and dark it was down here, that of all sacrifices in his honor he preferred elk calves, that she had washed his left hind paw—which was infected—and dressed it with the medicinal herbs she never went anywhere without, that he, poor fellow, had been so grateful to her for curing his limp that he had given her three glowing coals out of the primal fire; and she ended up by telling us that—male superstition to the contrary notwithstanding—the Sky Wolf was a female.

That was all Awa told us. And I myself wouldn't have known a thing if I hadn't given a great deal of thought to that teensy-weensy scar and examined Ilsebill's tickler in the light of other myths. I told the Flounder, but he wouldn't believe it. He believed only in his reason.

TITTOMANIA

So help me, Ilsebill, she had three. Nature can do anything. Honest to goodness, three of them. And if my memory doesn't deceive me, all women had that name in the Stone Age: Awa Awa Awa. And we men were all called Edek. We were all alike in every way. And so were the Awas. One, two, three. At first we couldn't count any higher. No, not below, not above; in between. The plural begins with three. Three is the beginning of multiplicity, the series, the chain, and of myth. But don't let it tie you up in complexes. We acquired some later on. In our region, to the east of the river, Potrimpos, who became a god of the Prussians along with Pikollos and Perukunos, was said to have had three testicles. Yes, you're right: Three breasts are more, or at least they look it; they look like more and more; they suggest superabundance, advertise generosity, give eternal assurance of a full belly. Still, when you come right down to it, they are abnormal—though not inconceivable.

Naturally. A projection of male desires! I knew you'd say that. Maybe they are anatomically impossible. But in those days, when myths still cast their shadows, Awa had three. And it's true that today the third is often wanting. I mean, something is wanting. Well, the third of the three. Don't be so quick on the trigger. No, of course not. Of course I won't make a cult of it. Of course two are plenty. You can take my word for it, Ilsebill, basically I'm satisfied with two. I'm not a fool. I don't go chasing after a number. Now that, thanks to your fish soup and no pill, it must have come off, now that you're pregnant and your two will soon weigh more than Awa's three, I'm perfectly, blissfully contented.

The third was always an extra. Essentially a caprice of capricious nature. As useless as the appendix. Altogether, I can't help wondering: Why this breast fixation? This typically male tittomania? This cry for the primal mother, the super wet nurse? Anyway, Awa became a goddess later on and had her three tits certified in hand-sized clay idols. Other goddesses—the Indian Kali, for instance—had four or more arms. But these may have served some practical purpose. The Greek mother goddesses—Demeter, Hera—on the other hand, were normally outfitted and managed to stay in business for thousands of years even so. I've also seen gods represented with a third eye in their forehead. I wouldn't want one of those if you paid me.

All in all, the number three promises more than it can deliver. Awa overdid it with her three boobies as much as the Amazons underdid it with their one breast. That's why our latter-day feminists always go to extremes. Get that sulky look off your face. I'm all in favor of the libbers. And I assure you, Ilsebill, two are plenty. And doctor will tell you so. And if our child doesn't turn out to be a boy, she'll certainly have enough with two. What do you mean, aha? Men just happen to be crazy, always have this yen for bigger and bigger bosoms.

There must be reasons why we men are so hippped on breasts, as if we'd all been weaned too soon. It must be you women's fault. It could be your fault. Because you attach so much, too much importance to whether or not they sag a little more, each day a little more. Let them sag, to hell with them.

NUNS AND CARROTS

In troubled times—everywhere monks and nuns were escaping from their cloisters to risk the perils of secular life—it was often difficult to hold pious girls to their vows. They fidgeted, they wanted out, they wanted a man in breeches, wanted to be married, to bear children by the dozen, to walk in silk and satin and try to keep up with the town fashions.

And so, while the sweet millet porridge diminished on the long table, the abbess told her little nuns, whose asses were itching for life, what life is and how quickly it crumbles away. She listed the freedoms of the nunnery and, in the debit column, the arduous duties of the married woman. While buckwheat *piroshki* filled with bacon and spinach were being enjoyed on both sides of the long table, the abbess explained to her man-crazy women the male build, using the vegetable course, buttered (and parsleyed) carrots, which with their varied shapes provided a graphic illustration of what a man is good for. How deeply penetrating he can be and how knobby. How soon he gives out and starts drooping pathetically. How brutal he becomes when he can't get it up. How unprofitable this quick fucking is to women. How all he wants is children, especially sons. How soon he looks for variety in other beds. But how his spouse must never wander, never lust for other carrots. How hard his hand strikes. How suddenly he withdraws his favor and gets his carrot cooked soft away from home.

But when the nuns, and especially the novices, kept squirming on their stools and persisted in seeing harder and more lasting promise in their buttered carrots, the abbess gave them permission to receive visitors through the back door of the convent, and also to range freely outside the cloister, thus acquainting them with the pleasures of the flesh and making them better able to resist the seductions of married life.

Before saying grace and dismissing her charges, the abbess gave them further bits of advice: Let no quarrel over a codpiece ever disturb their monastic tranquillity. Let them always remain good sisters to one another. Let them not content themselves with holding still, but ride with and against. A man's thanks should always be weighable in silver. And never, never, never, must they succumb to weepy, gushy love.

GRET'S DOUBLE TREASURE

Fat Gret's ass was as big as two collective farms. And if you sexual sociologists, deep in worry blubber from counting flies' legs, had been asked in as witnesses when, as she liked me to do on Wednesdays, I came at her from behind but first, to make it all soft and as wet as wept on, licked her asshole and environs like a goat (hungry for salt), which was easy to do when Fat Gret offered her double treasure for worship, you would have seen the archetype of Christian charity, our partner-oriented fervor; but my Ilsebill—who is sometimes adventurous on Thursdays—has never, no matter how devoutly I get down on my knees to her, licked my ass, because she's afraid her



"I accept this award on behalf of all the little people who did so much to make it possible."

tongue would drop off with her last shred of modesty.

Yet Ilsebill reads books of all sizes in which the overcoming of inhibitions is said to be the first requirement for a free society. Never fear, I'll knock or teach these late-bourgeois refusal mechanisms—"Somehow," she says, "I don't dare, I still don't dare"—out of her, and I'll do it the way it says in her women's lib books, with partner-oriented conflict-ing-roles games, until on one of these Catholic Fridays—believe me, holy father!—she and her little tongue will see how nice it is. For it can't be bought and paid for. It's within reach of all. It has nothing to do with class. Old man Marx didn't know anything about it. It's a foretaste of beauty. As every dog knows. Oh, to sniff at, lick, taste and smell one another!

But when I say to my Ilsebill, "Tomorrow is Saturday. I'll take a thorough bath, I'll smell of lavender all over," she says, "So what?" Because we've lost the habit. Because we only read about it. Because if we mention it at all, we mean it symbolically. Because we've discussed it, chewed the whole thing over too often. Because we don't suspect what expectant rosebud lips an asshole is always making—all week long.

For our playing fields—yours, Ilsebill, and mine—have just the right proportions; no speculator, no concrete-crazed developer can divide up your meadow, no flaming-red party boss can grab my ass away from you (or yours from me). The ass is one thing that ideology is afraid to touch. Can't get its claws on it. Can't read any idea into it. Therefore disparages it. Only gays are supposed to make use of it. A kick in the ass is nevertheless permissible, linguistically speaking. And with deplorable bad taste the asshole has been transformed into a term of opprobrium. Ass licking is looked down on, though the capitalist developer and the flaming-red party boss lick each other's asses, but without pleasure, for whether officially or unofficially they do it in trousers, their taste running to flannel, 50 percent worsted and 50 percent synthetic fiber.

No, Ilsebill! It's got to be bare. My meadows, your rolling hills. Our fields. I worship it, God's rounded idea. Yes, yes, ever since the partly cloudy Neolithic, when Awa's dimples were still unnumbered, the heavens for me have been festooned with asses. And when Margarete Rusch, the cooking nun, first let her sun rise for the runaway Franciscan monk—for me, in other words—I achieved an unveiled understanding of Saint Francis' hymn: devotion, jubilation, industry. Forget no dimple. Stop to rest beside country lanes. The hills ask

to be gently grazed. Deep in dialog. Entrance and exit exchange greetings. Where does the food go? Who's kissing whom? Insight gained. Soon I will know every bit of you.

When Fat Gret let out a fart because I'd been licking her too meticulously, we both relished the breeze. After all, as usual on Wednesday, we had eaten beans with turnips and peppered pork chops; and anyone who is repelled by his sweetheart's farts has no business talking about love. . . . All right, laugh. Get that stuffy look off your face. Have a heart.

INSPECTION OF FECES

In the fourth month of her pregnancy (and therefore suddenly wild about hazelnuts), Ilsebill lost an upper-right molar made valuable by a gold crown and, taking fright as if a male toad were creeping up on her, swallowed it. All she spat out was the shell of the hazelnut, which, irony of ironies, had been empty.

"Well?" I said next morning. "Did you look for it? It's gold, after all."

But she refused to inspect her morning stools, let alone prod them with a washable fork. And I was forbidden to root around in her "excrement," as she contemptuously called it.

"That's because you were brought up unwisely and too well," I said. For our fecal matter should be important to us and not repel us. It's not a foreign body. It has our warmth. Nowadays it's being described again in books, shown in films and painted in still lifes. It had been forgotten, that's all. Because as far as I can think back and look behind me, all the cooks (inside me) have inspected their feces and—in all my time phases—mine as well. I was always under strict supervision.

During her years as an abbess, for instance, Fat Gret made all the novices bring her their chamber pots, and every kitchen boy who came to her for employment had first to demonstrate his fitness by showing healthy stools.

And even when, as Albrecht the swordmaker, I was plagued with daily Lenten fare, I was subjected to *ex posteriori* inspections. So unyieldingly fanatical was my wife and meatless cook, Dorothea, about her ascetic way of life that, not content with setting a meatless and fatless table, she checked on my intake at other people's tables by poking through my feces for undigested bits of sinew or traces of bacon rind or tripe fiber, and compared my deposit with her own High Gothic and penitential stools, which were always dry and transcendental in their pallor, whereas I had sinned—at guild banquets, when suckling pigs stuffed with milky millet were carved for the smiths and swordmakers; or when, sometimes in the woods and sometimes at the lodge of

the stonemasons then working on Saint Peter's in the Outer City, I cooked in secret with my friend Lud the wood carver sheep's kidneys and fat sheep's tails grilled over an open fire. Nothing could be concealed from Dorothea. Many a time I gave myself away by swallowing cartilage or small bones, which came out the other end intact.

And when I was General Rapp, Napoleon's governor of the Republic of Danzig, it was the cook Sophie Rotzoll who, because I had disparaged her mushroom dishes as indigestible, spread my shit on a silver platter and served it up to me. I had a soldier's sense of humor; I put up with her impudence. And she was right: not a shred of mushroom skin, not a single mushroom worm to be seen. My palate grew keener and keener, and soon I was calling morels, milk caps and egg mushrooms delicate. My taste developed to the point where I wouldn't even forgo the tasty though sandy Polish green agaric, though the sand would have shown up in my gubernatorial stools.

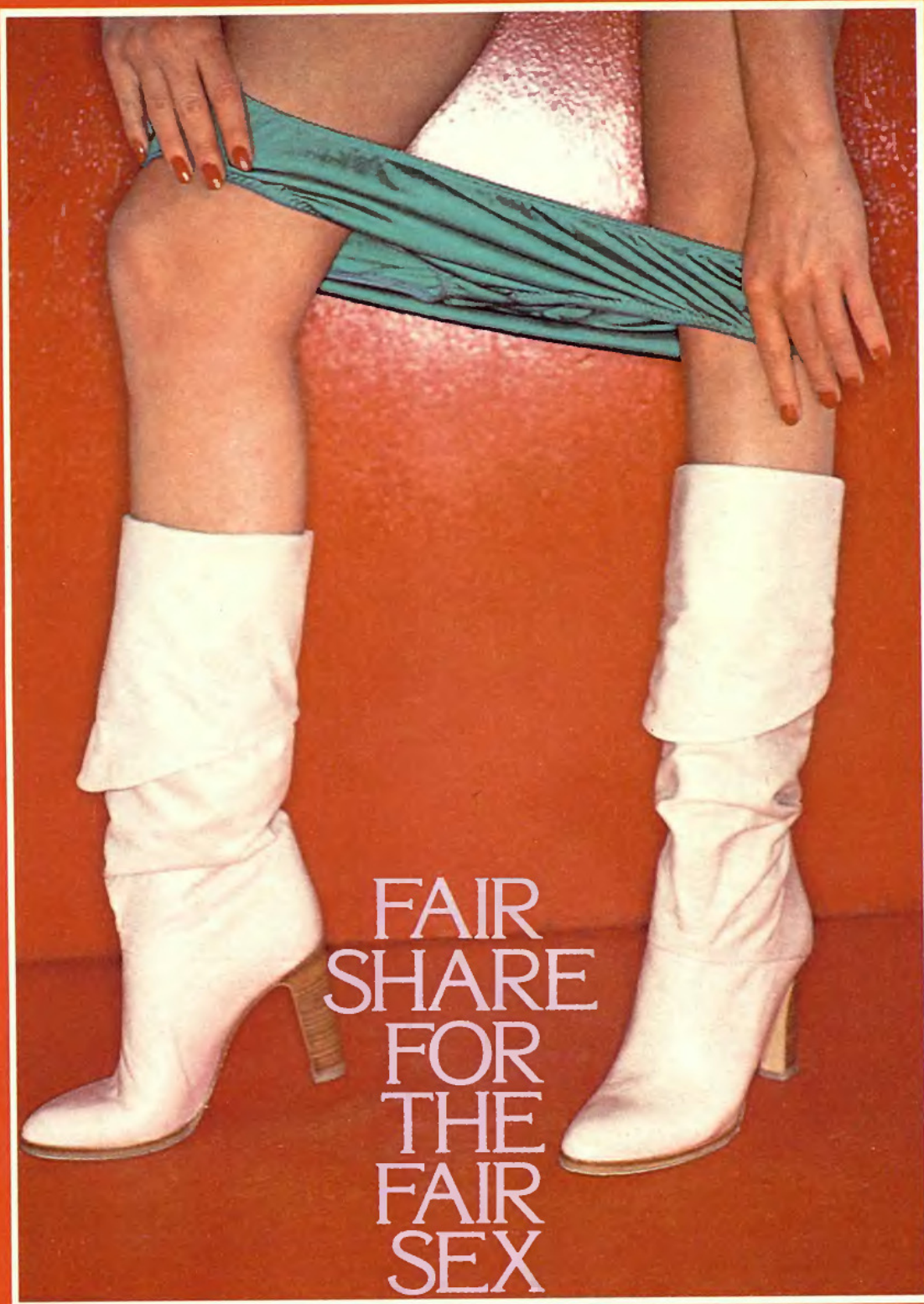
All my cooks, I say, have inspected feces, read the future in feces and, in prehistoric times, even carried on a pagan dialog with fecal matter. Wigga, for instance, examining the still-steaming shitpile of a Gothic captain who had been so ill-mannered as to relieve himself in the immediate vicinity of our Wicker Bastion settlement, read the inexorable destiny of the Goths, who were soon to embark on their migration. In our Old Pomorshian tongue (the precursor of present-day Kasubian), she orated their division into Ostrogoths and Visigoths, into luminous Goths and sublime Goths: Ermanaric and the Huns, Alaric in Rome. How Belisarius would take King Vitiges prisoner. The Battle of Châlons. And so on and so on. . . .

In the Neolithic, on the other hand, when my primordial cook ruled, the inspection of feces was a feature of the cult. We Neolithic folk had entirely different customs, and not just in regard to eating. Each of us ate singly, with his back to the horde, not shamed but silent and introverted, immersed in mastication, eyeless. But we shat together, squatting in a circle and exchanging shouts of encouragement.

After the horde shit-together, we felt collectively relieved and chatted happily, showing one another our finished products, drawing pithy comparisons with past performances or teasing our constipated comrades, who were still squatting in vain.

Needless to say, the farting incidental to the rite was also a social affair. What today is said to stink and is crudely amalgamated with latrines and slit trenches—"It stinks like an army camp around

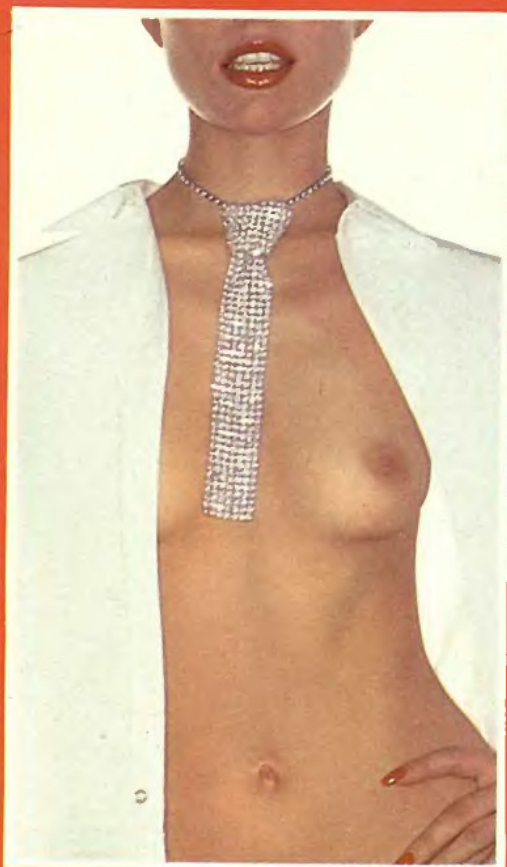
(continued on page 360)



*playboy plays santa's helper and comes up with
a sleighful of christmas gifts for the women in your life*

There's nothing like receiving something soft and slinky for Christmas to get the lady in your life into a giving mood. You might try several dozen pairs of different-colored Tactix panties, from Huk-A-Poo, about \$2 each; or boots of ultra-soft calfskin, by Mignani, \$210.

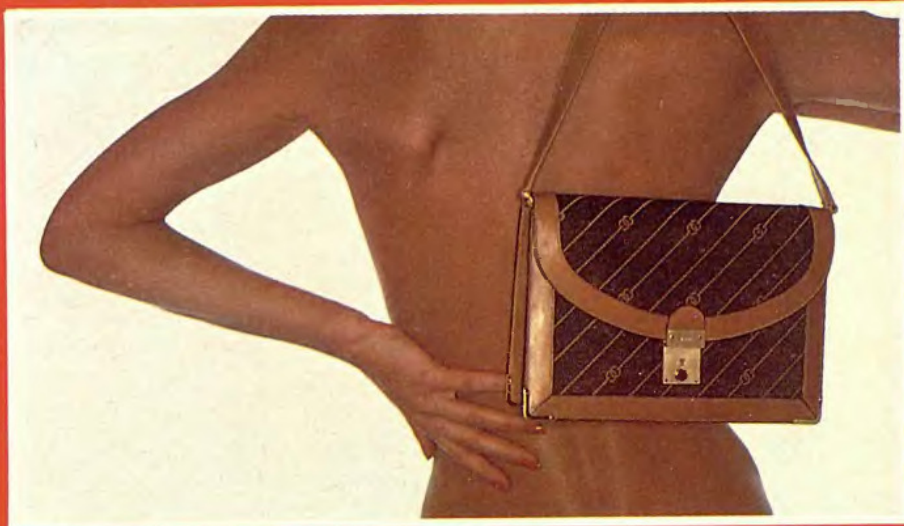
Right: Denim jeans are great far fun in the sun, but when it comes to indoor sports, a girl prefers satin next to her skin. Fill her wish with a pair of these satin jeans, \$38 each, by Sasson; worn with leather ankle boots, \$155, or suede boots, also \$155, both by Mignani.



Above: Diamonds may be a young lady's best friend, but a rhinestone tie and necklace, by Jami-Lynn, \$30, worn in or outside a tuxedo shirt, from Barney's, \$18, definitely is more sexy. Right: And for a real foxy female, there's a shadow-fox jacket, by Caopchik Furs, \$4000.



Right: What woman wouldn't want to receive Gucci's famous \$175 leather-trimmed signature fabric purse for Christmas? Especially when you've tucked a \$500 bill inside. Below: The ultimate turn-on—a pendant that holds 1/8 oz. of Opium perfume, by Yves St. Laurent, \$35.



Right: You say Christmas is almost here, and you've still got the name of one more date on your shopping list? Well, rest ye merry, gentlemen. The object of your affection will flip for a lace-trimmed silk camisole, \$70, and matching tap pants, \$54, both by Fernando Sanchez.



SEX IN AMERICA: MIAMI

article

By PETER ROSS RANGE

if you believe anita bryant, miami is the last bastion of the bible belt; if you believe the tourist ads, our southernmost city is a sexy promised land of sun and sand. the real story makes for our first installment in a major new series on the sexual profiles of american cities

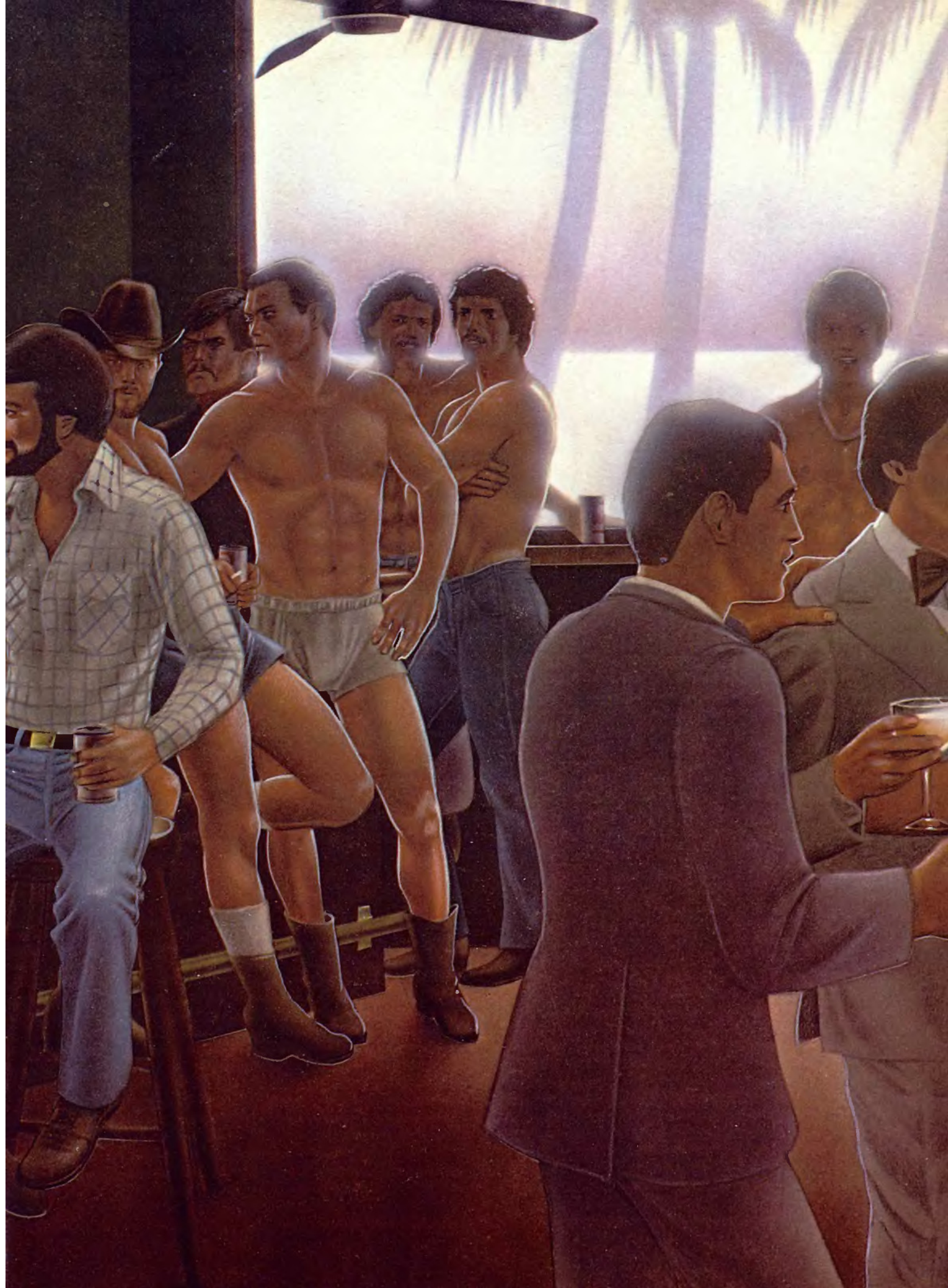
SATURDAY night in Miami. In a parking lot just off 79th Street, a black hooker is going down on a white high school teacher who will soon return to his family in a nearby suburb. At the trendy disco in the Hotel Mutiny at Sailboat Bay at the other end of town, a wealthy Venezuelan businessman is assiduously pursuing a stunning 19-year-old Cuban girl, who teasingly whispers in his ear and, leaning forward, gives him a splendid view down the front of her flimsy black dress. On a clear day, you can see Havana. Meanwhile, somewhere above their

Miami parents feared gay teachers might corrupt their children (below). Not to worry. The button (above) was the gays' response.



ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENT TOPAZIO





The map at left shows the approximate location of Miami hot spots. Anita Bryant's house is noted purely for historical reasons.

heads, a couple writhes in pleasure beneath the mirrored ceiling of the \$125-a-night Rameses room, one of the hotel's erotic King Tut's Chambers. Around the corner at the seedy Hamlet Bar in the heart of laid-back Coconut Grove, a jukebox blasts out rock and country songs toward a bar stacked five deep with trim young men in cutoffs, sandals and close-cropped beards. They are happily homosexual and this is their turf. It matters little to them that the next morning, anti-gay-rights warrior Anita Bryant will team with reborn Nixon hatchetman Charles Colson to celebrate a Sunday sunrise service on the causeway to Key Biscayne.

Fifteen miles to the north in Miramar, several dozen Miami couples—including a municipal-court judge, an Eastern Airlines pilot, a kitchenware salesman, two local cops and all their wives—are sipping drinks in a dimly lit club, planning a swing party for later that night.

Twenty-five miles away in Fort Lauderdale, what may be the world's heaviest concentration of singles bars has become an unholy traffic jam. Thousands of young people, the prevailing physical type running to blond, blue-eyed and bronze-skinned (*Homo beachus*), are on the prowl. By dawn, a good number are bedded down in vans or motel rooms.

In Coral Gables, just southwest of Miami, the same thing has happened in four of the ten bedrooms of the Sigma Chi house, which threw an air-conditioned luau in its sunken living room for an entire sorority earlier that evening. As the sweet scent of burning Cannabis rises in the halls, another dozen young college couples are locking doors and enjoying their privacy in the University of Miami's Pearson Hall across the campus.

In Miami Beach, leisure-suited conventioners with wives in beehive hairdos stroll the balmy sidewalks. A honeymooning couple from Ohio calls up an X-rated movie on the television set in their room at the once-glamorous Fontainebleau Hilton. At the Emerald Lounge in the high-rise Americana hotel at the opposite end of Collins Avenue, Donna Waters, 25 and for sale, is closing a deal with a crewcut businessman from Memphis. They settle on \$75 and he hands her the key to his room. He is about to get the best—and possibly the first—blow job of his life. At the far south end of Miami Beach, where the average age is 69 and rising, there are six widows or divorcees for every unmarried man. An old geezer complains, "Why these odds at my age?" He returns to his white-washed residence hotel with a new lady-friend who spent the first 50 years of her life in Hoboken.

At the Crazy Horse Saloon on north Biscayne Boulevard, conservatively dressed businessmen sip their three-dollar whiskeys and a leggy blonde showstopper

named Dana crawls out of her black corset and garter belt until there is nothing left but spectacular womanhood.

Across the road at the self-consciously exclusive Cricket Club, a couple in their early 20s is performing Saturday Night



Fever in a basement disco called Le Dome. The male of the species is so preoccupied with the sight of himself in the ceiling mirrors that he fails to notice when the spaghetti straps of his lithe partner's dress slip from her shoulders. The millisecond strobe flashes begin bouncing off pert young breasts.

Yes, there is sex in Miami. Sort of.

This is a tale of 63 cities, a dozen ethnic and age groups, numerous lifestyles and plenty of conflicting opinions. Miami, our Southernmost large city, like Los Angeles 2700 miles to the West, is no unified community with a geographical heart and logical meshing of its component social parts. It is fragmented by its own suburban sprawl and diverse lifestyles, with everything constantly changing. There are 27 municipalities



The skin trade: The Crazy Horse Saloon is Miami's foremost bottomless night club. Owner Stan Kaufman is planning an all-male go-go club for women next door and a club for cheating husbands upstairs.



Saturday-night fever: Na, the girl is not trying out for a spot as place kicker for the Dolphins. She's getting her yayas out at Le Dome disco, the favorite haunt of the "in" crowd, in the exclusive Cricket Club.



Amateur hour: The Candy Store disca in Fort Lauderdale sponsors a bikini contest on Sunday afternoon, a wet-T-shirt contest on Sunday night and a wet-nightgown contest on Tuesday night. Encore. Encore.

within Dade County, ranging from garish and world-famous Miami Beach to the conservative middle-American community of South Miami in the far southwestern corner of the sprawl that reaches to the very lips of the Everglades. One must reach north into Broward County—home of Fort Lauderdale, Pompano Beach and 29 other municipalities—to complete the portrait of what passes demographically, socially and sexually as Miami. Broward is the hyper-WASP outpost of south Florida, a growing counterweight to the Jewish and, above all, the Cuban influences in Miami proper. As in Los Angeles, the many parts of this sun-bleached pie-in-the-palms are bound together by endless ribbons of elevated interstate concrete that makes south Florida, like Southern California, an economic unit on wheels.

It is thus not surprising that there is no single prevailing sexual *Geist*, style or energy in Miami. Baron Sepy Dobronyi, the exiled Hungarian sculptor and confirmed *bon vivant* who provided his striking home in Coconut Grove as a set for *Deep Throat*, coexists more or less peacefully with Anita Bryant, who lives across a causeway and believes you will go to hell if you eat sperm. The white-Corvette-and-swimming-pool lifestyle at Suntan U, as the University of Miami loathes being called, spreads palm by parking lot into the conservative, consumer-minded suburbs of the southwest, which support only a handful of pornography shops and contain a large number of churches. Only the streets acrawl with bronzed kids on bikes prove that, at least in the privacy of their homes, these people, too, have sex.

The singles scene ranges from teenyboppers and high school truants on the First Street beach near the dog track in Miami Beach to the gold-digging young models dressed to the teeth in search of a well-heeled sugar daddy at the exclusive Jockey and Palm Bay clubs on north Biscayne Boulevard. The city seems to have more private clubs than standard singles bars and you have to know where to find them. Miami night life is an entirely indoor affair and you get there in an automobile (the bigger the better).

That is especially true in Fort Lauderdale, which has become Miami's WASP satellite and the capital of blonde, blue-eyed fun in south Florida, with a beach scene, an enormous singles-bar scene and an apartment scene. Whether true or not, the belief that the Cubans are taking over Miami—several discos have been "Cubanized" in recent years—is increasingly driving Miami's Anglos 30 minutes up I-95 to Fort Lauderdale for their social life. In many cases, Anglos are, in

fact, moving to Fort Lauderdale and commuting to their jobs in Miami.

Moving up the age spectrum, there is among middle-class marrieds in south Florida a fast-growing swingers' movement—formerly known as wife swapping, but that's *déclassé* now, especially since the swappers may not even be married. Indeed, with the gay community finally living more or less out in the sunshine, swinging is Florida's largest closet industry. Miamians swing, but, like porcupines and sunburned snowbirds (winter tourists from the North), they do it very, very carefully.

Miami has its share of prostitutes, massage parlors and pornography shops, though rather fewer than most would expect. Miami's role as the destination of the foot-loose tourist, long since overtaken by Club Med and other Caribbean resorts, has yielded almost exclusively to the convention trade in the beach hotels. This often means that wives are part of the trip, so the sexiest thing that happens is that Mom and Pop get their juices running before bedtime by taking in a Las Vegas-style flesh-and-feathers show. Yet for the conventioneer on the loose, there is a subtle sprinkling of (mostly white) cruising hookers in many hotel bars and an unsubtle parade of (mostly black and Puerto Rican) front-seat-of-your-car blow-job artists walking the streets of Miami's combat zone around 79th Street and Biscayne Boulevard. And, if you've got the bucks, escort services provide the kind of date a man of means would not mind taking to dinner as part of the preliminaries.

Pornography, oddly enough, appears to be of declining interest in Miami. A determined antismut drive has driven most dirty bookstores from downtown and halted new openings in the combat zone. The only porn store that opened in the Little Havana district was almost immediately bombed by Cuban radical zealots. A number of adult stores have reached a prosperous plateau in suburban shopping areas, where a businessman can take in a peep show on the way home to the kiddies. Patty Wheat, a very successful sex-shop operator who specializes in sexy lingerie, 79 kinds of vibrators and medium-core porn, runs three stores in outlying areas that draw a high percentage of customers over 40 in expensive cars. She also runs a "swingers' exchange," where, for two dollars, you can check her listings of prospective swingers.

Pornography is stronger and more open in Fort Lauderdale. It is part of Miami's schizoid personality that while Linda Lovelace could do her thing to Harry Reems on the set in Coconut Grove, it is not legally possible to pub-

licly exhibit an uncut version of *Deep Throat* in Dade County. In Broward County, where Miami transplants are so eager to avoid the ethnic diversity of Miami, you can not only see Linda swallow Harry whole but also sample a wider range of porn shops than in Dade.

And then there is Miami's gay community, at an estimated 200,000 strong one of the largest in the country. Gays come to Miami for the same reason as straights: the good weather, the easy life, plenty of jobs in the service and consumer industries. The relaxed dressing habits of Coconut Grove, with its gaily painted pastel buildings and waterfront parks, are congenial for body-conscious young men who favor tight shorts and tank tops all year round. Anita Bryant notwithstanding, the gay community is a comfortable, well-accepted fixture in the panoply of Miami life.

Miami is a place of rootlessness and transitory relationships. This is where the Heartbreak Kid left his bride for Cybill Shepherd. It is not a good place to find the ultimate mate, for mating is not the name of the Miami game.

Rachel Copelan, a Miami author and sex therapist who is something of a local media sex guru, says, "The tourist character of the area leads to a lot of one-night stands and short-term relationships." The merry-go-round of sexual liaisons in Miami may also account for Florida's spot at the very top of the national V.D. per-capita rate for the past two years. Dade County V.D. Control reports over 230 cases of gonorrhea each week and 100 of syphilis each month. There is also a very high incidence of teenaged pregnancy in the county, now estimated by Planned Parenthood at one in four.

Since sex is the ultimate form of social life, understanding the Miami sexual scene requires breaking down the social world into some of its component parts.

SINGLES

There are an estimated 325,000 unmarried people between the ages of 18 and 40 in Dade County. An astounding 50 percent of them have never been married, while 26 percent are divorcees—at least once. For those whose job is something more than lying on the beach, there are a number of professional attractions. Young men with business or law degrees come to Miami for some of the same reasons they go to Atlanta: It has become a booming regional distribution headquarters and financial center—the region is not only Florida but also the Caribbean and Latin America. Miami has always been the tourist's gateway to Latin America (not to mention the

(continued on page 186)



"That was lovely, dear. But I would like to get out of the kitchen sometime during the holidays."



ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD



future highs

article By HOWARD RHEINGOLD
*twenty years from now,
there will be a chemical
for every occasion—
and you may need a medicine
cabinet the size of a
garage to hold your stash*

aNYONE WHO HAS HAD a cup of coffee at breakfast, a martini at lunch, a joint or a line of coke after work should know that the drug industry (both legal and illegal) has plans for his future. All the customary chemical fun makers will soon be replaced by new streamlined models. In the year 2001, the man above town will select his state of consciousness from moment to moment and commute between mental levels as easily as we now commute between continents.

While laboratories from Switzerland to New Jersey efficiently modernize the ancient art of intoxication, drug designers and social scientists are constructing scenarios about the future of our mental state. The most conservative of these computer-assisted prophecies (continued on page 236)

it's the action on the side lines, not the goal lines, that gets the big play these days, so why did most of the n.f.l. brass give playboy the cold shoulder pads? read on

PRO FOOTBALL'S MAIN ATTRACTIONS

article By ROBERT BLAIR KAISER

ANYONE AUDITING the books this past summer at the offices of the Green Bay Packers, Chicago Bears, Philadelphia Eagles—in fact, at all but a handful of the 28 clubs in the National Football League—would find items in the budget for make-up men, hair stylists, costume designers, fashion consultants and choreographers. Choreographers? On a football club? What in the name of Vince Lombardi was happening in the N.F.L.?

What *was* happening? Simply this: A majority of clubs had decided, after some considerable soul-searching, to emulate the Dallas Cowboys and get some sexy new cheerleader/dancers of their own. Super Bowl XII probably had a lot to do with the choice. None of the 100,000,000 Americans who watched Dallas beat Denver in the Superdome last January could help but notice (thanks to the CBS cameramen and their adroit producers) that both clubs also had crews of lusty wenches rooting them on.

Owners and general managers and promotion directors all over the league started phoning Dallas and Denver, looking for tips on how they managed to put together such fine groups of young women. Certain season-ticket holders who had the ear of management contributed some gentle urging of their own. In Los Angeles, David Mirisch, Hollywood press agent, nephew of the movie-making Mirisch Brothers, wrote to the Rams' Carroll Rosenbloom. He wondered, "How can Dallas and Denver field these sexy women while Los Angeles, the film capital of the world, does nothing at all?" After the Eagles were drubbed by the St. Louis Cardinals in St. Louis, where the Cards had been rooted on by their own classy Big Red Line, Philly owner Leonard Tose was told by his girlfriend, Caroline Cullum, "Darlin', our ladies aren't looking that hot. We've got to get our cheerleaders' act together." In Boston, Mike Chamberlain, director of sales and promotion for the New England Patriots (which

has had a less than outstanding group for several years), said at a club meeting, "If we're going to have 'em, let's make use of 'em." In all three cases, the owners said, "Good idea. See if you can put together a troupe."

They did. They held open tryouts. They hired choreographers. They had costumes designed. They developed jazz-dance routines. The year before in New England, 85 had tried out for the cheerleading squad. Last summer, 480 beauties showed up for 32 spots on the Patriots' side linés.

It was much the same all over the league. The Baltimore Colts had had a cheerleading group for years. But now they made a real effort to upgrade them, had new costumes designed, developed niftier routines. Houston Oilers owner Bud Adams dropped a team from a local junior college, with its old-fashioned "two-bits, four-bits, six-bits, a dollar" cheers, and hired Darla Humes, who ran a popular disco out on the Gulf Freeway, "to put together a super dance group—but not a group that looks like a bunch of hookers." In Miami, owner Joe Robbie hired June Taylor to assemble something worthy of the Dolphins. She did: Her Dolphin Starbrites are as stunning as the girls who danced for her on *The Jackie Gleason Show* in the Fifties and Sixties. In Buffalo, they liberalized

the eligibility requirements for the Jills; until this year, they had to be over 21 and married. Now the Jills look jazzier: Half their troupe of 25 are unmarried and under 21. In New Orleans, owner John Mecom, Jr., and his wife, Katsy, changed the name of their troupe from Bonnes Amies to Angels—and then put the famed New York designer Halston to work on a new, satanically angelic costume for them. In Cincinnati, the staid Paul Brown gave the go-ahead to organize a group called the Ben-Gals. Even ultraconservative Green Bay joined in the fun. The Packers invited three local TV stations to cover their open tryouts and



In the photo above, Linda Kellum (middle) and Charyl Russell (right) really were putting some "sis-baom" into a Dallas Cowboys game, but they have since said "Bah" to the stringent restrictions of the Cowboys organization and, with several other ex-Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders, formed Texas Cowgirls, Inc. At right, the Cowgirls do a take-off on the Cowboys Cheerleaders poster in an Arny Freytag photo. From left: Debbie Kepley, Charyl, Linda, Janice Gorner and Meg Rossi.



The sun-bathed swarm of ladies at right is trying out for the Los Angeles Rams' Embraceable Ewes. The chosen few will join Rams cheerleader Anne Martin (below left), who is currently a student at USC and was the 1976 Tournament of Roses Queen. Appropriately, Anne admits to a special fondness for athletes.



"There's na way I'm going to pass up the chance," says Denver Pany Express member Diahann "Dee" Miller (above right), explaining why she chase to let us photograph her seminude in spite of restrictions by the Broncos' management.

At right, Pany Lynda Hatfield plays how-dee-do with Mickey Mouse at half time. Lynda, a former Bunny at the Denver Playboy Club, is a Pany Express choreographer.



asked the townsfolk to help pick a suitable name (the Sideliners) for the cheerleader/dancers who would be their answer to the Dallas challenge.

"It all started about six years ago," recalls Tex Schramm, general manager of the world-champion Dallas Cowboys, "when we evaluated our fans' response to the kinds of cheerleaders we'd had here from the outset. The fans simply didn't pay much attention to our old-fashioned cheerleaders." It was not a terribly astute observation. Nowhere do pro-football fans join in organized cheers like the college kids do. But Schramm's genius was to recognize that fact—and do something about it.

"We changed our approach," says Schramm. "We decided to make our cheerleaders more or less atmosphere producers. We used them to bring excitement and showmanship to our new stadium. Gradually, they began to do that. I think they really started catching on in 1975—in that play-off game in L.A. And then finally that season in the Super Bowl." The Cowboys lost Super Bowl X to the Steelers, 21-17. But Schramm remembers that the Dallas cheerleaders (he still calls them cheerleaders, even though they don't lead cheers) got a lot of attention from the TV cameramen.

Aha. TV. The most pervasive force in America, the force that not only reflects reality but helps shape it as well. The thing is, Schramm explained, there's no better *segue* from the playing field to a TV commercial (or vice versa) than a good shot of a pretty girl. Of course, that sometimes causes problems for the likes of a Jack Buck up in the announcers booth. (One day last season, Buck and Andy Russell were doing a Miami-Baltimore game in Baltimore for CBS. A cameraman found a cheerleader with a startlingly good figure and the producer punched the shot up on the screen. "Uhh," gasped Buck. "It's getting so that 'a pair on the 50' doesn't have the same meaning anymore.")

Ah, yes. There you have it. Pro

San Diego Chargers cheerleader Lynita Shilling (above right) expects little flak from the relatively liberal Chargers: "Our director encouraged us to take advantage of the opportunity," she says. "I would hope management would support me." Jill Zoleski (right), a Philadelphia Eagles cheerleader, is a student at Villanova with her eye on a career as a dentist.





football has never been the kind of rah-rah sport that college football is, and what the pros are selling with these girls is sex. But no team wants to admit that. All of them talk about the amateur qualities of their squads of women.

One of the ways they emphasize that amateur status, incidentally, is by paying the girls little or nothing. Fifteen dollars a game is tops in the N.F.L.—and nothing for the days and nights of grueling practice sessions, nothing for having to memorize dance routines and cheers, nothing for braving icy rains in December. What fringe benefits they get—in Dallas, for example, a 13-week course from Dale Carnegie, plus fashion and make-up consultations and dance lessons from a choreographer—are useful but time-consuming.

Dallas' choreographer is Texie Waterman, a warm, attractive 40ish brunette who had a big say in the Lorch of Dallas design of the Cowboys' Cheerleader costume, part of which is a sexy blouse, made to be tied up bare-midriff style. As Texie points out, "It was very low-cut, so we had to find girls who would fill 'em out."

Or, as songwriter (and Oscar nominee) Carol Connors observed when asked to write a disco song for them: "What can I say about the Dallas Cowgirls? Nothing rhymes with cleavage!" (Connors managed to overcome the problem. Sample lyrics: "Deep in the heart of us Cowgirls, / Shinin' through our Texas eyes, / Is the love we have for the Cowboys. / The star of Texas is on the rise!")

A reference to burgeoning bustlines is about as close as anybody connected with any team gets to the subject of sex. And many team spokesmen turned virtually apoplectic when the subject of featuring the cheerleaders in *PLAYBOY* was broached—though the sky didn't exactly fall in back in September 1974, when we pictured Raiderette Jane Lubeck in glorious, full-frontal nudity. Jane, in fact, is now (text continued on page 159)

At tryouts such as the one at middle left, girls like LouAnn Ridenoure (top left) put their dreams on the line (the 50-yard kind), but sometimes that dream is shattered. Because Bronca management learned she had posed nude for *PLAYBOY*, LouAnn was dropped from the Denver Pony Express. New England Patriots cheerleader Ita (bottom left) is a choreographer for a local TV dance show.



Claudia Mendron (left) is not only a member of the Chicago Bears' cheerleading Honey Bears, she's a Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club. She strictly avoids fraternizing with the players, except Bears quarterback Bob Avellini, her boyfriend. Perhaps it's the strenuous nature of cheerleading (as evidenced by the St. Louis Cardinals' Big Red Line, above) that keeps New Orleans cheerleader Bunny Hover (below) in such good shape. And she is in very good shape.





Ann Leuba (above left) is a San Diego Chargers cheerleader on Sunday and a nurse's aide Monday through Friday. Kim Santy (above right) is a Seattle Sea Gal whose ambition is to work in hotel administration and sales. Andrea Mann was a cheerleader for the Baltimore Colts until she sat for the picture below, after which she got a call: "Don't bother to come to practice. We don't want your type of girl." Furious, Andrea asked: "Why is it OK to shake your breasts on the field but not to pose for a classy magazine?"



one of the choreographers of the Rams cheerleaders, nicknamed the Embraceable Ewes in L.A.

Schramm may have echoed the sentiments of many when he told me, "I'll talk to you about the article you're writing. Maybe. But what kind of pictures you going to use? I'm worried about the pictures."

Now, anyone who has had a glimpse of the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders knows that Schramm and his associates have assembled some of the sexiest girls in all of North America. Yet **PLAYBOY** found Schramm and many others among the N.F.L. brass actually trying to hide their girls—much to the disgust of the girls themselves, who didn't think they wanted protection so much as more exposure.

Many of these cheerleaders yearned to pose for **PLAYBOY**. But the men in the N.F.L. didn't want them to. The whole scene was a microcosm of the bigger world outside, where men were still trying to give women more "respect" (by not voting to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment, for example) than women themselves thought they needed.

PLAYBOY photographers were on the story long before I was. One lensman, Marv Newman, started shooting members of the Denver Pony Express doing their side-line stuff in the middle of last season. Struck by the girls' freshness and vivacity, he proposed that they do a **PLAYBOY** picture story.

While that project was still in the talking stage, Denver officials, most notably PR man Bob Peck, who is the official "protector" of the girls on the Pony Express, accused Newman of "sneaking around behind our backs," even, horrors, calling girls at home to encourage their posing for **PLAYBOY**. Peck threatened legal action and laid down an order to the girls: No posing. Some protested. They wanted to be in **PLAYBOY**; couldn't they pose if they kept (most of) their clothes on? Faced with that option, Peck relented.

When I met Peck in June, he

The bare honey above right is Jacquelyn Rahrs, a member of the Chicago Bears' cheerleading squad, the Honey Bears. Jackie has created her own line of cosmetics, called Jacquelyn K Creations, which she hopes to market nationwide. Her favorite sports are skiing, ballooning and, of course, pom-pom waving with the Honey Bears (right).





had a well-formulated position. "We want to have our cake and eat it, too," he said. "We'd like to get the publicity. We'd like some attention from *PLAYBOY*. But we work in a small town here. This isn't New York or L.A. We can't live with the nudity."

Alvin Flanagan, president of Denver's channel nine, a cosponsor of the Pony Express, tried to articulate the no-nudity decision. "Why no nudes?" he said. "Well, no real good reason. Just instinct, I guess." He said he was thinking of one sweet young thing who showed up in the modeling segment of the Pony Express tryouts this year dressed in an exquisite white gown and carrying a white parasol. "We felt that if we allowed our girls to pose in the nude, we'd never get a certain type of classy girl to try out for the Pony Express again."

What was the Broncos' final position, as articulated by Peck? This: "That the members of the Pony Express are all of age and it's a free country. They can pose for *PLAYBOY* if they want—with our blessing. But if they pose in the nude, they can't be members of the Pony Express anymore."

That seemed eerily politic. Peck was avoiding two dangerous extremes: telling the girls what they could do and telling them what they could *not* do. He phoned Ted Haracz, his opposite number at the Chicago Bears, to tell of his Solomonlike solution—and to warn him that I was coming to Chicago. When I arrived, a day later, at Haracz' office (as much a football shrine as anyplace in the country, with one of the N.F.L.'s real live gods, George Halas, actually sitting there in his office doing business), Peck's position had been adopted by the Bears, too. The Honey Bears could pose for *PLAYBOY*, but not in the nude.

(I got the impression that both Haracz and the Bears' general manager, Jim Finks, were of a mind to let the girls exercise their own judgment about their own private lives. Haracz gave (text continued on page 380)

Julie Jourdan (above left) is an Embraceable Ewe for the L.A. Rams. The hapless hamster is not a Rams mascot but a prop for an as-yet-unpublished *PLAYBOY* pictorial, Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde, for which she modeled. The partly gent in the Denver Broncos' cheerleading line (left) is a professional home invader during the holidays.



Tina Guide, a captain of the Chicago Honey Bears, is seen dancing above at Chicago's B.B.C. disco, partly owned by Bears left linebacker Doug Buffone. Tampa Bay cheerleader Stephanie Grooms (right) skydives in her free time and gives her all for the Buccaneers on Sunday (insert). San Diego cheerleader Elizabeth Caleca (below) was Miss Nude California 1977 and first runner-up for Miss Nude U.S.A.



*and now for something
completely different:*

TEXAS COWGIRLS, INC.

In 1976, dark-eyed, sultry Tina Jimenez was a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader. In 1977, she found herself outside Texas Stadium, looking in. She was cut, she says, "for no good reason." So, too, were a lot of her friends. Why? Possibly because they didn't care to keep some of what Tina calls "the archaic rules of the club." Or maybe it was because the Cowboys wanted girls "who didn't ask questions."

Most pro-football clubs have a den mother for their cheerleaders to preserve the girl-next-door image. In Dallas, the den mother is Suzanne Mitchell, 32, unmarried and as severe with her girls as she is with members of the press and the public who want to meet them. She turns down, she says, 25 percent of all appearance requests and does not allow the girls to go anywhere where liquor is served. (One off-limits location: the Dallas Playboy Club.) "No popping out of cakes at bachelor parties, no disco openings for them," she says tersely. "The girls are a cross section of American womanhood. But they have more fun."

Tina laughs at that. "They said we shouldn't go where alcohol is served. So why did they allow us in Texas Stadium itself? Every other party in the stands had sneaked in a bottle."

The former Cowboys Cheerleaders didn't enjoy being outsiders. "After we were cut," says Tina, "we thought, Why go back to a nine-to-five job? Especially when you're beautiful and talented."

Tina and her friends found a solution. Using her savings, and with Tina as president and "mother hen," they formed a new group of ex-cheerleaders, called Texas Cowgirls, Inc. There are 25 in the group, no more, no fewer, all under 25. They won't cheer on the Cowboys in the stadium, but they won't miss that too much. One of their group got frostbite last year and lost all ten of her toenails.

Tina, who is so busy organizing things that she doesn't perform with the Cowgirls, says they've got the looks and the experience; and, naturally enough, they look a lot like the group from which they've spun off. They wear tight-fitting electric-blue body suits that zip down the front, (concluded on page 380)





Four of the ladies on this spread are the same members of the Texas Cowgirls, Inc., we introduced at the beginning of this pictorial, but that's no reason why you can't enjoy a little more of them. As with any successful group effort, each member of the Cowgirls has her own individual, we might even say singular, tastes. Linda Kellum (opposite page) hates Spam, loves kittens and babies and rides a mean motorcycle. Debbie Kepley (above left) dislikes overweight people and loves to spend time in the sun. Dawn Stansell (above center), a dental assistant in Longview, Texas, can't abide potbellied men. Charyl Russell (above right) has eyes of two colors and claims she collects warped records. Jonice Garner (below) is a Dallas model who writes music, and if her music is half as good as her looks, she's bound for the top of the charts.



TWELVE TOUGH MUTHUHS

article By DAN GREENBURG

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS they tell you is that jury trials in the criminal court are nothing at all like they are on TV.

I am here to tell you that jury trials in the criminal court are almost *exactly* like they are on TV, except, of course, that they do go on a hell of a lot longer and that, after a certain point, the jurors are locked up at night, which doesn't happen after you are done watching a trial on TV. But more about that later.

If I had known then what I know now, I wouldn't have postponed my jury duty since my first call 13 years ago. Like you, I thought it was my civic duty and, as such, a thing to be avoided like psoriasis. Like you, I thought juries were comprised of the old and the poor and of those too dumb to finagle their way out of them.

As it happens, I was wrong. When I finally did serve, I found that my fellow jurors were mostly smart, mostly young, mostly well-paid college-educated professional people, and that it was one of the most fascinating things I've done because I *had* to in my adult life.

I head toward downtown Manhattan on the Lexington Avenue subway early one unpleasant October morning to report for jury duty along with several hundred other disgruntled but civic-minded citizens. We check in with the clerk at the door and are told to sit and wait in a huge assembly room. Our names are then called in several groupings, whereupon we are herded together and moved to smaller rooms, where we are told to sit and wait for our names to be called again, and so on, and so on, for most of the first morning. The only encouraging note is that we are taken to the criminal rather than the civil court—perhaps instead of some tiresome squabble between landlord and tenant, we'll luck into a sordid crime of passion.

We're in luck—the case to which we're assigned is one of attempted murder. The judge is a scholarly looking man

if you don't mind the horrible food, the fear of sudden, crazed homosexual attacks and being cooped up in an airless room with 11 strangers, deciding the fate of some people you don't even know isn't all that bad

perhaps in his early 40s. His name is Blumenthal. He wears glasses, has a beard, is balding and has a kindly, serious, occasionally humorous, almost rabbinical manner. Judge Blumenthal tells us that we are about to be examined for suitability of service, that both the assistant district attorney and the attorneys for the defense will be permitted to ask us a number of questions and that, should we be dismissed, we are not to feel rejected. It is something we are to hear a number of times, and it seems a trifle foolish, yet I notice that most of those dismissed do become petulant when they're excused, behaving as if they've been excluded not from a jury trial but from some really chic dinner party for Truman Capote.

I am in the first group of 12 prospective jurors called into the jury box for examination. The courtroom is a pleasant wood-paneled affair and, though Judge Blumenthal and others repeatedly remind us that this is nothing like TV, everything in the courtroom has been seen before on the tube—the jury box, the judge's gallery, the court reporter, and so on. As a matter of fact, the court reporter is a dead ringer for Paul Drake, Perry Mason's silver-haired private investigator.

We are told that two black men, aged 19, who are seated with their court-appointed attorneys at the defense table, are accused of robbing and attempting to murder a young Yugoslavian cabdriver. They're charged with attempted homicide in the second degree, attempted robbery in the first degree, attempted grand larceny, assault and possession of a deadly weapon. The cabdriver was shot three times at point-blank range, but he perversely insisted on living, and he's the only witness to the event.

Assistant D.A. O'Halloran, a very serious-looking man in a three-piece pin-striped suit and wire-rimmed glasses, will attempt to prove that the two malevolent-looking defendants, Sonny King and Leroy White, were the actual as well as the alleged "poipetrators."

Messrs. King and White look at us with a long, steady glare that is composed equally of wide-eyed amazement that anyone as innocent as they are could ever be suspected of deeds so horrible and of grim assurance that if we find them guilty, they will serve their time and then track us all down like dogs and shoot us, too. The trial, as far as I'm concerned, is a mere formality—it is



clear to me they are both guilty.

The court-appointed attorneys who are to defend them are two men in their 30s named Fator and Klein. Fator wears plastic-rimmed glasses with unusual gimmicky shapes, a mariner's beard without a mustache and a combination of bizarrely patterned sports coat, bizarrely patterned shirt and bizarrely patterned tie that could conceivably have been selected to appeal to any bohemians on the jury. His manner is dry and sarcastic. I do not find him dancing his way into my heart.

Klein is dressed, like O'Halloran, in a conservative business suit. To say that his manner is theatrical is to make the blandest of understatement. Over the next several days, Klein reacts to every occurrence in the courtroom as though he were compelled by some legal technicality to address the jury in iambic pentameter. For some reason, I find his outrageous behavior amusing.

The questioning of jurors proceeds obscurely. Two black women, who might be presumed to be biased in favor of the defendants, are permitted by the D.A. to remain, as is an NYU professor who admits he was mugged on a subway by two blacks like the accused and who might himself be presumed to have some teeny bias regarding the defendants. About half of the first 12 questioned are dismissed for no reason that I am able to divine. They leave acting rejected and petulant.

When it comes time for me to be examined, I get the distinct impression I myself am on trial. I have the uneasy feeling I am guilty of something but that only they know what it is. When O'Halloran establishes that I am a writer, everybody gets cute and requests with mock concern that I not write about him. O'Halloran asks me if I've written anything he might have read and I reply that perhaps *he* might know such a thing better than *I* would. Because of, or despite, the snappiness of that retort, I'm allowed to remain. I feel idiotically proud of this and obscurely relieved I didn't have to find out what it was I was guilty of.

The caliber of the questioning of prospective jurors is not startlingly high. "Do you have any bias that you're aware of against Yugoslavs?" is one question that is asked repeatedly and "Do you have any bias against cabdrivers?" is another. Strangely, nobody asks whether or not anyone has a bias against blacks. Perhaps nobody has noticed yet that the defendants are black. I decide it's not my place to point it out.

By the end of the first day, all but two of the jurors have been impaneled. If there is any logic behind the decisions of which jurors to dismiss and which to retain, it has totally eluded me. It seems

to me that on at least one occasion I see the attorneys surreptitiously flipping a coin. Judge Blumenthal warns us as he dismisses us for the day, as he is to do every time he dismisses us, not to discuss the case with anyone, including our fellow jurors.

The following day, the rest of the jurors are impaneled and the trial begins. The defense attorneys and the D.A. make their opening statements. The crime is re-created for us: One evening several months ago, Jaroslav Divinic, a young Yugoslavian cabdriver, was driving his taxi on Fifth Avenue alongside Central Park. He was flagged down by three young black men, who got into the cab and gave him an address in Harlem. The cabdriver proceeded to the address, whereupon two of the men got out and stood on either side of the front of the cab and the third remained in the back without paying the fare. Divinic asked for his money and was told to hand over all his cash. A pistol was shoved through the window on the driver's side. Then, before Divinic could either comply or refuse, the gunman fired three point-blank shots at him and all three of the men fled. Divinic, bleeding badly, yet somehow still able to function, drove the car around the block, calling for help, and finally collapsed. A gypsy cabdriver came to Divinic's aid, squeezed in beside him and drove him to a hospital.

The first witness to take the stand is the gypsy cabdriver. He is a West Indian black and a little hard to understand. Both the defense attorneys and the D.A. question him extensively, having him repeat everything over and over again, until I want to scream. The second witness is a young blond cop wearing a mustache, a gun and a plaid sports coat. His name is Philbrick and he is apparently the first policeman to have come upon the wounded Divinic. Fator jumps on him like a terrier and, for no apparent reason, berates him for not questioning the badly wounded Divinic at greater length about the crime before he's admitted to the hospital. "Mr. Fator wants to know why Officer Philbrick didn't grab Mr. Divinic by the shoulders and give him the third degree," says O'Halloran.

The first piece of evidence is introduced and handed around from member to member of the jury. It is Divinic's clipboard with his call notations and it is spattered with his dried blood. I find it repugnant and fascinating. On the clipboard, also spattered with blood, is an entreaty from the owner of the cab fleet, requesting all cabdrivers to keep their cabs neat and clean. I can't help thinking how irritated he must have been to see how untidy Divinic had left his cab.

The third witness called is the victim himself, Jaroslav Divinic. I am half dreading the appearance of a maimed guy with half his face gone and am cheerfully amazed when Divinic strolls into the courtroom. He is a handsome young man of 22, dressed in a plaid wool jacket.

Everybody seems instinctively to want to like Divinic. His heavy Yugoslavian accent is both amusing and difficult to understand. At one point in his testimony, he recalls that he tried to "scrim through hole of de class" and even the judge has to contain himself to keep from laughing. After much approaching of the bench by all attorneys, it appears that Divinic is speaking of his difficulty in *screaming* through the hole in the glass divider between the front and back seats. He identifies defendant White as the young man "een de block shotes" and defendant King as the young man "een de block-and-white shotes," and says they are two of the three men who attacked him. There is much more approaching of the bench by the attorneys to clarify what he is saying—"shotes" are seemingly either shoes or small fur-bearing Yugoslavian rodents found in courtrooms.

But the main thing that happens as Divinic continues to speak is that he proceeds to lose the initial affection all of us jurors had for him. Far from being the handsome young foreigner, victimized by outlaws in a tough city, he begins to emerge as an arrogant, stupid, surly, bigoted man who even allows Fator to get him to agree for the record that all blacks look alike—a statement that causes O'Halloran to wince and many of the jurors to exhale audibly.

All the witnesses are examined and cross-examined by counsel just like on TV. And, just like on TV, all the attorneys try to slip damaging and illegal questions past the judge to the jury in the way that all us Perry Mason fans know and love. First attorney to witness: "When did you stop beating your wife?" Opposing attorney: "Objection!" Judge: "Sustained!" First attorney: "I have no further questions, your Honor."

The bulk of the D.A.'s case is designed to show how good the lighting and other viewing conditions were for Divinic to see and subsequently identify his attackers, and the bulk of the defense's case is designed to show how poor were the lighting and other viewing conditions and how unable Divinic is to tell blacks apart.

One of the defense's best pieces of evidence is introduced: A transcript of Divinic's grand-jury testimony is read wherein he describes the person who shot him as "a tall, bushy man," when

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*"You weren't the first, Noel—but if it's any consolation,
you were the best!"*



THESE PAGES are for those of you who'd like to drop a hint to the lady in your life suggesting a little something that you wouldn't mind receiving for Christmas (other than the obvious, of course). Just leave **PLAYBOY** open to the item you dig and hope for the best. It may not be the most subtle way to ensure that *your* yuletide will be a happy one (hers definitely will be, if you follow our gift suggestions in *Fair Share for the Fair Sex*, also in this issue), but at least you know you won't have a hideous tie depicting Niagara Falls in Day-Glo colors or cuff links made of coprolite laid on you. And if Santa still doesn't bring you the present perfect, you can always buy it for yourself.

Left: Hanging on the bathroom door is a fringed silk scarf, by Chinawear, about \$60. Next to it is something to keep you warm on a long winter's night: A silk weave houndstooth tweed belted rabe, by Eric Jacobsen for State-O-Maine, \$150. On the bathroom floor: A cotton velour varsity cardigan, about \$40, to be worn with the matching pull-on pants hanging on the daarknab, about \$33.50, both by Ron Chereskin.

FROM HER, WITH STYLE

*in which it is
decidedly better
to receive
than to give*

attire

By DAVID PLATT

Right: A sheepskin shearling zip-front hooded pancho, by Paley Associates, \$450. No, the bra hanging from the doorknob isn't for sale, but the cable-knit crew-neck sweater, from Country Roads by Robert Stock, is—it's \$45. Next to the sweater is an antiqued-leather box-style shoulder bag (with optional handle), from Peter Barton's Closet, about \$425. On the rug up front is a wool hand-knit turtleneck, from Manos del Uruguay, \$75.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM LEE/PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE/ALL LINGERIE FROM CRISCIONE/ORA FEDER.



Left: It looks like there's been a different sort of cat prowling around this boudoir from the relaxed feline you see purring on the counterpane. Lying next to milody's peignoir (and we can't think of a nicer place to stretch out) is a single-breasted goatsuede ventless jacket with patch pockets, by Beged-Or, \$385, that looks great when worn with a silk shirt. Near it ore a pair of bulky wool/polyester over-the-calf socks with multicolor striped trim, by Ivy Brond for Hot Sox, about \$7. It's a cinch that you'll dig the next item—a cowhide double-wrop belt with multiple brass link buckles, by Giovonnelli, about \$40. And if you like to hove your own warm-up of a football game, here's o stitched-cowhide-covered gloss flask, from Dopp by Buxton, about \$13.50.

Right: If you're dreoming of a white Christmas just like the ones you used to know, you might begin dropping hints that thot certain someone in your life surprise you with the light-colored woven silk/nubby-wool herringbone sweater jacket with showl collar, three-button front, flop-potch breast pockets and banded cuffs, by Bill Koiserman for Rafael, \$245, thot's honging in the armoire. Next to it is another good-looking jacket in a color that's appropriate for yuletide; this one is o charkha silk buttonless and ventless unconstructed model with notched lopels, patch pockets and pojama-cuff sleeves thot can be pushed or rolled up, depending on your whim, from T. T. Gurtner for Santosh India, \$75. It's great for lounging, disco dancing or even an ovant black-tie look.



TOUGH MUTHUKS

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"I can't help feeling throughout the judge's oration that the whole thing is academic."

neither of the defendants has an Afro or had one at the time of the crime.

A middle-aged black detective named Muller is called to testify. Muller questioned King and White shortly after the crime and they gave him conflicting alibis: Each said he was with the other at the time of the crime, but one said they were at King's apartment on 116th Street and the other said they were at a party on 153rd Street. Unfortunately, Muller didn't make a note of this discrepancy in his notebook at the time, and so the conflicting alibis are not admissible as evidence, though it seems certain Muller is telling the truth. Used to savvy TV crooks with well-thought-out alibis, I'm amazed at the failure of King and White to agree on an alibi before being questioned.

We have been told it is unlikely that King and White will take the stand in their own defense and that this is not to be taken as evidence of their guilt. Then, on the fourth day of the trial, Fator and Klein decide to call their clients to testify, after all. We jurors eagerly anticipate their testimony.

King is called first. By now, we are thoroughly fed up with Divinic's arrogance and surliness and racism, and many of us are ready to believe that the two unfortunate young kids, King and White, are simply victims of a man to whom all blacks look alike. I, for one, am ready to acquit them.

But King and White have apparently learned their witness-stand strategy from Divinic—they manage to lose all jurors' compassion within two minutes of taking the stand. They both adopt cocky, sneering and contemptuous attitudes toward the court. The credibility of their testimony is not further enhanced when both of them give as their alibi neither that they were at King's apartment on 116th Street nor that they were at the party on 153rd Street but that they were at a party on 129th Street.

Detective Muller is recalled and asked to go over his testimony about the first two alibis. Fator pulls out a variation on the oldest trick in the book—he pretends to think Muller said not 153rd Street but 150th Street, tries to cause him to agree to a statement containing the wrong address and then trap him in it. Happily, the trick doesn't work.

By the end of the fourth day, most of the jurors, including me, appear to think that King and White are, indeed, the culprits, and I can't see how it's going

to take us very long to come up with a verdict of guilty. Up to this point in the trial, we have been free to go home every night and sleep in our own beds. But a friendly guard advises us that we'll be "charged" by the judge by lunchtime on Friday, the fifth day, and that we should bring a toothbrush and toilet articles and plan on staying over Friday night.

The fifth day begins with Fator's low-key summation for the defense, which lasts about half an hour. He is followed by Klein, who does a very theatrical summation, which also lasts about half an hour. Then O'Halloran takes over and does *his* summation. It is as low key as Fator's was and it, too, takes about half an hour.

Now it is the judge's turn to charge us. What this means is not that he is billing us for his services but that he is explaining in great, very great, appallingly great detail the meaning of each of the crimes with which the defendants are charged. The definitions of attempted homicide, attempted robbery, grand larceny, and so forth, are laboriously spelled out, as are the definitions of second degree, first degree, and so on. Judge Blumenthal repeatedly instructs us that we are to make our decision solely on the basis of the evidence that has been legally admitted into the record and not on anything else, and to vote for a verdict of guilty only if there is no reasonable doubt in our minds of the defendants' guilt. Reasonable doubt is defined with some precision and in great detail, and I can't help feeling throughout the judge's hour-and-ten-minute oration that the whole thing is academic—that, since Divinic is the only witness, there never could be anything *but* a reasonable doubt about White's and King's guilt, just as I and probably every other member of the jury is convinced that White and King were the ones who attacked Divinic, that they're going to be found guilty and that they're going to still be back out on the streets again very shortly, anyway.

The judge finishes charging us at two P.M. The guard leads us into the jury room and locks us inside it. The room is a small one, just big enough for a long table, 12 chairs and a coatrack. Adjoining the jury room are two tiny lavatories. Until we have arrived at a unanimous verdict, this room will be our home.

The first thing we jurors do is to

unanimously decide to use the toilet. The second order of business is to give the guard our lunch orders—none of which is to exceed \$2.50, excluding gratuities. The third order of business is to take our first vote. Seated around the table are the following:

1. Edith, our forelady, a retired legal secretary.

2. Phillip, a professor of psycholinguistics at NYU.

3. Steven, a handsome young architect with a folksy, easygoing manner.

4. Shirley, a high school biology teacher who is humorous in a tough New York Jewish manner.

5. Allen, a well-dressed youngish publisher of professional magazines for doctors, lawyers and engineers.

6. June, a retired film editor.

7. Roland, an attractive young graphics designer wearing tight suede slacks.

8. Geraldine, an anesthetist's wife.

9. Christina, a foreign-born, once-beautiful, middle-aged woman who has been social secretary to several prominent families, and who is still amusingly vain and flirtatious in the style of the Gabors.

10. Ellen, a soft-spoken black clerical worker at Macy's.

11. Tina, a large, tough, militant, black corrections officer.

12. Me.

(All the names in this article have been changed to protect the innocent, the guilty and this correspondent.)

The first vote is taken. In a written secret ballot, we learn that seven of us are for conviction and five of us are for acquittal. I am one of the seven for conviction and I am amazed—I had thought everybody felt the same way I did.

The guard unlocks the door and comes in with our lunch in several brown-paper bags. He takes away all our books and periodicals. I feel like we are all about 12 years old. There are a few snide comments about the confiscation of reading matter and a few more about the quality of the food as we eat our lunch. Immediately following lunch, we take another vote, also by secret ballot.

Eating lunch has, for some reason, changed one of our minds. The vote is now even—six for conviction, six for acquittal.

It could clearly go either way now. White and King, who I am convinced are guilty, could be back out on the streets tonight, robbing and shooting other Yugoslavian cabdrivers.

Allen, who seems to feel the way I do, makes an impassioned little speech in favor of conviction. Phillip replies with equal passion, pointing out that the defendants have not in his opinion been given a fair shake; even the line-ups from which Divinic picked King and White, Polaroids of which were shown to us at

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HOW TO SURVIVE AN AIR CRASH



here's what the little card and the flight attendant should let you know before take-off. it could save your life

article

By F. LEE BAILEY

FLYING is my mistress. I love it; I have since I was 20 and first strapped myself into the cockpit of a Marine Corps jet fighter. Even today, my most satisfying moments come not in the courtroom but when I am lifting off the runway at the controls of my own plane. Put as simply as I know how, flying to me is pure joy.

But if you are not impressed with F. Lee Bailey's romantic notions about flying, let me flash my economic credentials. I own a firm that manufactures helicopters, I have owned and operated a small airport and each year I fly more than 100,000 miles in the seats of commercial airliners. Given all this, I think I qualify as a "loving critic" when I mention the unmentionable in the airline industry: a crash.

The crash I am talking about is what safety experts label the survivable crash. In those cases, the passenger-cabin area remains relatively intact after impact and the so-called decelerative forces experienced by the passengers are within human *g*-force tolerances. The chances of a crash's being survivable are fairly good. For example, most take-off and landing accidents—and they make up more than half the fatal accidents—have

been termed survivable. This type of crash usually occurs at speeds of around 120, 140 and 160 knots, and the airliner most often hits the ground in a flat, or nose-up, attitude. Unless the plane collides with some obstacle on the ground that will split open the cabin, or a fuel tank, the passengers should be able to survive and evacuate the plane.

It is difficult to pinpoint accurately just how many persons have died needlessly in these survivable accidents. But some statistics give a fairly good indication of the size of the problem. Between 1967 and 1976, U. S. airlines were involved in 520 accidents that claimed 2098 lives, 1853 of them passengers. Up to 70 percent of those were accidents termed survivable by air-safety experts. Despite that, those accidents claimed 505 lives. Of that total, approximately 30 percent should have lived. The crash of a Southern Airways DC-9 jetliner at New Hope, Georgia, on April 4, 1977, is a good example of a survivable crash. With both engines out, the jetliner snaked down from 14,000 feet and with magnificent flying skill, the pilot attempted an emergency landing on a county highway. His luck ran out when the DC-9's wing clipped trees on the side of the highway. The plane then veered into a line of cars and smashed into some gasoline pumps. Sixty-three persons aboard the plane died, but that still was a survivable accident, and 22 other persons did just that: survived. They were injured, yes, but they managed to get out of that blazing wreckage alive. Twenty others also lived through the initial impact, but their bodies were found by rescue workers. The coroner's verdict: death from burns and smoke inhalation, but—and this is a key point—the autopsies showed no significant injuries.

If they weren't injured, why didn't they get away from the plane in time to save their lives? The possible reasons are numerous. Negative panic is one. In those cases, the shock of the accident leaves the passenger in a state of near paralysis and he or she simply makes no move to flee. Others may be trapped by the wreckage or are too hysterical to help themselves. To some, toxic smoke brings quick death. But there are others who simply do not know what to do. Too many airline passengers fall into that category, I think. Part of the blame has to be placed on the passengers themselves. We've all seen the "cool dude traveler." He is the one who is too sophisticated to be bothered to listen to the flight attendants' safety briefing. Usually, you can spot him easily, since he normally wears a painfully bored expression or deliberately looks out the window during the briefing. Others bury themselves in papers.

Psychologists tend to attribute some of this exaggerated nonchalance to what

they term a feeling of powerlessness on the part of the passenger. The theory centers on flight attendants who deliver the emergency briefing in a casual manner, tending to downplay its value. The passenger then gets the feeling that he has no control over his environment and therefore ignores the briefing. If, as I have, you talk to fellow passengers who qualify as cool dudes, you'll find that the usual answers to why they do not pay attention to the briefing range from "Why should I listen, the plane isn't going to crash?" all the way to "If the plane crashes, I'll be killed anyway." Then there is the eternal optimist who tells you the pilot and the crew will take care of everything if the plane crashes. But what are the facts? Simply put, neither the cockpit crew nor the flight attendants can be counted on to save your life. Obviously, they do the best they can. Often their efforts are both successful and heroic. The record shows that in the face of the most terrifying emergencies, they will endanger their lives for the sake of the passengers. Most recently, this commitment to the passenger was dramatically demonstrated in both the Southern Airways accident and the on-ground collision of the Pan American and KLM jumbo jets in the Canary Islands. But relying on crew members is not always practical. After a crash, the flight attendants and the flight crew may be dead, trapped in the wreckage or even may have succumbed to that all-too-human failing: panic. If the survivability record is to be improved, the airlines are going to have to stress—and the passenger must accept—the idea that passengers must be responsible for saving their own lives. To put it in a phrase, if you want to survive, take the initiative. That in no way detracts from the importance of the flight attendants and their role in evacuation. What I am talking about is self-motivation. Get it set in your mind that it is you, the passenger, who may be seated next to the emergency exit that must be opened if you are to escape. It is you, the passenger, who may have to find his way into the tail-cone exit and trigger an escape slide. Or even more basic, but still a major problem, it is you, the passenger, who has to get out of that seat after the crash impact or face the very real possibility of death from burns or smoke inhalation.

I've already mentioned the bored passenger who ignores the pretake-off briefing. Yet some safety experts contend that he misses very little, since the only real information contained in the flight attendants' spiel is the use of oxygen masks and the location of the exits. That's not trivial, obviously. But in some cases, it may not be enough to get you out of a burning airplane. More instruction is needed. For example, why

can't passengers be given a simulated demonstration on how to open an exit door or operate an escape slide? Or be briefed on how to escape through a tail-cone exit? Take the case of a Texas International Airlines DC-9 that crashed on take-off in 1976 from Stapleton International Airport in Denver. All 86 passengers aboard managed to evacuate the burning plane. But there were hairy moments.

One of those came when a flight attendant and several passengers tried to get out of the plane via the tail-cone exit. At best, the tail cone is not an easy exit. First, you have to open the door to get into the tail cone. Inside is a short catwalk that is not exactly designed for elderly or clumsy passengers. To the side of the catwalk is a handle that must be pulled. Once it is, the tail cone falls away and an evacuation slide deploys. But in this case, the flight attendant couldn't find the tail-cone-release handle because the area was so poorly lighted. The investigation also showed that one of the flight attendants had never been in the tail-cone area before. Another one had been there only once in 15 years. A passenger finally found the release handle in the semidarkness. But if the same passenger earlier had been overtaken by a great urge to learn about the tail-cone exit, he would have had a problem. None of the seat-back safety cards on the plane contained any instructions on operating the tail-cone exit. Such information is a passenger's key to survival. If he reads it, not once but every time he flies, it appears to remain in his mind and he is ready to act on it, if an emergency arises.

Doubtful of this kind of theorizing? Well, then, digest this: Questionnaires were filled out by 114 persons who had evacuated a Trans World Airlines 747 jumbo jetliner. The replies showed that of the 72 passengers who had not read the seat-back card prior to the evacuation, 40 were injured in the evacuation. But of the 42 persons who had read the card before the evacuation, only seven suffered injuries during the evacuation. A limited sample, true. But the fact that the percentage of passengers injured in the evacuation was three times greater for those who hadn't read the card than for those who had read it is impressive. And it leaves the strong impression that knowledge can mean survival. But simply reading the seat-back card and listening to the flight attendant aren't going to guarantee your safety. In fact, part of the problem is the emergency briefings themselves. They are not as good as they could be.

Example: Have you, as an airline passenger, ever been told not to carry personal belongings with you in the event of

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VIVA VARGAS!

a salute to the foremost delineator of american beauty



Imogene Wilson of the Ziegfeld Follies was the subject of this 1930 portrait by Vargas.

EVER SINCE March of 1957, when he first appeared in these pages, Joaquin Alberto Vargas y Chavez, the Peruvian-born artist known as Vargas, has delighted **PLAYBOY** readers with his delicately sensuous renderings of the female form. Vargas began his career as a portrait artist

for the Ziegfeld Follies, producing hundreds of works using the famed Ziegfeld Girls as his models. During the Thirties, Vargas moved to Hollywood, where he worked for Paramount, 20th Century-Fox and Warner Bros. studios, doing pastel portraits of their starlets for

The 1920 portrait at right is very rare in that the model is completely nude. Vargas, at the time, felt that pure nudity was unromantic, preferring to modestly drape his women with at least a swatch of see-through fabric to put a veil between model and viewer. Sparing use of accessories—a comb, a mirror—characterizes most of Vargas' elegant creations.



As official portrait artist for the Ziegfeld Follies, Vargas was restricted to very conservative poses, since the finished works were hung in the lobby of the New Amsterdam Theater. All of those portraits have since disappeared. But, because Vargas often returned to the models for more daring private sessions, we can now view such delights as his 1933 *An Intrusion* (above). The Ziegfeld Girl in the portrait above right shows a characteristic

elongation of the lower limbs, one of Vargas' trademarks. Another characteristic of Vargas' early work is the modestly covered midriff, a sign of the times and the result of his own self-censorship. The deca-style *Dragonfly* (near right), done around 1926, is a portrait of a once-famous Twenties silent-film star whose name has been long forgotten; its fantasy theme was no doubt drawn from one of the flamboyant costumes of the Ziegfeld shows.





Precision and craftsmanship have always been hallmarks of Vargas' work. He produced hundreds of sketches such as the one below, done around 1950, of legs, torsos and heads, striving for the combination that fit his vision of a dream girl. Most of his drawings were first done nude—with clothing added later.



The crossed legs above are the only surviving part of a larger drawing done of a Ziegfeld Girl. The top was damaged, but Vargas liked the bottom enough to save it. The portrait above right is typical of Vargas' movie-studio work of a later vintage—the Fifties. The model is Irish McCalla, who later achieved semifame as television's Sheena, *Queen of the Jungle*.



movie advertisements. After the effort to organize studio artists in 1939, Vargas, a union sympathizer, found himself blacklisted. But by then his reputation had reached the editors of the old *Esquire* magazine, who were looking for a replacement for the petulant George Petty, creator of the famous Petty Girl. Vargas enjoyed a brief but prolific career there until contractual problems forced his resignation—luckily for *PLAYBOY*, for which he has produced more than 160 portraits over the past 18 years. Now Vargas and former *PLAYBOY* Art Director Reid Austin have prepared an impressive volume of his work, published by Crown and spanning the long creative life of the best of the pinup artists.



Top: The subjects of these two water-color and airbrush paintings, done by Vargas in the early Twenties, were undoubtedly Ziegfeld chorus girls whom Vargas convinced to pose in the buff after he'd completed their portraits for the New Amsterdam Theater. Above: This art-deco fashion illustration circa 1932 was painted by Vargas in order to show art directors his versatility.

Above: Following the Ziegfeld Follies' closing, Vargas turned his talent to illustrating movie posters such as this 1933 Barbara Stanwyck release, *Ladies They Talk About*, from Warner Bros. Right: Titled *Diana*, this Thirties painting appeared in *Esquire*—after Vargas reluctantly agreed to airbrush on a dress.









Not surprisingly, Vargas married one of his models: The vivacious Anna Mae Clift (foldout) was one of his earliest subjects and a member of Ziegfeld's rival Greenwich Village Follies. This portrait, done in 1923, was rediscovered six years ago in a California garage.

In the portrait above, done for our January 1970 issue, Vargas departed from his custom of avoiding the depiction of pubic hair—thereby freeing himself, at last, to do full-frontal nudes. We're prejudiced, but we think his work for PLAYBOY has been among his very best.



TIGHT MAKES RIGHT

*you say these jeans
are two sizes too small?
we'll take 'em!*

FOR SOME TIME NOW, women have been wearing jeans that are so tight that they appear to be a seamed, blue condensation on the skin. All of this is perfectly fine with us, of course, but it does make one wonder how in the world women get into them. We thought we'd do some field research on how it's done. On a random tour of two chic New York jeaneries, Fiorucci and The French Jean Store, we looked on as





two women wiggled their way into the lean look. As one jeans fitter put it, "Your eyes should bulge when you first put these on." In addition to bulging eyeballs, the women experienced puckered crotches, the rearranging of lower-torso internal organs and shortness of breath. There are a couple of methods of squeezing one's buns into denim bondage. At Fiorucci (bottom), our girl goes it alone; huffing, puffing and stuffing, until, *Mama mia*, a compromise between flesh and fabric is reached. Cheeks and balances, so to speak. However, at The French Jean Store (top), the salesmen are eager to supervise the progress. Once the girl is able to pull the jeans over her hips by violently jumping up and down, help arrives to squeeze from the side of the zipper. In special cases, the help lays the girl out flat on her back on a table and, using a pair of pliers, yanks the zipper into place, often shearing away pubic hair in the process. As a final touch, the backside of the jeans is sprayed with water to loosen the fabric and the girl is told to do deep knee bends. Why do women undergo this torture? One girl we interviewed told us while trying a pair of jeans two sizes too small for her, "Over the past month, I've dropped ten pounds and my old boyfriend. I'm trolling for new prospects." She must be, because we're hooked.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CALLIS



"The tropical climate, according to legend, has an initial aphrodisiac effect on most people."

gateway for drugs and, in pre-Castro days, prostitution); it has now become a financial gateway as well, with more Latin-American money transactions taking place in Miami today than ever before.

Women, too, find employment in the trading institutions. The airlines industry brings thousands of others. Both Eastern and National Airlines are headquartered in Miami; there are an estimated 10,000 female flight attendants and ticket agents based in Miami, many of them living in the apartment complexes and frequenting the singles bars in the sprawling area around the airport.

The University of Miami constitutes a special branch of the singles scene. Unlike at most universities, its sex life is not solely campus-centered; students go out to the discos and clubs and beaches used by the rest of Miami. Yet for all that, most students seem to date other students, the fraternities have something going on almost every weekend and the mixed-dorm arrangement makes for a relaxed availability of sexual options for those who are looking.

Two extremes of singles social life are framed by the differences between the southern and the northern fringes of the town. Coconut Grove is the southernmost part of Miami, situated directly across from Key Biscayne, Nixon's old hangout. Here the life is jeans and halters, pizza and beer, no ties and no bras. A very young set frequents the bookshops and flea market and sells clothes in the trendy stores serving old ladies in heavy cars who come to the Grove to shop. Grovers are the laid-back side of Miami singles life. A lot of skin is showing. In the late afternoon, young people in various states of undress from all over Miami flock to Kennedy Park in the Grove for jogging, touch football and some fairly classy Frisbee. Kids who just met at Lum's or the Pizzeria near the intersection of Bayshore and Grand Avenue—the heart of the Grove—regularly pick up and go to someone's apartment for a little toot and some Warren Zevon.

At the other end of Miami proper, between 110th and 160th streets, one finds the city's three most exclusive club-condo-hotel complexes: the Jockey, the Palm Bay and the Cricket Club. When PLAYBOY in its telephone survey asked people where they would send newcomers to catch the action, 39 percent speci-

fied private clubs and discos. Perhaps it was based on experience. One out of four people who went to such places got lucky and established a sexual relationship. The Cricket is the newest and hottest; it reeks of money the minute you get past the elaborate guardhouse and ride down the palm-lined cobblestone driveway to a huge porte-cochere where valets wait for cars. Inside, the walls are papered in silver foil and herringbone patterns. By day, one finds idly rich teenagers whiling away the afternoon under the deft hands of the facial-massage artists in the beauty salon of the health club, a subterranean catacomb that includes two saunas, two whirlpools, a Nautilus gym, a Universal gym, a swimming pool and even a "eucalyptus inhalation room."

By night (on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights), the Cricket opens Le Dome *discothèque* to anyone with a membership card (it costs from \$208 to \$416 to join) or a connection. One sees 19-year-old girls with the latest from New York draped over their svelte, unblemished bodies climbing out of all manner of expensive transportation. The parking lot is a semipermanent auto show. There is always at least one Rolls-Royce, not to mention the odd Lotus Esprit, a Ferrari or two, numerous Mercedes, Caddies and Lincolns. The disco is an underground hexagon with a stainless-steel dance floor rimmed by comfy velvet-covered modular furniture that can be pushed around to form conversation pits. There is a fashion-show atmosphere of mercenary snootiness overlaid with youthful nervousness at Le Dome.

Between the two extremes of the Cricket and the Grove, there is a singles life at several other levels. For those accustomed to the outright meat-market approach to getting laid, there are such California-style singles hangouts as Mr. Benchy in Coral Gables, with a large bar pouring drinks full blast on all sides. The atmosphere is unweathered wood and coral rock and get drunk fast. It is loud. For an even rougher singles atmosphere with a clientele mix that includes the stews and the ground crews, there is The Brasserie near the airport and Flanigan's in the Springs, part of a very successful lounge-cum-liquor-store chain called Big Daddy's. There are 50 Big Daddy's around Miami—they are the McDonald's of singles life.

The Fort Lauderdale singles scene also falls into this category. While some of the bars offer live music, most of them are simply heavily decorated noise-and-booze hangouts. Yesterday's, on the intracoastal waterway, fills an entire free-standing building and even has its own wharf for guests arriving by yacht. Christopher's just up the street is a scaled-down version of the same thing. Some of the more popular hangouts are Pete & Lenny's, Mr. Pip's and a slightly sudsier beach-front watering hole called The Button that draws beach people and what passes for surfers on the Atlantic.

Despite the salubrious climate and sounds of the ocean roaring in your ears, the Miami-Fort Lauderdale scene tends to be glitzy. Sloppy jeans and flip-flops are even officially banned at most Big Daddy's, which are hardly bastions of high taste. Yet appearances count for a lot. "This place is very disco, very glitzy," says one Fort Lauderdale single woman. "Whoever has the best clothes is the star."

The operative thing about all these folks is that, like Southerners, they are very social. The tropical climate, according to legend, has an initial aphrodisiac effect on most people, anyway, stripping away inhibitions and clothes in equal parts, the relaxed chat-and-play atmosphere of the region seems to do the rest. "The girls mature a lot faster down here," comments John Riley, 23, a transplanted New Jersey native who works in Davy Jones's Locker, a jeans shop in Hollywood halfway between Miami and Fort Lauderdale. "I'm talking about their heads and their bodies. I could never go back North."

"In Chicago, it would take you two or three meetings at the same place to make it with a chick," says Vince Ball, 23, a photographer who moved to Miami 18 months ago. "Here it's one."

"People are much freer with their bodies here," says one woman. "Being outside is a very relaxing thing. It affects how people look; they want to look good." She said the fact that people "go around in bathing suits gives a certain physicalness to Miami. Wearing a bathing suit on the beach is a certain sexual reality. You talk about your bodies more. And after that you touch."

Of course, the Cuban influence casts its spell on the Miami singles scene. Dade County is about one third Latin. The city of Miami is over half Latin and Hialeah, a large Miami suburb, is about 60 percent Latin. The Cuban girls are very stunning and very Catholic. They are saving it for marriage. The cultures do mix—at the discos and the

(continued on page 276)



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*playmate janet quist loves to wander, but she
can find a home deep in our heart any time*

TEXAS DRIFTER



"Ideally, I like to make love close to the water. Either on a sailboat or on a yacht. There's something about the water that turns me on." Below, left and right, Janet takes a turn at the wheel and shows championship form in tow on Lake Travis, Texas.



Willie Nelson lives out in Dripping Springs. Waylon Jennings and Michael Murphey both play around here. It really is like a little Nashville."

Austin, Texas, is the town Janet Quist is talking about: where she was born and the place she calls home. For the present, at least. The flavor of the country is in her voice. There is no doubt she is a Texan.

Of course, she rides; "Mom has about five horses and Dad's into roping." In Austin, going to the rodeo is as natural as going to the movies and she takes part in . . . bulldogging? "Hey, do I look like a bulldogger? Barrel racing, maybe." A cursory inspection will reveal that Janet looks like anything but a bulldogger. She is a model and an actress. You may have seen her in the movies *Semi-Tough*, *Rolling Thunder*, *A Small Town in Texas* or *Outlaw Blues* on television. You may also have seen her as one of the models in last



"I'm trying to keep my relationships casual right now. I won't be thinking about marriage for another five years or so."

year's Playmate Photo Contest. Fact is, if you stand in one place long enough, Janet will pass by sooner or later. She loves to travel: Mexico, Hawaii, California. Anyplace warm, and anyplace near water. Growing up on Lake Travis, 20 miles outside Austin, Janet developed a close relationship with the water, boats and just about any water sport you can name: skiing, ski sailing and, lately, body surfing. "I tried that in Hawaii a while ago. You can almost reduce that way. Just lie on the curl of the wave and it works your body over. Feels great on your stomach." Why, you ask, does this girl need to reduce? "I like to eat. I just spent two weeks in Dallas eating lasagna. And at home we have about three acres of really fertile land where I garden. Corn, squash, green beans, black-eyed peas and okra. I love to watch things grow."

Janet's been doing some growing herself lately. She more or less fell into modeling and acting. Now the need for commitment is becoming apparent. "I change all the time. Most of my friends seem headed for careers or are already involved in one. I'm getting a little tired of not knowing what I'm going to be doing. I hope I settle down soon."

California, she thinks, might be a good move. Of course, she'd have to give up Willie and the rodeo and the garden. But it is warm and the water is great.







"Most of my boyfriends have been very possessive. So I've been looking for someone who can live his own life. Someone who is as independent as I am."



"The first thing I look for in a man is honesty. I need someone who is straightforward and cares about me. I'm really not very fond of casual sex; I think it's a lot better when you're in love."

"I don't like confusion—and I'm a very impatient person. I don't like to wait for anything. It drives me nuts."





It's a bird! It's a plane! It's our long, lean Texan, riding very tall out of the saddle over Lake Travis with hang glider and water skis.



At the Almost-Annual Luckenbach (Texas) World's Fair Male Bikini Contest (above), Janet serves as a judge. Frankly, guys, she's in better shape. Below, a full moon in broad daylight over rural Texas.





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Janit Quist

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Janet Quist

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7 1/2" WEIGHT: 118 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 8-17-55 BIRTHPLACE: Austin, Texas

GOAL: To own a horse ranch, become a successful model

TURN-ONS: The beach, sunshine, sailing, good music

TURN-OFFS: Dishonesty, having to wait, men who like women for their looks, pushy people

FAVORITE FOODS: Fresh fruit, steamed vegetables, smoothies, cream puffs, lasagna

FAVORITE ACTORS: Burt Reynolds, Warren Beatty, Tony Curtis

FAVORITE ACTRESSES: Faye Dunaway, Marilyn Monroe

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Willie Nelson, Bob Dylan,

Linda Ronstadt, Stevie Wonder, George Benson

FAVORITE MOVIES: "Home Like It Hot", "The Sting", "Chinatown", "Looking For Mr. Goodbar"

IDEAL EVENING: Sailing into the sunset with a very special man

age 1



boy watching already

age 5



my 1st topless picture

age 11



fishing with my father

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Marriage to the pro-football star had proved disappointing to the sexy starlet, since he seemed to be more interested in the N.F.L. divisional race than in her. As he sat morosely guzzling beer one Sunday night, she suddenly broke the silence. "Darling," she said, stubbing out her cigarette. "I'm sorry, but there's something I want to talk to you about."

"Huh?" grunted the jock. "Nah—I don't feel like talking right now, honey. I'm too depressed about this afternoon's game—the one you didn't even bother to come out to see."

"That's what I want to talk about," continued the girl, smiling grimly. "While you were blowing a big one today . . . so was I!"



Every night," the grand vizier whispered to a visitor, "seven different females from his huge harem share the sultan's emperor-size bed, along with a eunuch."

"But what's he doing in there with those women?" the visitor inquired.

"We have a very methodical ruler," explained the G.V. "The eunuch acts as the sultan's bookmark."

*A wiser young lady named Dawes
Looks forward to Christmas because
She was taught last December
By a store Santa's member
That a pussy is meant to have Claus.*

I went to a grease orgy back home during the Thanksgiving recess," a swinging coed confided to her roommate, "but some of the guys turned out to be butterball turkeys."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *decoy streetwalker* as a flatfoot floozy.

While drying herself after a shower in front of a full-length mirror, the brunette noticed a gray hair in her pubic patch. "I knew you hadn't been getting much lately," she addressed her womanhood, "but I didn't know you were worrying about it."

Conceivably, you've heard about the imaginative California nun who claimed that her pregnancy was San Andreas' fault.

Deliberately dawdling over the breakfast bill of fare, the smart aleck bantered, "I never return to a restaurant unless at least one of the sausages I'm served is a match in size for my own."

"In that case, sir," rejoined the fed-up waitress, "perhaps you'd like to order from the children's menu."

Caught in a clandestine meeting with the Syndicate head's girl with a box of condoms in his pocket, the offending gangster was dumped into the harbor weighted down with rubber cement.

*Though a finicky cocksman named Pete
Would refuse invitations to eat,
A date he was blasting
Kept lasting and lasting. . . .
In the end, he went down in defeat.*

Her-r-re in Scotland, we play golf in all kinds of weather-r-r," the club pro proudly told the pretty American tourist. "When it snows, we play with r-r-red balls."

"It's those silly kilts," giggled the girl.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male skin-flick lead* as a shooting star.



Having wound up their business meeting, the club members ordered drinks and got to swapping stories about shocking experiences they had undergone. "I remember going on a three-day bender once," related one man, "and waking up in a fleabag-hotel room with an erection in my hand."

"But what's so shocking about that?" challenged one of his listeners.

"Well, it wasn't too long before it penetrated my throbbing skull that the organ with the hard-on didn't happen to be my own."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Gee, all I said was, 'You two should have a lot in common.'"

memoir

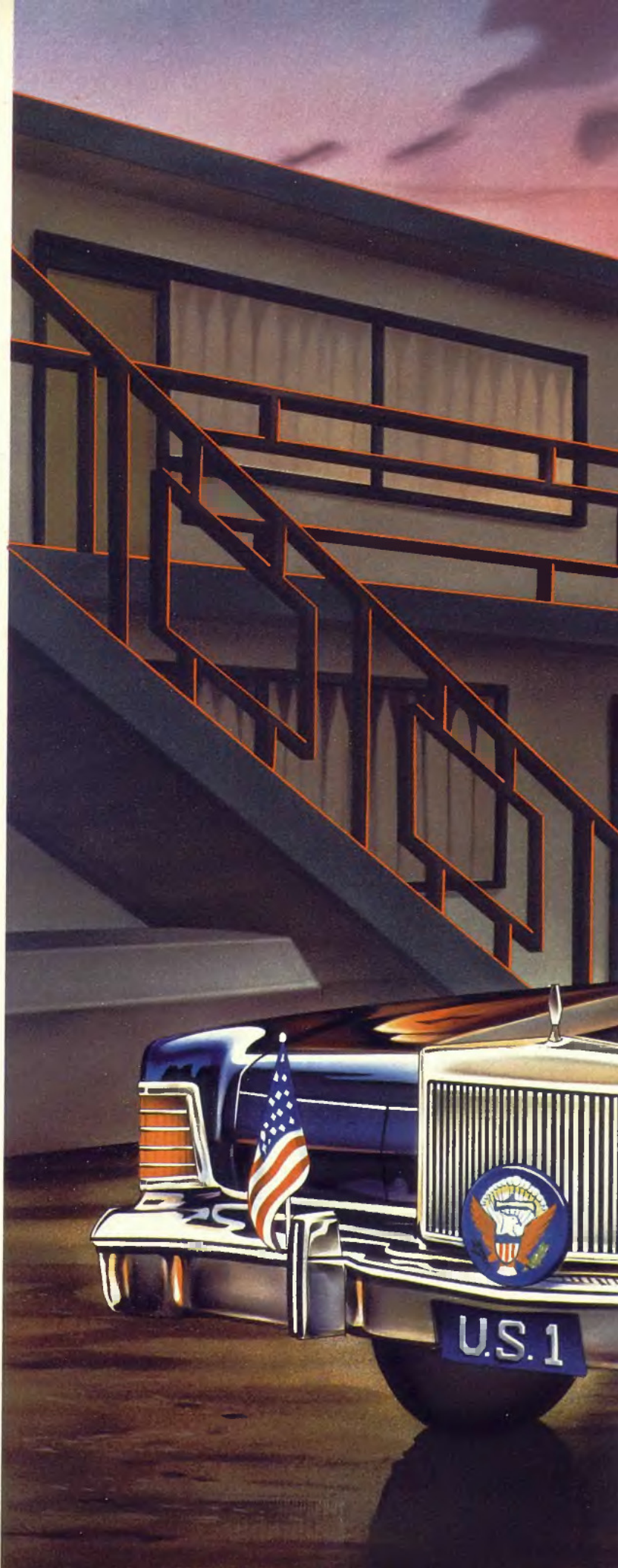
By MAX LERNER

EROS AND POWER

a lifetime of close-up president watching leads to some essential conclusions about the lure of the office and the lusts of the men who've occupied it

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY tells a ferocious story—of the ferocity with which each man has pursued and held on to power. It is a scarring story—of scars given and received by each President. It is an erotic story, not alone in the case of the Presidents whose private sexual lives have been made public but even more in the basically erotic relationship that somehow operates between an American President and the people. It is a magical story, because by its nature the Presidential function is that of a shaman, and people never cease to hope that the President will cast a spell on the nation's enemies and deliver it from its agonized problems and dilemmas.

This is a chronicle of the six Presidents in my life—Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. It has little intimate or “inside” stuff in it and no great revelations. They were men I talked and argued with and wrote about and reflected on. As a columnist, I had to cope with their decisions, castigate them for their





sins of omission and commission, weep publicly over their failures and rejoice just as publicly at their successes.

Each of these Presidents left scars on our history, just as his experience left scars on him. Each had a character amalgam of ferocity and guile. And the element of the erotic and shamanistic pervaded the atmosphere around them, even in the case of Harry Truman, whose character and values were square and who had little visible charisma. Whatever other sexual involvements they had, their true sexuality was with the Presidency. Their relation to Congress, to their staff, to the people themselves, was one of constant seductiveness. A President is at once seduced by the Presidency and is its seducer. He woos, and is wooed by, the admiration of the people. Whatever his enchantments with women, they are bound to be secondary, for every woman in a President's life knows that if his hunger for her competes with his hunger for power, it is power that will win.

Franklin Roosevelt was probably the greatest President of the century, and certainly the greatest magus of them all, in the sheer wizardry of his combination of smiles and wiles with power—Machiavelli's lion and fox together. I got at him through two of his Brain Trust, Tom Corcoran and Sam Rosenman, whom he affectionately dubbed Tommy the Cork and Sammy the Rose.

Each of the four times he ran, I voted for him, at first with my fingers crossed, the three other times with mounting commitment. I came to believe in the Roosevelt karma and was touched by the fire of enchantment in him, as happens with all erotic seductions. I saw that Roosevelt had unimaginably come at the right time, to show Americans and the world that, whatever ailed capitalist democracy, the remedy and recovery would come from within. It was a hard lesson, but Americans learned it and I think it stayed learned.

I got to know Eleanor Roosevelt before I had any talk with her husband. We were both constantly in motion and were thrown together in that dervish dance of unending committee meetings and that welter of liberal causes and do-gooder letterheads that marked the New Deal faithful. (Years later, in the McCarthy era, I came under deadly suspicion from the Wisconsin Senator because many of those letterhead organizations were left-wing "fronts.") During the Spanish Civil War, we were both passionately committed to the Loyalist cause, and we shared a sense of dismay at Roosevelt's power politics. At a public dinner, just before I gave a speech, I recall her whispering: "Don't pull your punches. We've got to light some

fires under Franklin." That was the kind of woman she was.

It taught me that a President had to be two persons—one to stir people by his fire, the other to stay within the reality principle. At times, Roosevelt played both roles; at others, he needed Eleanor to do the moving and prodding.

I wrote my first book in 1938, *It Is Later than You Think*, with the subtitle "The Need for a Militant Democracy." My publisher sent the proofs to Tommy the Cork, who was both F.D.R.'s idea man and his hatchet man. Tommy marked them up for the President to read. He warmed my heart and vanity by reporting that the President had been impressed. I was very young, and for weeks I walked about, dazed by my self-image as one of the movers and shakers. The reality, of course, was that F.D.R.'s decisions came from a whole mosaic of pressures on him. But I do think that the book confirmed him in his feeling that some of the younger men would support a greater urgency in both domestic and foreign policy.

Part of the book's fallout was a long afternoon talk I had with F.D.R. at Hyde Park. I recall driving up from New York in a battered car. But I felt no malaise about its appearance, because everything around Roosevelt—since he was an aristocrat, not an *arriviste*—had a simplicity that put you at your ease.

Roosevelt called me his "philosopher." Sitting at his usually cluttered desk, leaning back, his famous cigarette holder between his teeth, he looked as if he had all the time in the world for the young editor turned professor with unruly hair and rumpled clothes, who said he didn't want to press him on the trivia of the day but wanted to talk about first and last things. We discussed the Nazi threat, the potential alliance with Europe, the need for collective security, the nature of the Presidency, the creative relation between a President and the people. Above all, we talked about power and public opinion in the struggle between a militant democracy and a militant totalitarianism. "They have the propaganda of the word," he said, "but we have the propaganda of the deed."

When a staff member came in to end the interview, F.D.R. said, "Go away. We're talking philosophy"—which won me forever, even though I knew it was another instance of his political seductiveness. He was not an intellectual, nor did he have much depth. But he didn't go beyond his depth. There was an almost perfect fit between his intuitive sense of action and power and his antennae for picking up ideas and phrases that—whatever their source—he made his own.

Rarely has a President shown such skill of maneuver and of confidence—

the fox and the lion—in so messy a muddle of events. It made me, along with many others, support Roosevelt in his unparalleled bid for a third and later a fourth term. And when Sammy the Rose, his speechwriter, asked me to do a draft for one of the President's campaign speeches, I did it cheerfully, though my impassioned sentences came out mangled and scarcely recognizable in the final version.

Roosevelt proved a first-rate Commander in Chief. We all became military strategists in World War Two. But toward the end—exhausted, disease-ridden, the sharp edge of his mind dulled—his military decisions had a political fallout that gave the Russians a postwar empire over half of Europe. Eventually, he caught on to the gravity of what he had done, and he spent the tail end of his last term in a postwar effort to hem in Stalin, hoping too late to undo what he had done.

But first he wanted to get the war with Japan over quickly. In a recent book, *My Parents*, James Roosevelt reports that his father planned to use a mysterious new weapon (whose nature he couldn't reveal even to his son) against Japan. But with all his fierce energy and will and optimism, death didn't spare him long enough either to remedy his miscalculations on the Russians or to make the final decision on Japan. Thus, his death ushered in both the Cold War and the atomic age.

Looking back at Roosevelt, and given his knowledge of his own physical condition, one of the things that troubled me was why he ran for a fourth term in 1944. He was a battered, spent man. When he was struck by polio, he had forced himself to re-enter public life and became governor of New York. With the inspired help of Louis Howe, he fought his way to the Presidency, picking the right year—1932—to make his bid. He presided over the tumultuous Thirties, winning a second term more decisively than the first. In 1940, with the war on in Europe, he convinced himself that only his leadership could achieve American unity in a "sick world—forged into unity by rings of fire." But by 1944, thanks largely to Roosevelt's conduct of the alliance, the war's outcome was no longer in doubt.

The point is that Roosevelt wanted to preside over the peace as he had presided over the war. A President who has drunk a deep and long draught of power doesn't give it up until death or the Constitution forces him to.

When the killer stroke found F.D.R. at Warm Springs, he was with his love of many years back, Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd, who was spirited out of the compound to evade the press. I had learned

(continued on page 210)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight



Above: Seiko's LC Digital Quartz Pocket Alarm shows continuous readout of time, plus secondary readout of alarm setting, \$95. A 400-day clock that tells time world-wide, \$390, and a pair of 14-kt.-gold and onyx cuff links, \$400, both from Tiffany.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA



Above: This eminently packable Clairol 1 for the Road compact hair drier features 120/220 dual-voltage settings, three heat levels, three speeds, by Clairol, \$26.99.



Above: The Tasco spotter scope features a 60mm fully coated objective lens and microfine adjustments for altitude and azimuth control, \$349.95, including tripod.

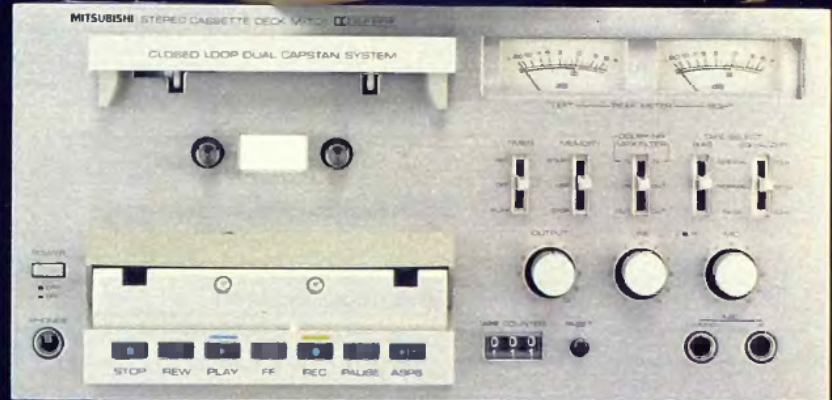


PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Left: Two stainless-steel Alessi trays—one with a removable fish/vegetable grate, \$50, the other with a removable crystal dish (not shown), \$40, both from Maurice Duchin.



Below: Astatic's streamlined Model 1104CM base-station C.B. microphone of good-looking hard-impact plastic is powered by a single nine-volt battery, \$110.

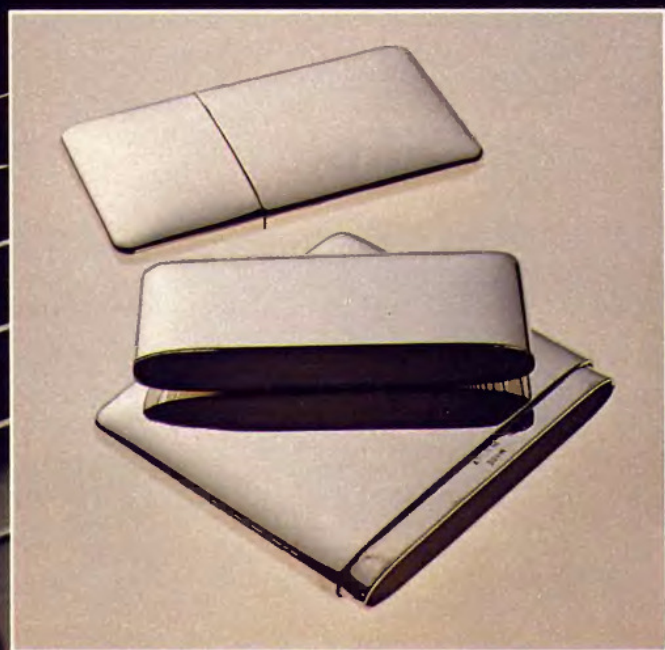


Above, top to bottom: Koss Pro/4 Triple A stereophones, \$75, sit atop four compact hi-fi units that include Model M-T01 stereo-cassette deck, \$560, Model M-F01 FM Stereo Tuner featuring five-band variable condenser, \$340, Model M-P01 Stereo Preamplifier, \$370, and Model M-A01 stereo power amplifier that delivers 70 watts per channel, \$500, all by Mitsubishi.



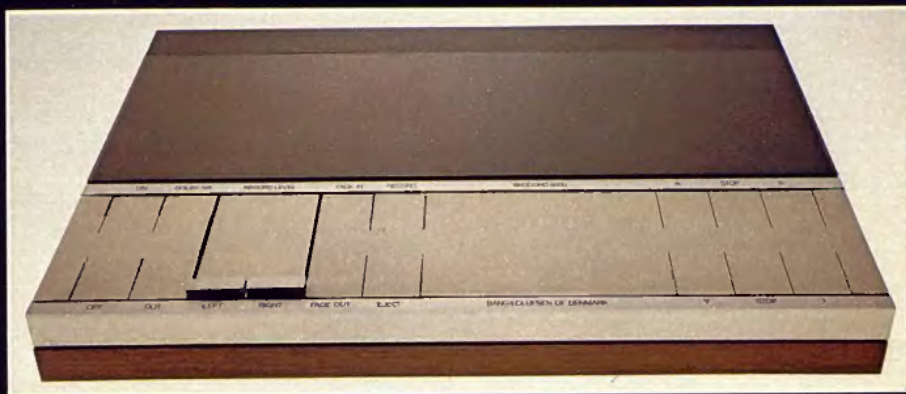
Left: Sony's Network Control Dictation System does everything but sit on your lap—it records when you speak, stops when you stop, has a recording time of 18 hours on 24 cassettes that fit into a front-loading carousel, even gives you a printed record for each cassette, \$4495.

Below: For the well-heeled puffer, two Italian-made sterling-silver "smokes" cases, by Carrico Designs, \$70 and \$110.



PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Right: The Beocord 5000 cassette recorder has many features, including an automatic head demagnetizer, electronic fade control and a touch-sensitive control panel, by Bang & Olufsen, \$595.



Left: Jacuzzi's Prima VI whirlpool bath features a reclining back rest, skid-resistant contoured bottom and three fully adjustable recessed whirlpool inlets, \$1520. (The ceramic tile is from the American Olean Tile Co.)



Above: Café Salton Espresso Machine makes two to four cups of regular coffee, two to eight of espresso or cappuccino, by Salton, \$150.

EROS AND POWER (continued from page 204)

"Truman didn't flirt with the people nor treat them as a practiced lover treats a woman—with cajolery."

earlier, from some press friends, about F.D.R.'s affair with the glamorous, gentle young woman who had been Eleanor's social secretary when F.D.R. was in Washington during World War One. Eleanor discovered the affair and it ended their sexual relations in marriage. F.D.R. had other sexual relationships to fill the void and hunger that were within him despite his life of power. Roosevelt's sons, Elliott and James, bear conflicting witness to a long-enduring affair with his secretary, Missy LeHand. My own guess is that it took place but was an affair of propinquity, not a passionate love. That surely applies to his other affairs as well, including one with my former publisher on the *New York Post*, Dorothy Schiff, which she told me about years ago.

Presidents share with other men of power complex feelings about women. Because the public fanfare is so loud and so unrelenting, they need the constant private support that sexual variety provides. A President's life is a massive glory trip. With so much exposure to the public when he must control himself, he seems to need the contrast of the intensely private, when he can let himself go, and if he can't find it in his marriage bed, he must find it somewhere else. With the world telling him he is a god, he needs constant proof that he is also a man. With the specter of death hovering over him, he welcomes the orgasmic explosion that tells him he is alive and validates his public persona by private triumph. The fact that Roosevelt's legs were withered and crippled made this validation all the more important.

Roosevelt's one and true love was Lucy Mercer, who later (when marriage proved impossible for them) became Mrs. Ruth-erford. But the course of true love was cruelly interrupted by his political ambition, which consumed him more than love did—as it has every President and Presidential aspirant.

Of my six Presidents, only Harry Truman had a true love in marriage. He was an exception in another respect as well. Alone of the six, he had no ambitions for the Presidency until he found himself in it by Roosevelt's death. But then he had his own love affair with it and wanted to stay for a new full term, to show he could get elected on his own and to consolidate his policies.

Things went hard for him. He took on the decision to drop the bomb over Hiroshima, then Nagasaki, and suffered the

fallout of criticism, though he claimed never to have lost a night's sleep over it. (I later concluded—alas, not at the time—that he would have done better to lose many.) After a decade that saw Truman's rise in the estimate of historians, he is for the moment lower on the totem pole. The younger historians feel he had a chance, while America had a monopoly on it, to give the bomb to a world agency and make a genuine peace with the Russians. But it would have taken two to make the bargain, and Stalin—sitting on top of the pyramid of his postwar power in Europe—was in no mood to give up his rising arc of power and make a genuine settlement with the despised West.

Early in Truman's tenure, I went to see him at the White House, along with Jimmy Wechsler, my editor at the *New York Post*. He sat there in the Oval Office like a bantam cock in a bustling barnyard, newly arrived amidst the din and disarray around him, a bit bewildered but all the more combative for that reason. There was a crackling briskness about him, not of the corporate executive but of the farmer or small-town shopkeeper who wants to get the chores done and the business of the day dispatched with the fewest words and with minimal nonsense. I was young and foolish enough to be less than impressed.

I had a bad dry spell in my feelings about Truman between 1946 and the summer of 1948. I shared it with most of my liberal friends, who felt the gap between Roosevelt as the great dead father figure and this ordinary little man from the Pendergast precincts who appointed generals and cronies to important posts. But Truman, undaunted, won the 1948 nomination despite us, and his acceptance speech at the convention made most of us in the press section jump up on the benches to cheer his fighting words. The "ordinary" little man proved to be an extraordinary man, with guts and insight and vision. Although I had declared for Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, when confronted by the voting machine in the polling booth, I found myself—to my own surprise—voting for Truman.

He had a hard second term, with the Chinese Revolution (the right-wingers blamed him for "losing" China), the Hiss case, the bomb-secrets scare, the McCarthy sinister silliness about subversives, the Korean War, the challenge of General Douglas MacArthur to civilian authority. He surmounted them all. He knew what he wanted, he developed a feel for the

power and influence he needed to achieve it, and he had an inner well of confidence in himself that he conveyed to those around him. He was a cocky little man, but for all his bluster, it was a quiet cockiness: "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

Truman didn't have the ferocity of personal will that was bottled up in other Presidents—Roosevelt and Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon. He was not a driven man. But when there was a contest of wills in a showdown—between himself and MacArthur, for example—it wasn't Truman's will that faltered. He communicated this to the nation. It knew who was in charge: "The buck stops here." And because they knew, their basic confidence as a people didn't falter, and they decided not to get out of history's kitchen. Thus, the Truman years, which were turbulent enough, strike us in retrospect as years of national confidence.

In his squareness, he had none of the magus appeal of Roosevelt. He didn't flirt seductively with the people nor treat them as a practiced lover treats a woman—with flattery, cajolery and alternating tenderness and strength. His style was rather that of the bantam fighter, and the times when the people responded to him were when they saw their own fighting qualities in him, enlisted on their side: "Give 'em hell, Harry!"

I got to know Eisenhower on his campaign train and plane, in 1952. A *New York Post* investigative reporter had dug up the story of the "Nixon fund"—a kitty put together secretly by a group of California industrialists to help out their man in the Senate. Having won the Presidential nomination, Ike had picked Nixon for the second spot because he was young, articulate and had tracked down Alger Hiss. That was Ike's way of uniting both wings of his party, since Nixon had become a darling of the conservatives. Now Ike was irritated at being burdened with the albatross of a possible corruption scandal. Faced with the question of how he felt about the charges, Ike answered with a heartfelt mixture of homily and bromide, saying he would have to be satisfied that Nixon was "clean as a hound's tooth." As the *Post* representative on the train, at every conference Ike held with us, I pushed hard on the Nixon story—perhaps too hard. At one point, Ike burst out, "Either Lerner gets off the train or I will." I did, because I had a lecture date to fill, but not until I had watched Nixon do his historic "Checkers" speech on TV, insisting that none of the fund's money had gone into his dog's care or his wife's cloth coat or his modest home.

During an interval of friendliness between the candidate and myself on the



"Next year, we're going to have a sensible Christmas."

campaign trip, we had a curious conversation. Ike alighted from the plane at one of the stops, saw me coming down the ramp and motioned to me to join him. We walked about slowly, talking, when suddenly Ike stopped, faced me, seized my arm and held it for a moment. "You liberal fellows," he said, "don't think much about my mind." I started to blurt out something about his having us wrong. "No," he said, "I know you don't." Then a slight pause as his blue eyes sought me out. "But you know," he said, "there's something more important than the mind." Again, the slightest pause. "And that's the heart."

I can't remember what I said to that. I do recall feeling vaguely uncomfortable, as one feels about having something confided to him more intimate than is warranted by the relationship. After a long pause, Ike went on to talk of how he felt about his war experience with the Germans and the Russians, and about the Nazi camps for Jewish victims.

I was in a fiercely rationalist phase of my life. I was a liberal Democrat and a partisan. In the contest between the head and the heart—for a man who would guide the destinies of an imperium—I felt the emphasis on the heart was weak and mawkish. I was sure that Ike's opponent and my political hero, Adlai Stevenson, would know how to put head and heart in their proper ranking.

Later, telling the story, I always got a laugh at the naïve general who preferred the politics of the heart to the politics of the mind. But looking back, I suspect the laugh proved to be on us, not on him. What Ike had meant to say to me—though I wasn't open to it at the time—was that even in a power game like politics, it was a sense of restraint and decency that counted. His reference to his German experience, including the overrunning of the Nazi cremation camps—in part, spoken to me as a Jew—was also meant to suggest what happened when simple decency was lacking and the politics of hate took over.

What made our conversation the more poignant was that, for all his occasional display of temper, Ike was something of a cold fish in his public life. He never liked Nixon and several times he was at the point of shelving him if he had not mustered public support. He fired his Chief of Staff for Domestic Affairs, Sherman Adams, when he got into the "vicuña coat" scandal. He hoarded rather than spent his prestige as a war hero and world figure. He watched his popularity curve and kept it high by his above-the-battle stance. He survived two serious illnesses, including a heart attack, and was re-elected despite them. MacArthur called him "the best clerk who ever served me," and Ike countered that he had "studied dramatics" under MacArthur.

Eisenhower was no activist President, and the official liberal President raters gave him low scores on energy and effectiveness. But in later years, during the turmoil of the Kennedy and Johnson periods, the President watchers felt nostalgic for the Eisenhower years. Eisenhower had seen enough wars to make him stay out of any more. He went into office with the promise to end the Korean War ("I shall go to Korea" was how speechwriter Emmet Hughes put it for him).

In his sexual life, as well, the traditional moral code faltered and gave way. Ike's affair with Kay Summersby, the Irishwoman who was his London wartime driver, was bound to leak through into the newspaper world. I heard about it very early from two sources—a CBS friend of Harry Butcher's, who was Ike's naval aide and close social companion, and from a tough reporter who made a specialty of knowing where all the political bodies were buried. During the 1952 campaign, there were reports that a book by the lady was being hawked among American publishers with no willing takers. It didn't endear her to Ike.

Years later, after Eisenhower's death and before her own death from cancer, Miss Summersby wrote her final account of her affair with the famous general and President. It had an element of heartbreak—the story of a soldier away at the wars and thrust suddenly to the lonely heights of world fame, of a pretty, high-spirited girl whose fiancé had been killed in the fighting, of the enchantment each felt, she with his aura of authority and command, he with her youth and verve, of the gathering tenderness they gave each other, of the ménage they set up, of his plans for divorce and remarriage. The narrative is skimpy where one looks hardest for the details that would give a greater emotional reality to this wartime encounter and wooing. But enough is there for us to guess what it meant, not only for the obscure driver but also for the commander in chief of the European Theater.

There is no good psychohistory of Eisenhower. But the thrust of the conflicting forces in him is clear enough. His was in many ways the classic story of a love affair between a middle-aged, emotionally starved man and his young and admiring secretary-aide. Even the storybook clash is there between the traditional ethic he inherited and the world of possibility opening for him.

At one point in her narrative, Kay relates a conversation in which Ike spoke of his troubled life with his wife and apologized for his sexual impotence. It is hard to guess at Kay's motives—perhaps bitterness at Ike's breaking off the affair, perhaps (as she insists) to keep the historical record straight, perhaps mostly

to affirm that she could have made this great man happy. My guess is that the impotence story is overdramatized, probably by the ghostwriter, but that Kay did have subtleties in lovemaking that were new to the general.

As the story is told, via Harry Truman, Ike went so far as to write to General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, to say that he wanted a divorce. Marshall, whose rootedness in the traditional ethic was deeper than Ike's, and who couldn't imagine anyone subordinating his soldierly duty to a personal hedonism, cabled back a peremptory "No"—and is reported to have added, "This is an order." The story is that Truman later pulled the documents out of the file and destroyed them.

In the end, with whatever tumults of rebellion and resignation, Eisenhower broke off the affair. (In a volume of Ike's *Letters to Mamie*, edited by his son, Brigadier General John Eisenhower, Ike kept reassuring Mamie that there was no basis for the gossip. Understandable, but scarcely convincing.) At that moment, too, much was at stake for the whole Western alliance. Later, when he returned to a hero's welcome in New York and the clamor grew for him to run for the Presidency, ambition took over.

Quite possibly, by that time the bloom was off the romance, the enchantment gone. There is a pathetic scene in the Summersby narrative, telling how she tried in vain to reach Ike by phone when he was president of Columbia, and then by chance ran into him on the steps of the administration building. Ike was adamant, scolded her sharply and told her never to try to reach him again. Clearly, he was determined to close that chapter, whatever it had once meant to him. His career was to move on to the turbulent nomination fight, the election victory, his eight years of summit power, his illnesses, his closing anticlimactic years at Gettysburg, the world plaudits at his death. I can see a scriptwriter someday tackling the Eisenhower life scenario. Whatever he omits, he will include this scene of the general and the driver—once lovers, now strangers, in their desolating encounter on the college steps.

It was the Presidency that cast its shadow in advance and that triumphed. The comparison with Roosevelt and Lucy Mercer comes to mind. That was a less clear-cut decision, because Franklin had given his promise to Eleanor to wait a year and think it over, and before the end of the year, the polio attack closed off any choice for either of them.

In Eisenhower's case, there was a chance for a choice, at least outwardly. In fact, no one could resist the lure of Presidential power. It wasn't a balked
(continued on page 312)

*when you enter the holy state
of matrimony, be prepared
to share everything with your wife*

I DO!



*when you enter the unholy state
of divorce, be prepared
to give everything to your ex-wife*



**WHO GETS SCREWED
IN A DIVORCE?**

I DO!



article

By ASA BABER

IF YOU ARE AN American male, and if you get married, the chances are approximately one out of two that you will eventually get divorced. If you sue for custody of your children, the odds are very much against your winning. In some states, only two percent of the men in divorce actions ever gain custody of their children. The national average is something like four men out of every 100 getting custody, and at least two of those four are simply handed the children at their wives' request.

You can also count on paying your ex-wife's court costs and at least some of her attorney's fees—almost 98 percent of the men in divorce settlements do. There will be

other payments as well. Property will have to be divided and, in some cases, alimony will be awarded. Debts accumulated during marriage will have to be sorted out, and it is probable that you will have to absorb most of them.

After your divorce, if your ex-wife plays games with your visitation rights and does not permit the children to see you, there is only one chance in a million that she will be jailed for such behavior. Should you, in retaliation, withhold alimony or child support from her, the chances are much better that you will be jailed. You might also lose your visitation rights.

You probably will not be very healthy or stable after your divorce. You will be about three times more prone to suicide than your ex-wife.

After divorce, men are much more vulnerable to mental illness and self-destructive physical diseases such as cirrhosis of the liver. Dr. Stephen Johnson of the University of Oregon is doing research in the area of divorce and mental health. "There's no doubt about it," he says. "Men take divorce much harder than women. Divorced men seem to have higher rates of mental illness and suicide than do divorced women."

Having lost your home and your children and your financial equity, for a time you may have a self-image that looks like contortions in a fun-house mirror. But to top it all off, you will be less apt than your ex-wife to seek any kind of professional counseling.

"It's obvious to me that women come to get help much more often than men," Dr. Johnson says. "I'd guess nine women for every man; something like that. Men just can't admit they need help." Johnson's book *First Person Singular* is designed to lead both men and women toward "living the good life alone."

"I wouldn't want to be a man today," says Joanne Saunders, one of the best divorce lawyers in Chicago. She is divorced herself. She looks like Joan Rivers and she has the same quick wit. She has handled hundreds of divorce cases for men, and she doesn't like what she sees.

"God help the poor bastards," she says, shaking her head. "There's women's lib for women, but what have men got? Gay rights?" She laughs. "I work two areas of the law: divorce and labor negotiations. And I'll tell you this. I'd rather argue with an angry labor leader than with an angry wife." She fans herself and fakes an attack of the vapors. "And I'll tell you this. It's a lot of crap that women are automatically better parents than men. Especially those women who have to keep their kids in order to prove something or to punish the guy. Today

they do it under the label liberated woman. Unh-unh. Not in my book. They get custody and then they turn around and work like hell on their careers, leaving the kids to watch TV. That's not being liberated. That's getting it both ways."

Her final thought is loaded with possibilities. "We should handle divorce the same way we handle labor negotiations. That's all it is, anyway: a negotiation. There's no blame and there's no guilt, and you've got two people who have blown it and they may have kids. OK. Just settle up. Sit across the table and hire some mediators and bargain. 'You get this/I get that.' Move the whole thing out of this morality-religious-legal thing and into a negotiating session." She stops and thinks. "But as for being a man today?" She laughs again. "Honey, you can have it."

"One of the biggest struggles I had," says a recently divorced man, "was to recognize that I had a problem. That may sound stupid, but it's the truth. My marriage was in terrible shape. I was cheating on my wife and she was cheating on me. It was a bitter household. But neither one of us had the energy or the guts to change anything. So, as I look back on it, I think the crucial question for most men is this: When are you going to admit that your marriage is not going well? When are you going to get your head out of the sand and your ass out of the air? I mean, I was an ostrich for ten years. I can't believe it now, but it's the truth."

Men are reluctant to admit to failure. They often pretend that all is well in the palace when, in fact, the walls are crumbling about them. So the obvious first step in any solution to the problem is the admission that there is a problem.

If that first step is taken, there is an ideal scenario. It is not impossible that both husband and wife will be free from self-righteousness and vengeance. The divorce can occur without the usual rancor. Male and female can split the spoils of marriage and agree to terms and go their separate ways. *Perfecto!* No big legal fees. No recriminations. Two adults in a relatively sane world who understand that people change and honeymoons end and legalized affairs run their course. What could be better, given the circumstances?

If you are young and unburdened by property and children, your chances for a peaceful divorce are better than for those people who have invested more time and energy and resources in their marriage and who, therefore, feel more threatened by its collapse.

Let's do some assuming. Let's say that at this point you are filled with confusion and guilt but that you don't quite

know what to do about it. Your marriage is not going well. You are trapped in a dishonest relationship, but you are afraid to admit it. Your wife claims you are a monster who is unfit to live with. If you have children, they are being told by her that you have never appreciated them and that you are not to be trusted. You come home one day and find a canceled check in the mail indicating that your wife has retained a lawyer. The bank balance shows that she has withdrawn all the funds from your joint account. You know that you are spending as much time away from home as you can and that you are drinking too much. Your professional life is suffering from your split energies. Your sense of identity is not what it used to be. After all, you were raised to be *perfect*. You are supposed to be a provider for women and children, a guardian and advisor and protector, a wolf at the mouth of his cave. But here you are, mucking around in self-pity and chaos, frightened, uncertain of where to turn or what to do. You ask yourself: If John Wayne could take Two Jims singlehandedly, why do you have trouble climbing your own steps?

What do you do? Where do you go?

After talking with hundreds of people in the field—lawyers, judges, social workers, psychiatrists, teachers, psychologists, clergy, doctors, writers, divorced people themselves and their children—I've found that there are some specific pieces of advice for men that seem to apply almost universally.

One refrain sounds consistently through all advice: *Talk to somebody*. Don't bottle up your problems and play the big brave warrior. Talk to a person, any person, preferably someone who has heard it all before and recognizes the dreary sameness in your melodrama. You are not alone. Many of us have been there. Try to remember that.

Dr. Harry Whiteley is a psychiatrist in private practice in Chicago. His office is a comfortable place that looks more like a private den. A paperback copy of *Sexual Suicide* is on his desk. Dr. Whiteley is a lean man with reddish hair and a trim beard. When he speaks, there is an air of kindness about him.

"Men have terrible troubles in divorce," he says. "A while ago, I was in a friendly neighborhood poker game. You know, we'd meet once a week and play for small stakes and just enjoy one another. One by one, there was this steady erosion of people as the guys got divorced. They didn't call or come by. They dropped out. Period. They became invisible. It seemed to me they gave up the support of the community. I was amazed."

(continued on page 230)



FEASTING WITHOUT FUSS

how to host a yuletide bash without getting snowed under

CHRISTMAS DINNER, with one's friends circling the festal board, is a close encounter of the tenderest kind. And you want it to be an epicurean extravaganza—a jubilation of the taste buds, an exultation of the senses. But catered affairs are rather impersonal—and the alternative, making yourself a wretched kitchen slavey, defeats the object of a holiday get-together. Seasoned hosts know there's another option—an artfully conceived menu. The one we've created is full of gustatory thrills and luxurious touches with, here and there, an unexpected treat. Preparation is undemanding and much of it can be done well in advance, liberating the host from pesky last-minute chores so he can participate in the revelry and be virtually a guest at his own bash.

The suggested prolog is an arrangement of bivalves, flanked by chilled *fino* and *brut* champagne. George Morfogen, seafood buyer at the Grand Central Oyster Bar Restaurant, suggests an assortment

from among blue points, box oysters, Chincoteagues, Malpeques, cotuits and cherry-stone or little-neck clams—along with any local specialty such as Olympia oysters on the West Coast. Eight per person is a generous portion. A dab of fresh salmon caviar, a squirt of lime juice and a sting of pepper are all the seasoning you want. Hold the cocktail sauce, please. That's for people who don't really like shellfish.

Our feature attraction, Roast *Contre-filet*, is a cut better known in France. It's actually boneless short loin—the segment from which strip or shell steaks are taken—and it makes an elegant main dish. You'll find it much simpler to handle than steak, and it can be held in a very low oven for at least 30 minutes while the troops enjoy one last round of drinks. The roast calls for a substantial red wine; a vintage cabernet sauvignon is just right.

Accompany the roast with a Bountiful Pilaf, studded with suc-

culent surprises—and a Christmas relish. What's that? A collage of watermelon pickles and spiced crab apples in holiday hues. Arrange them on a handsome centerpiece and it's a decorative eye catcher, too. Other combinations of red and green—cherry tomatoes and green-pepper fingers or red globe radishes and gherkins—may be added or substituted.

Our salad, of Russian descent, is an interesting change from the predictable tossed greens and doubles as a vegetable and salad course, making the salad plate and fork superfluous.

And for dessert, cinnamon-scented Vintner's Pears. They're poached in wine—but it's a simple matter and can be done days before. Complement the fruit with Roquefort Délice or an assortment of Roquefort, *chèvre* and aged cheddar. Flout convention and pour a late-harvest California Riesling with this course. You'll score points for spunk and savvy. Have (continued on page 308)

food and drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG



ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

THERE ARE SIX SECONDS left in the game. Your team is one point down and has an inbounds play at mid-court. Which pro star would you want to get the ball and take the last shot? Or try this scenario: Your team's seemingly comfortable 15-point lead quickly has been whittled down to eight points in the fourth quarter and the team is beginning to panic. Whom do you want to take over, slow things down and set up a play that will turn the momentum around?

Who, in other words, are pro-basketball's clutch players—the supersuperstars who are able to summon up a little bit extra and consistently deliver the big basket, big steal or big rebound when all the cash is on the line?

To get the answer to that question, PLAYBOY contacted the men whose job it is to know such things: the head coaches of the 22 National Basketball Association teams, the men who are on the floor for at least 82 games a season and who know which players can deliver in the clutch and which cannot. The roster of N.B.A. coaches before the

218 *whom would you choose to play on your mythical team in a mythical big-money game?*



start of the 1978–1979 pro-basketball season was as follows: Hubie Brown, Atlanta Hawks; Tom Sanders, Boston Celtics; Larry Costello, Chicago Bulls; Bill Fitch, Cleveland Cavaliers; Larry Brown, Denver Nuggets; Dick Vitale, Detroit Pistons; Al Attles, Golden State Warriors, Tom Nissalke, Houston Rockets; Bob Leonard, Indiana Pacers; Cotton Fitzsimmons, Kansas City Kings; Jerry West, Los Angeles Lakers; Don Nelson, Milwaukee Bucks; Kevin Loughery, New Jersey Nets; Elgin Baylor, New Orleans Jazz; Willis Reed, New York Knickerbockers; Billy Cunningham, Philadelphia 76ers; John MacLeod, Phoenix Suns; Jack Ramsey, Portland Trail Blazers; Doug Moe, San Antonio Spurs; Gene Shue, San Diego Clippers; Lenny Wilkens, Seattle Supersonics; and Dick Motta, Washington Bullets.

We contacted the coaches and asked them to name the five players, among all the 200-plus active N.B.A. performers, whom they would want to start in the most crucial money game of the season at the five starting positions: two forwards, two guards and a center. We also asked them to name the best clutch “sixth man,” the nonregular whom they would most like to have on the bench, ready to spell a starter or rally a sluggish offense in that mythical

we asked the pro-basketball coaches, and some of their answers just may surprise you 219



Center: Bill Walton, Portland Trail Blazers (10 votes)

Walton's presence here bespeaks the coaches' appreciation for the well-rounded talent, over the offensive or defensive standout. Walton exults in the discipline that makes him equally adept at passing, blocking, rebounding, picking and feeding off, as well as scoring. Walton's value in clutch situations is indicated by the fact that in 1977, when healthy, he led Portland to the N.B.A. championship; and in 1978, when he was injured, the Blazers folded in the preliminaries.



Forward: Julius Erving, Philadelphia 76ers (10 votes)

The celebrated Doctor J won an easy victory at the forward position, proving that the coaches don't hold the 'Sixers' recent play-off miseries against him. And why should they? A supershooter who can bust open a game with his slam dunks and outduel virtually anybody one on one, Erving is among the most exciting and intimidating players in N.B.A. annals, and his stats (20.6 points-per-game average, .502 field-goal accuracy last season) only hint of his true genius.



Forward: Rick Barry, Houston Rockets (11 votes)

If the coaches' selection of the veteran Barry is surprising, his position as coach vote getter is more so. Yet last season, Barry won his fourth free-throw championship, was 13th among league scoring leaders, with a 23.1 points-per-game average, and ranked as one of the top N.B.A. forwards in shooting and assists. These stats, plus his intense hard-charging perfectionism, combine to make the University of Miami graduate a top money-game performer.



Guard: David Thompson, Denver Nuggets (5 votes)

Thompson, the man who finished second to Gervin in last year's scoring race, has been more noted recently for the reward for his talent—on \$800,000-per-year contract—than for his talent itself. But Thompson's talents are not disputed, least of all by the N.B.A. coaches (who also gave him four votes at forward)—a deadly series of shots, uncomely agility and a superhuman leaping ability that allows him, at 6'4½", to outjump—and outdunk—most of the league's centers.



Guard: George Gervin, San Antonio Spurs (11 votes)

No surprise here, as the 6'7" San Antonio Ice Man swept in with the votes of half the pro coaches. The reason is partially in the fact that he was the N.B.A.'s leading scorer last season, with a 27.21 per-game average, and partially in the fact that he won that title with a superclutch 63-point performance in the season's final game, to win by six tenths of a percentage point. There are experts who say that Eastern Michigan grad Gervin is the best clutch player in the N.B.A.



Sixth Man: Fred Brown, Seattle Supersonics (6½ votes)

Downtown Freddy Brown was one of the wonders of the N.B.A. last season, averaging 16.6 points over 72 regular-season games, even though he was not a regular member of the starting five (in fact, Brown was second among all Supersonic scorers). And in the championship series, though the 'Sonics lost in seven games, it was Brown who came off the bench to sink a quick series of long-range jumpers and key the three victories that his team did secure.

big-money game. The coaches responded with enthusiasm (we received replies from 21 of the 22 coaches, with one declining to participate for personal reasons) and their choices contained a couple of surprises.

While all of our six winners earn handsome pay checks, a number of today's high-salaried, headline-grabbing performers received not a single vote, including George McGinnis, Bob McAdoo, Doug Collins and Moses Malone, additionally, a number of other top money-makers received only a handful of votes, such as Pete Maravich (three votes), Earl Monroe (four), Marvin Webster (one) and Bob Lanier (one).

The N.B.A. champion Washington Bullets placed no one on the clutch-player team, but their vanquished play-off opponent, the Seattle Supersonics, managed to place one player, sixth-man winner Fred Brown. On the other hand, one of the clutch-player winners was on a team that finished *last*, and another was on a third-place finisher.

The winners of PLAYBOY's first annual Cash-on-the-Line, Clutch-Player All-Star Poll are profiled at left. Other ballots are listed below, by position.

Guard: Brian Winters, Milwaukee Bucks, 4 votes; Fred Brown, Seattle Supersonics, 3; Pete Maravich, New Orleans Jazz, 3; Earl Monroe, New York Knickerbockers, 3; Paul Westphal, Phoenix Suns, 3; Lionel Hollins, Portland Trail Blazers, 2; Randy Smith, San Diego Clippers, 2; Dennis Johnson, Seattle Supersonics, 1; Oscar Robinson, 1; Jerry West, 1; John Williamson, New Jersey Nets, 1.

Forward: David Thompson, Denver Nuggets, 4 votes; Walter Davis, Phoenix Suns, 3; John Drew, Atlanta Hawks, 2; Elvin Hayes, Washington Bullets, 2; Bobby Jones, Philadelphia 76ers, 2; Elgin Baylor, 1; Bobby Dandridge, Washington Bullets, 1; John Havlicek, Boston Celtics, 1; Mickey Johnson, Chicago Bulls, 1; Billy Knight, Boston Celtics, 1; Len Robinson, New Orleans Jazz, 1; Paul Silas, Seattle Supersonics, 1; Bingo Smith, Cleveland Cavaliers, 1.

Center: Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Los Angeles Lakers, 6 votes; Dave Cowens, Boston Celtics, 1; Bob Lanier, Detroit Pistons, 1; Swen Nater, San Diego Clippers, 1; Bill Russell, 1; Marvin Webster, New York Knickerbockers, 1.

Sixth Man: Mitch Kupchak, Washington Bullets, 3½ votes; Paul Westphal, Phoenix Suns, 3; Junior Bridgeman, Milwaukee Bucks, 1; Dave Cowens, Boston Celtics, 1; John Havlicek, Boston Celtics, 1; C. J. Johnson, Washington Bullets, 1; Ron Lee, Phoenix Suns, 1; Earl Monroe, New York Knickerbockers, 1; Charlie Scott, Boston Celtics, 1; Jack Sikma, Seattle Supersonics, 1.

—TERRY CATCHPOLE





"Oh, Mr. Begby, I was just unwrapping your gift."

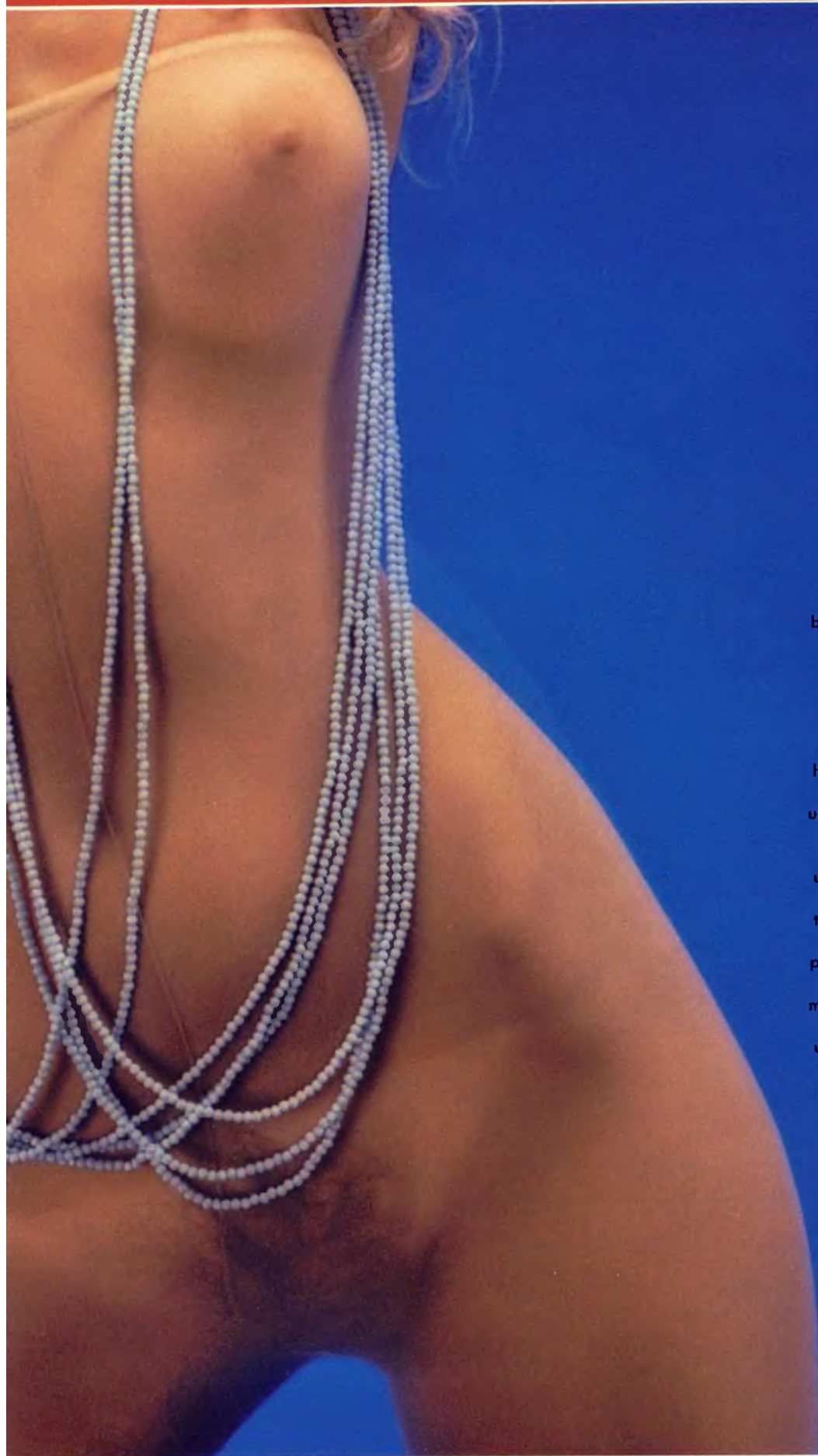
BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

*with today's lingerie,
what you see is what
you'd like to get*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY





The word lingerie used to be confined to the vocabulary of department-store elevator operators and bridal consultants. We thought it was something you took off to get sexy.

Well, not anymore. The high muckamucks of fashion have been raiding the underwear drawers of the 1890s and the 1930s to come up with a sort of undercover *haute couture*.

The new look features tucks, pleats, lace and ruffles in the most delicate pastels in the most delicate places. Black and red make a showing, too. These

collections ignore such utilitarian concerns as fancy boosting and tummy flattening; lingerie is on a trip—and a pretty titillating one, at that. Dear

old Dr. Denton only dreamed about Halston's body stocking on this page. Now his dreams are coming true. It's the kind of underwear you wouldn't mind finding draped across your rod.

Look out, Frederick's of Hollywood, the high-fashion people are hot on your trail.





Modern fabrics, stretchy and sheer, offer minimal coverage. She dreamed she danced all night in her teeny-weeny bra and bikini by Barbara Hulanicki, far left. The set is so small you can cancel it in the palm of your hand. The white-lace bra and panty, top left, is a real French tickler by Charmereine of France. If you think the corset went out with the girls of the Moulin Rouge, guess again. You might say it has staying power, or at least powerful stays. The topless white-lace number, worn with white stockings at left, is by Rose Lewis of London.

You remember tap pants, à la Ruby Keeler? Terrific for the shuffle kick with half turn to the casting couch. Here is some sheer madness (above) from Circa: black tap pants with removable souvenir garters—something to remember her by. Zandra Rhodes presents a short tulle gown, right. A favorite of ballerinas, tulle delicately veils without hiding. Speaking of hiding, look below left.

No, that's not a pair of shoes peeking from under a Henry Moore sculpture. It's a rear view of Hulanicki's sheer body stocking, the front of which takes a stretch below.





Lingerie has become a second skin—a fantasy layer for acting out romance and intrigue. No snuggies here. The conspirators (top) are wearing Emilio Pucci's tiger-lily-orange camisole and Christian Dior's salmon bandeau bra and tap pants. The enchantress above in the black-lace pant and camisole set by Shu-Ba looks like someone Mickey Spillane might have once known. Hold your breath with suspense—the lady is being held by a waist cincher by Lily of France, right. Gilding the Lily are John Kloss's stretch bikini panties.



If your fantasies tend to be more grandiose, pleats and ruffles may be entertaining, and Oscar de la Renta may be your man. Oscar says he designs his robes "not for women of leisure." We'll buy that. Here's an Oscar winner (above and inset) that's sexy enough to be called a ball gown. A ruffle circles the neck and cascades down the side. Zandra Rhoades's pleated tap pants, right, make us want to shuffle off to Buffalo—in a sleeping compartment, naturally.





And now for a brief ending. As you can see, these tap dancers are tied up at the moment, but they did manage to tell us that the pants on the left below are by Fernando Sanchez and the pair above and at right below are by Glydons.



DIVORCE

(continued from page 216)

"As much as it's needed, there is no male equivalent to the National Organization for Women."

After an hour's discussion, Whiteley concludes: "Men are an unexplored area, really. They don't identify their emotions very well. They usually know when they're angry, but they hardly ever can admit to grief. It's hard for them to regress. Hard for them to trust another man in this emotional side of things. I know that I have to fight a certain kind of dread that I feel when I see a male patient who is so locked in that he can't hug or cry or express anything but anger. It can take years of work before some men are willing to be self-expressive at all."

Judge Charles Fleck is a Republican slated by the late Mayor Daley to run for the Cook County Court. He is young and humorous and refreshing and he looks something like the comedian Charlie Callas.

Fleck hears hundreds of divorce cases a year. He thinks many men are paralyzed by fear of failure and that often their best case is never made.

"It's ego," Fleck says. "Men think they are supposed to be the stronger sex. They can't face defeat by their wives, so when it gets to the 'final war,' they'd rather give in and sign a weak divorce agreement than fight a battle they might lose. I see a lot of men who aren't psychologically prepared to fight for the custody of their children. But in today's society, the mother is not automatically the better parent. The father usually loves his children as much as anyone else, and there are many times when he might make the better parent."

Fleck is aware of the antiquated divorce system and all its defects. "Marriage may not even fulfill the needs of society today," he says. "But we're still applying old standards to modern problems. We have a new divorce act here in Illinois that has language in it as to grounds that is 106 years old, taken right out of the act of 1872. The law talks about one spouse doing harm to the other 'by poison or other means.' That's a quote. Traditional practice simply hasn't caught up with the times. The whole system needs to be re-examined." He leans back and stares at the gum-ball machine in the corner. Over his head, there is a sign that reads, **THREE MAY KEEP A SECRET IF TWO ARE DEAD**. Fleck is sitting at his desk, judicial robes on, waiting for the next session. "I don't know," he says again. "I guess I'd have to admit, when it comes right down to it, that the male

may be equal under the dry rubric of the law, but he probably isn't always equal in the way the divorce law is administered. Men who complain about unfair treatment frequently have legitimate complaints.

Fleck's conclusions are echoed by many other people in the system itself: lawyers, psychiatrists, social workers, judges. The male does not fare well in the process they administer.

But as much as it might be needed, there is no national men's-rights group at present. There is no coordinated divorce-reform organization, no male equivalent to the National Organization for Women. Nothing on that order.

What we do have is a growing number of independent divorce-advisory groups designed specifically to meet men's problems. And any man about to go through a divorce should consider joining one.

State by state, city by city, on an inconsistent and unorganized basis, men's-rights groups are being born. Each group seems to operate more or less on its own. Standards and goals vary, but if you shop around a little and compare their stated purposes, you should be able to find something of utility.

Contact several of the groups and ask about their fees, their methods of operation, the size of their membership, etc. (One list of men's divorce-reform groups is printed in *What Every Man Should Know About Divorce*, by Robert Cassidy.) Do this as soon as you think your marriage is heading for divorce. Don't wait until you are in court, because by that time, you might already have made several major tactical errors, and you may be locked into a course of action that you could not have foreseen.

Almost any one of those groups can give you some kind of help. Many of them offer men's rap groups, divorce clinics, newsletters, court observers. They will help you choose a lawyer from their knowledge of the attorneys in town who take some interest in men's rights. How did you plan to pick a lawyer, anyway? "He's a nice guy and I had lunch with him once"? Or "I went to college with him"? Or, perish the thought, "I'll just use my wife's attorney and save on fees"? More than a few men have paid dearly when they've chosen an attorney by word of mouth.

So it is a good thing to be able to use men's-rights organizations for advice and

recommendations. They have not been around in any force for more than a few years. They do not meet with the approval of some of the established order within the divorce system; but they have increased the options for men by helping them, at the least, compare notes about the unfair treatment so many of them receive.

From a brochure of the America's Society of Divorced Men (Elgin, Illinois):

Our main concerns are for our children, justice and our freedom. . . .

We believe that contemporary marriage and divorce practices do not permit men to marry with any reasonable degree of safety. In practical fact, we are in custody of our wives, or ex-wives, and in practical fact, we are only tenant fathers, almost wholly subject to the whims of women, the legal profession and the courts.

We have an EQUAL RIGHT to the custody of our children, if we enforce it. We do not have to pay alimony to undeserving spouses if we assert our rights! We do not have to be jailed for divorce debts, or pay opposing lawyers before the fault is proven, or stand for being removed from our children and our homes upon unproven, often perjured complaints.

That is helpful language to the man who is going through a divorce. He needs to know that he has some rights. He needs help in remembering the basics. Perhaps if he is reminded of those things and if he is given some help and advice along the way, he will be less likely to become one of the statistics mentioned at the beginning of this article.

Advice such as this: "If a divorce is pending, a man should *not* move out of his house." So says Richard Templeton, president of A.S.D.M. "The question of whether or not and when you move out of your house is extremely important in a tactical sense," he adds. "A lot of men don't know that. A lot of lawyers don't tell their clients much about that. OK. That is where an organization such as ours comes in. If a man about to go through a divorce contacts us, we can help with his self-defense. We tell him, 'First and foremost, don't move out of the house. No matter how hard your wife makes it on you, you stay. It's your home as much as it is hers. Those are your children as much as they are hers. In most states, you can't be thrown out of your own home without a court order. In Illinois, for example, even if they get the court order, there has to be a hearing within ten days of the action. You have

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"OK, second from the end. Open your coat and give us a 'Ho, ho, ho!'"

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

TO A TV PROGRAMER



Night by night and show by show,
You've pulled off rating coups,
And Charlie's Angels any day
May anchor network news.
To fault you for such lightweight fare
Would be elitist niggling,
So here's a Christmas Emmy for
The Year's Best All-Round Jiggling.



TO THE KING OF
THE DANCE FLOOR

Since first you saw that movie,
You have been a disco freak;
Your fever starts on Saturday
And rages through the week.
This new obsessive craze of yours
Has been a little jolting;
You used to be a modest guy
And now you are Travolting.
Well, please don't think we're Philistines
Or that you don't excite us,
But, frankly, who can tell your act
From terminal St. Vitus?

TO THE QUEEN OF THE ORGY



Our night with you was so sublime
It knocked us for a loop.
You were sensational! Unique!
The Goddess of the Group!
We never understood peak sex
Until you made it true, dear.
(We're only vague on one detail:
Which aperture were you, dear?)

verse

By JUDITH WAX



TO THE NEW LITERARY LUMINARIES

Deck the nation's stalls of books
With memoir'd explanations
Long on "how it really was"
And short on revelations.
Nixon, Haldeman, et al.,
Brought home book-sales bacon.
Just think what Tolstoy might have done
If Moscow'd had a break-in!

TO A DESIGNER OF WOMEN'S FASHIONS

Layers, vests and dirndled skirts,
Furbelows and froth,
Every chic creation
Was a plethora of cloth.
Galaxies of gathers,
Multifolded drapes,
Skillfully constructed to
Obliterate all shapes.
Working on the premise
That too much is not enough,
You keep the year's best secret:
There were bodies 'neath that stuff!



Cornelius Cole

DIVORCE

(continued from page 230)

"Many lawyers are cynical about men's rights in divorce when it comes to child custody."

constitutional rights. Don't forget that. You leave the house and you leave the children—unless you decide to take them with you, which is recommended in a lot of cases. But let's say you just leave. The divorce is going to take time. All that time, your children will be living with their mother. You sue for custody. The judge sees that you've been out of the house for six months. The courts don't like to move children around. So goodbye, custody."

Templeton has other suggestions. "On the tactical side, again. Get to the joint account and close it. Cancel all the credit cards. Change the beneficiaries on insurance policies and your will. Make your children the sole beneficiaries so your ex-wife doesn't profit from your death. Fight alimony."

As Templeton sees it, there are four rules for emotional self-protection as a male starts divorce proceedings. "One, contact an organization such as ours; we've been through it before and we know what you are going through. Two, stay out of bars. Three, self-pity is out; try to get rid of it. Four, remember at all times, as hard as it may be, that you have constitutional rights."

It seems safe to say that if you choose a men's-rights group that suits you, your chances of maintaining your self-respect are improved. Whether the organization is called Fathers for Equal Rights or Men's Divorce Reform or Divorced Men's Association, it can give you some insight into the divorce process as it affects men. You will probably feel less alone. You will be able to talk with other men who have gone through what you think is your unique experience. You can profit from their mistakes and listen to their advice.

Having said all of that in support of men's-rights groups, there is one small warning.

Leon Tebo, past president of Divorced Fathers, has some cogent reflections on the problems that some groups can cause if you do not choose wisely:

"Some of the people heading these programs stay too long in the job. They can get bitter and lose perspective. Divorce is an emotionally packed issue and some of the men who work with it day after day can turn every bit as fanatical as the most radical women's-rights groups."

Tebo himself resigned as an officer of

Divorced Fathers for that very reason. "I had my own life to lead," he says. However, he sent out a questionnaire to some of the 80 extant men's-rights groups before he left, trying to see if there were any interest in national coordination. "I got very few replies," he reports. "There is a need for a unified men's-rights movement. But I guess it's not going to happen for a long time. The divorce-reform groups come and go. It's hard to keep track of all of them. But it's possible that even the far-out ones may be of some help to a guy getting a divorce."

The message is simple. Join a men's-rights/divorce-reform organization. *Before* you move out of the house. *Before* you hire a lawyer. *Before* you agree to talk with your wife's lawyer. Join a group of men who have been there and who know something about it. You are entering a system of law and precedence that is a nightmare for most men. While you may still think of yourself as the toughest guy on the block, try to remember that this is not your neighborhood. You haven't even been down this block. You may have a gauntlet to run. Why not take advantage of the few opportunities you have and subscribe to some of the only aid offered?

One of the biggest problems a man faces when he considers divorce is the choice of an attorney. It is not a casual matter. If things are going to be contested, and if a fight looms, the choice of a lawyer can make you or break you. But it is almost impossible for the lay person to judge an attorney's ability and interests. Firmness of grip, clearness of eye, style of dress, professions of sympathy, size of office—none of these makes the perfect barrister for you.

With good reason, many lawyers are cynical about men's rights in divorce, particularly when it comes to questions about child custody. But if you are going to try to win custody of your kids, does it make sense to deal with a defeatist in the matter? Some lawyers will pretend your case is simple and will suggest that the cost will be minimal; but when you get your bill, you will find complications you never imagined.

(It is impossible to estimate in any accurate way what the average divorce costs in terms of attorney's fees. There are "do it yourself" kits that advertise complete services for under \$100;

there are attorneys who publicly claim they can handle cases for about \$150; but the time and charges vary greatly from case to case and from region to region and a divorce usually costs much more. Your best bet is to request an estimate of fees for your particular case and, if possible, to get an agreement that billing will not exceed a certain figure. Finally, should you feel you have been grossly overcharged, do not forget that most bar associations have grievance procedures by which you can contest unreasonable fees.)

Unless you have extraordinary contacts inside the legal profession, you should consider using one of the divorce-reform organizations for attorney references. They probably know the lawyers who have a genuine interest in men's rights. And in using them, you are at least doing better than choosing at random.

"Wait a minute," you might argue. "Why do I need any help now that there's 'no fault' in a lot of states? No fault sounds really simple. Nobody has to blame anybody for anything."

Unfortunately, no fault is a term that is misunderstood by most people. While it can eliminate the need to get up on the stand and lie about supposed wrongdoing on the part of your spouse just to get a divorce, there are many problems it does not solve. The point is that the moment you begin to argue over anything—property, child custody, alimony, etc.—the case tends to revert to the question of fault. And the odds are that you will become involved in such arguments somewhere along the line.

Robert Blackwell, who has written a tough and handy book titled *The Fighter's Guide to Divorce*, says of no fault: "It is supposed to solve everything. It doesn't. It allows one to obtain a divorce, but then other items become the object of litigation."

So you had better be prepared to seek help and to defend yourself under rules and applications of law that have not exactly been kind to men over the years and that have driven many men to fundamental despair.

Merely listing the injustices and continuously chanting our complaints will not do much for any of us. Something else is needed. Divorce reform deserves our energies, but where do we go from there?

The ultimate question has nothing to do with laws or judges or cruel ex-wives. As comfortable as it might be to put the blame elsewhere, we men cannot dodge our responsibility. The overwhelming question is this: How can we find identity and pride and self-worth as men? We

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SWITCHING

fiction By TREVANIAN



in this game of sexual chess, he was out to capture a young piece and she was just learning the moves—by the best-selling author of “the main”

I WAS EITHER THINKING or daydreaming when last call was announced by Sam One and echoed at the far end of the bar by Sam Three. In obedience to the hokey traditions of Rick's Café Americain, a scratchy disc of *As Time Goes By* was put on the turntable to signal the end of another drinking day. The clock read

2:10, which meant it was five minutes before two. It is another tradition at Rick's to set the bar clock ahead 15 minutes to create a little leeway for moving drunks out. All the regulars know this gimmick, so it doesn't work; but that doesn't prevent it from being one of Rick's cherished instant traditions, like

playing *As Time Goes By* and hanging huge blowups of stills from *Casablanca* on the walls and calling all the barmen Sam—this last having a particularly precious embellishment: They are known as Sam One, Sam Three, Sam Five, etc., because someone once described them as an odd lot. (continued on page 250)



SEX STAIRS OF 1978

no longer are the movies the public's main source of dream girls (and guys); meet the multimedia sex symbol

pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD WE HAD a hint of it last year, with the emergence of the *Farrah Fawcett-Majors* phenomenon, but in 1978, for the first time in memory, almost as many of America's reigning sex stars came from the small screen of television as from the big one of the movie theater. This in spite of the fact that what TV offers is mainly titillation; not soft-core sex, let alone hard-core, but mush-core sex—in abundance. What began with *Charlie's Angels* has spread around the dial until there are more handsome men and more beautiful women suggesting more and doing less in prime time than ever before in history.

To join Charlie's three beautiful detectives and those two girls and a guy living together Platonically—with never a good solid kiss among the bunch of them—this season introduced three airline stewardesses, two beautiful investigative reporters, Vegas showgirls and beautiful ladies from outer space and a wide assortment of other ventures designed to fit or imitate program planner Fred Silverman's ideas of a passionate evening. But the public, as they used to say in pulp novels, showed a visible excitement nonetheless.

Without question, **John Travolta** emerged as the year's certifiable sex superstar in films such as *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*, (text continued on page 248)

TRIPLE THREAT: Biggest impacts of the year were scored by a supporting player from a TV situation comedy, a child model and a star who hadn't had a hit for three years. *Welcome Back, Kotter's* John Travolta (opposite) electrified audiences with his performance as a disco king in *Saturday Night Fever*, following that up with *Grease*. Brooke Shields (above right), only 12 when she played a child prostitute in *Pretty Baby*, stirred up an international furor—and landed herself three more movie roles, while Warren Beatty (right), virtually missing since *Shampoo*, came back with a vengeance: co-writing, producing, codirecting and starring in *Heaven Can Wait*.



© 1978 MAUREEN LAMBRAY





PINUP GIRLS: Life-sized likenesses of these ladies are turning the poster business into a multimillion-dollar enterprise; all four have also appeared on TV. Farrah Fawcett-Majors (above left), a hit in the film *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, is back for six *Charlie's Angels* episodes; model Cheryl Tiegs (above right) has become an ABC-TV sportscaster. Topless photography (right) was one of the mildest things uncovered in Suzanne Somers' past, but that only seemed to boost *Three's Company's* ratings. Meanwhile, the folks over at Pro Arts, Inc., have high hopes for their new poster of Cheryl Ladd (left), who replaced Farrah as the third regular *Angel* on TV last year.





HOMECOMERS: Above, the triangle from one of the year's most talked-about movies, *Coming Home*: Jon Voight, the paralyzed Viet vet, Jane Fonda and her gung-ho Marine husband, Bruce Dern. After some media blather over the film's nudity, Dern told *People* magazine that he didn't believe in closing sets during nude shootings: "If you're an actor, you do what's valid." We talked Bruce into practicing what he preached; the result may help him switch from his present psycho-role rut to true sexpot status.



HEAVYWEIGHTS: Speaking of nude scenes, our favorite Jacqueline Bisset story involves the time she wore a nipple-obscuring "modesty tape" and got stuck to her actor partner. (It wasn't for *The Greek Tycoon*, in which she appears at left.) Despite a fling during shooting of *Paradise Alley* (above), Sly Stallone is back with wife, Sasha. Although Diane Keaton (right) is still Woody Allen's favorite leading lady, she's been seeing Warren Beatty frequently.





DYNAMIC & DURABLE: Raquel Welch (seen in rehearsal for her Las Vegas night-club act, above) is, incredibly enough, due to play a 90-year-old Indian in *Walks Far Woman*, an as-yet-unscheduled television miniseries. Another Vegas favorite, Ann-Margret (right), was onscreen in '78 in *The Cheap Detective* and *Magic*; Faye Dunaway (below right) starred in *Eyes of Laura Mars*. James Caan (below), an eligible bachelor once more, starred with Jane Fonda in *Comes a Horseman*.

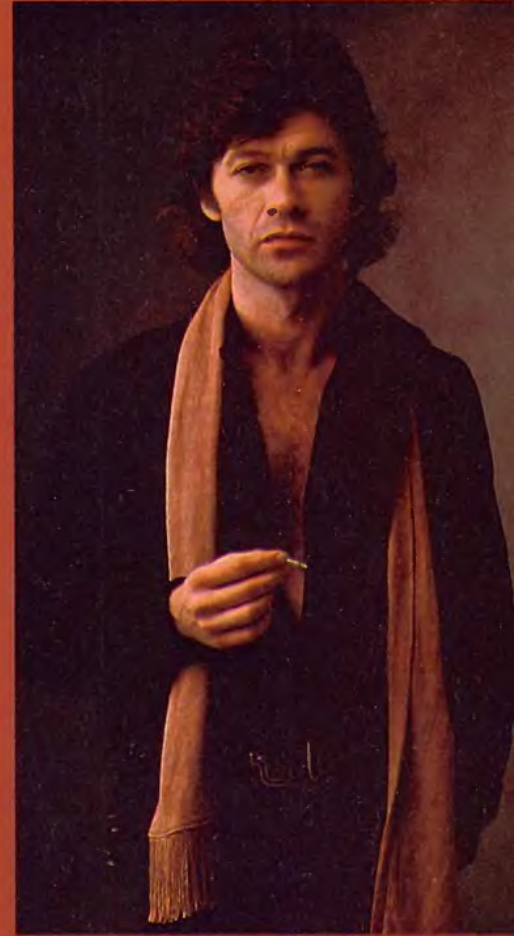


HARRY LANGDON/PRO ARTS, INC.

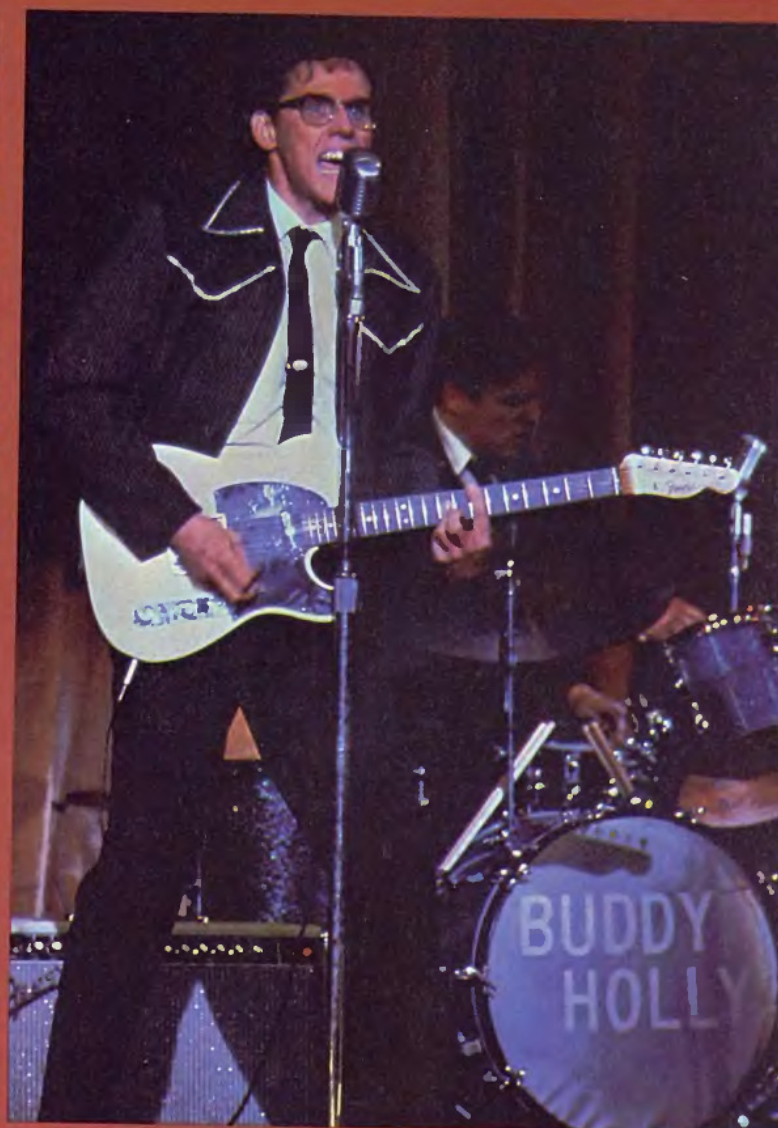




POP ROCKERS: Music is fast becoming a track to sex stardom. Witness (clockwise, from top left) the Stones' Mick Jagger, who after years of rumors finally split from Bianca and is keeping company with Jerry Hall; Rod Stewart, whose ladies we've lost track of (the companion above is February 1977 Playmate Star Stowe); David Bowie, the darling of the bi set; The Band's Robbie Robertson, whose brooding good looks helped pack fans into *The Last Waltz* (but who claims he hates getting up early too much to be serious about a movie career); Australia's Olivia Newton-John, veteran of an on-again, off-again romance with her ex-shoe salesman manager, Lee Kramer; and every teeny-bopper's pulse-quickenng idol, Peter (Sgt. Pepper) Frampton.



KLAUS LUCKA



HOT NUMBERS: Making countless pulses beat faster are Barbara Bach (above left), whose role in the most popular Bond movie yet, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, lifted her from mere "hopeful" status (at the moment she's visible in *Force 10 from Navarone*); Gary Busey, overwhelming in the title role of *The Buddy Holly Story* (above right) after a soso outing in *Big Wednesday* (sorry, ladies, he's been with the same woman 15 years); Frank Langella, seen below right with Anne Sachs in his fantastically successful Broadway production of *Dracula*; and Marjoe Gortner and Candy Clark (left), co-stars of *When You Comin Back Red Ryder?*, who during the filming of that stage-to-screen drama took time to get married—but didn't tell anybody about it for seven weeks. He's due next in *Acapulco Gold*; she is making a sequel to *American Graffiti*.



SUPERTARGETS:

Where would the fan magazines be without movie-star gossip? Among those most frequently in the columnists' sights this year was ballet's Mikhail Baryshnikov, linked with—among many others—his *Turning Point* partner, Leslie Browne (near right); Baryshnikov seems to be doing for the heterosexual image of the *premier danseur* what Warren Beatty, in *Shampoo*, did for that of the hairdresser. Definitely attached in real life have been Burt Reynolds and Sally Field (far right, in a scene from one of their co-starring opuses, *Hooper*); they also made 1978's *The End*.



SUPERTRIO: Stars of the effects-filled *Superman* are Christopher Reeve (left), Margot Kidder (below, looking decidedly unlike Lois Lane) and Valerie Perrine (right) as the evil Eve. Said Kidder during filming of the Christmas-season release: "Most of the time we just stand there, bending to the wind machines while they throw birds past our heads."





PRO ARTS, INC.

TUBE-TESTED: Not only has television become a reliable road to stardom but the path between TV and movies is getting well worn in both directions. Goldie Hawn got her start on *Laugh-In*, Chevy Chase got his on *Saturday Night Live*; this year found them together on the big screen for a smash comedy, *Foul Play* (above left). Also hot on and off video are (clockwise, from above) Barbara Carrera, last year's *Island of Dr. Moreau* film sensation, cast in TV's *Centennial*; Pamela Sue Martin, who played Nancy Drew for ABC; Barbi Benton, of *Hee Haw*, *Sugar Time!* and several made-for-TV movies; Andrew Stevens, Stella's son, starred in TV's *The Bastard* and Hollywood's *The Boys in Company C* and *The Fury*; Barbara Parkins, long ago of television's *Peyton Place*, lately seen in *Testimony of Two Men*, *Ziegfeld: The Man and His Women* and *Young Joe, the Forgotten Kennedy*, in which she played his European sweetheart; and Jaclyn (The Users) Smith, one of *Charlie's Angels*.





X-TRA, X-TRA: Among the busier bodies in porno are Serena BlaqueLord and Jamie Gillis, seen in mirror image above. Carol Connors (below) first gained renown as the nurse in *Deep Throat*, worked her way up (or down) to *The Gong Show* (where she's billed as Carol L. Connors to avoid confusion with the songwriter of the same name) and is now in another hard-core flick, *The Erotic Adventures of Candy*—the first part, we're told, of a planned *Candy* trilogy.





CENTERFOLDS ON CAMERA: Our 1970 Playmate of the Year, Claudia Jennings (above left), continues to make waves in Hollywood; this year she starred with David Carradine in *Deathsport* and she has more movies in the works. After a minor role in *Skateboard*, July 1977's Sondra Theodore (above right) played opposite Chris Mitchum in *Stingray*, while October 1978's Marcy Hanson (below) of television's *Rollergirls* has appeared in several other series.



FOREIGN BODIES: There's always something exciting about an import—especially when it's a beautiful woman, like Brazil's Sonia Braga (left), star of the saucy comedy *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* and of *Lady in the Bus*, or Italy's Laura Gemser (below left) of *Emmanuelle's Holiday* and *The Bushido Blade*. Helping ease the balance of trade a bit is our own American actress Sydne Rome (right), who makes such foreign films as *Stop Calling Me Baby* and *Just a Gigolo*. Two generations of bundles from Britain are represented by Joan Collins (below, in a pose from *The Stud*) and Lesley-Anne Down (below right, as she appears in *The Great Train Robbery*), who was one of the best things about *The Betsy*, a universally reviled film version of Harold Robbins' best seller. Joan's memoirs, *Past Imperfect*, sold well in England, but she has decided not to publish their revelations (largely about affairs with Hollywood leading men) in America.



to which he could transpose essentially the same lovable thug the TV audience worships on *Welcome Back, Kotter*. In *Fever*, Travolta propelled the disco look straight into pop culture, in much the same way that *Diane Keaton's* oddly put-together outfits resulted in a parade of Annie Hall look-alikes issuing out of every fashionable boutique in the country.

Travolta's success has been an interesting contrast to the fate of television's other popular hood, *Henry Winkler*, who twice tried to play a far different character in films and twice bombed. If rumor be true, Travolta was having some of the same trouble shifting character during the filming of his next picture, *Moment by Moment*, a drama with *Lily Tomlin*. On film so far, though, Travolta has been hot to trot in ways he could never get by with on *Kotter*, even though he does more dancing than romancing in his two hit pictures.

In contrast, this year's female sex stars were an odd lot—deliciously desirable but strangely out of reach and out of focus, leaving the mind to fill in where the libido can't quite reach. Television cranked out two more blondes, *Cheryl Ladd* and *Suzanne Somers*, to rival last year's queen, *Farrah*. Even more two-dimensionally, *Cheryl Tiegs* suddenly seized the public's imagination with nought but a poster. (Pinup posters, in fact, suddenly boomed into a billion-dollar business for all the sex stars, decorating the most bedroom walls since America fought World War Two to keep Betty Grable safe from the enemy.)

Strangely, though, every one of this year's new sexy ladies kept interrupting her fans' fantasies with constant reminders that she was personally happily married and extremely faithful. And, as usual with the best of ladies, if they aren't already attached, they're probably too young. The year's other fresh excitement was 13-year-old *Brooke Shields*, a blossoming beauty whose nude debut in *Pretty Baby* was shocking in the least—and illegal in some parts of the world, where the film was banned. Still, pretty as she is, Brooke is nobody older guys can admit to being aroused by without consulting their lawyers.

For all its antiseptic sex, however, television has matured amazingly fast as it searches for something to show besides violence. With a leer and a lurch, TV this past season moved out of the Forties and into the Sixties, now showing more skin (but no nipples or pubes) and discussing more sexual kinks than anybody ever thought would get past the censors. Who knows? If the trend continues, TV may catch up to the Seventies sometime in the Eighties. And then we'll get some real sex stars in the living room.

In the meantime, movies seem uninterested in new sexual frontiers, pushing fantasy and music instead. With a couple of R-rated exceptions such as *Coming Home* and *An Unmarried Woman*, the new sex stars emerged in plainly PG pictures aiming for young audiences and big, big record sales. Although never bedded down together in the picture, Travolta and fetching *Olivia Newton-John*, in her first film, let the sparks fly on a single and an album that were certified hits before *Grease* was released. (In Hollywood, where sex is always basically a business, that is known as protecting the downside risk; in other words, make enough money off the advance record sales to shelter the production costs of the film.)

Similarly, *Peter Frampton* and the *Bee Gees* were lured out of the recording studios into their first film, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and wound up with another platinum record for their walls. *Robbie Robertson* of The Band was also larger than life in the *cinéma vérité* concert film *The Last Waltz*; while *Donna Summer* set hearts atripping with her disco set in *Thank God It's Friday*.

In *Turning Point*, the music softened but the sex sizzled in the *pas de deux* between *Mikhail Baryshnikov* and *Leslie Browne*. Hailed offscreen as the "Travolta of high culture," the handsome young Russian was romantically linked with half of New York City, including Browne, *Liza Minnelli* and ballerina *Gelsey Kirkland*.

But it was left to another singer, *Linda Ronstadt*, to tease the public with the most glamorous real-life romance of all, hand in hand at the hot spots with California's good-looking bachelor governor, *Jerry Brown*. Naturally, smoke-room gossip made much of the fact that the romance surfaced after a major magazine reported that some of the governor's backers were fearful of a whispered homosexual issue, no matter how untrue, in his re-election campaign. But others insisted the romance was real and that Linda might be rock's first first lady.

Warren Beatty—the successful, rich, handsome, carefree heartbreaker—again disappointed that segment of Hollywood wishing he would fall on his ass just once. Back with his first film since *Shampoo*, Beatty co-wrote, produced, co-directed and starred in *Heaven Can Wait*, an instant box-office and critical hit. He was even brave enough to co-star a former ladylove, *Julie Christie*, and get away with it.

Biggest comeback of the year, though, was registered by *Jon Voight*, who has had his share of clunkers since his debut in *Midnight Cowboy*. But in *Coming Home*, he not only re-established his

dramatic talents but pinned down the year's most talked-about sex scene: As a crippled Vietnam veteran, Voight fully demonstrated that sex doesn't exist merely below a man's waist. Stopping just short of an X, Voight made quite clear what was on his mind as he slipped his lips down *Jane Fonda's* excited body.

Speaking of comebacks, *Ali McGraw* turned up again—unfortunately, in the year's biggest turkey, *Convoy*. But the film got her permanently out of the house of *Steve McQueen*, for whom she had dumped producer *Robert Evans* several years ago, during the shooting of *The Getaway*. So, after *Convoy*, who signs her for his next picture? Evans, of course. But while the tongues clucked, they also remarked that McGraw is looking lovelier than ever and are awaiting the result of the Evans picture, *Players*, in which Ali stars with handsome *Dean Paul Martin* (Dean's son).

McQueen, incidentally, not only lost a wife but his first picture in many years, *An Enemy of the People*, is dangerously moribund. Warner Bros. urged him not to make the heavy-handed, artsy adaptation of the Henrik Ibsen drama, but McQueen insisted. After a few test screenings, W.B. decided it had been right in the beginning and has all but shelved the movie. But all was not a loss. McQueen did manage to gain enough pounds to make himself unrecognizable on the lot.

He wasn't the only superstar to suffer this year. *Charles Bronson* tested his waning popularity with *Telefon* and found it had waned more than he feared. *Jimmy Caan* couldn't come up with a winner (though he has high hopes for the forthcoming *Hide in Plain Sight*, his first directorial outing) and neither could *Dustin Hoffman*. It's now been nearly three years since *Robert Redford* appeared in a leading role, in *All the President's Men* (not counting his cameo in *A Bridge Too Far*). *Paul Newman* and *Marlon Brando* have also been coasting this year, along with *Barbra Streisand*. But at several million bucks per picture, who needs to work much?

Burt Reynolds, however, refused to rest. After *Smokey and the Bandit*, he followed with *Semi-Tough* and *The End*. In two of those, he co-starred with the former Flying Nun, *Sally Field*, adding fuel to their offscreen romance. While the affair was still running hot, the two knocked off another picture, *Hooper*, directed by Burt's bachelor buddy and roommate, *Hal Needham*, a handsome wild man himself. Needham, who got very rich directing his first picture, *Smokey*, says, "Burt let me direct *Smokey* 'cause he thought if I made a million bucks, I'd

(continued on page 369)

QUITE POSSIBLY, THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT JAGUAR EVER BUILT

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Jaguar engineers and designers have always gone to great lengths in their pursuit of excellence. With the latest great Jaguar, the S-type, they've gone even further. It is extravagant in the degree to which it surpasses the limits of conventional luxury cars. For the XJ-S achieves, very gracefully, an almost magical blending of great luxury with out-of-the-ordinary handling and response. It may well be the best-handling four-passenger car in the world.

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Perhaps *Road & Track* summed it up best when it said of the S-type: "The emphasis is on refinement, complete silence, luxury, comfort and general opulence, and it will run the pants off a 450SLC." Extravagant? Not for the Jaguar S-type. Drive it soon.

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SWITCHING

(continued from page 235)

"A sad lot, I evaluated. The culls, the losers, the shucks. And there was I, sitting in their midst."

Rick's has been the city's most popular meat market for the past four months, and four months hence, it will no longer be in existence. That is the mutable way of things in Dallas, city of glass, Naugahyde, chrome and caste—a wide and shallow town reflecting exactly the mentality of its inhabitants.

I had drunk enough to be sure I was absolutely sober and to be lamenting the waste of money on hooch that failed to dissolve my crust of devilishly attractive bitterness. I tipped back the last of my Scotch and milk and asked Sam One for another before last call. When he told me that last call had already gone, I opened my eyes wide and demanded to know why nobody had advised me of so significant an event. He sighed operatically and made up another, taking care to label it "a quick one."

I surveyed the bar with that dolefully sardonic expression I effect. Nothing but losers and drunks left at this hour. Two young business types sat arguing stupidly, dressed in that white belt and shoes, double-knit polyester uniform of Centennial primaries common to their class—the clothes that make mid-American businessmen look like ticket agents for minor airlines. Farther down, there were three single males staring at their glasses, not realizing that they had failed to make out for the simple reason that they were Darwinian rejects from the mating process—the kind who buy Chevettes. Near them was a vague man sipping on a drink full of foliage and smiling with his eyes. He obviously did best when the prey was stunned with alcohol and rejection. At the end of the bar was a drunk twit with an eyelash that had come unstuck at the corner. She was still waiting for a guy who had excused himself to go to the men's room over an hour ago. And two stools down from me was a woman in her mid-30s, expensively dressed and a bit lushier than she wanted to be. She appeared a little embarrassed to be sitting there with nowhere else to go.

A sad lot, I evaluated. The culls, the losers, the shucks. And there was I, sitting in their midst. Ironical. Ironical.

An hour before, the bar had been full of action, with its clientele of young lawyers, mercantile types and secretaries; all playing it for less straight than Nature and the Protestant Deformation had designed them to be; all hunting for crotch in this pasteboard jungle of music, laughter, drinking, groping and single-

entendre jokes followed by guffaws, not because the mots were bon but because the yakker wanted to prove she/he had got it and was—to that modest extent—with it.

I had hooked an easy fish in the course of the evening, but I let her off the line, out of fatigue and boredom . . . and age. Age looms large with me. Lots of men have trouble with the arrival of male menopause, but with me it's worse. I just cannot accept the idea of being 40. And that's not a good thing, when you're 44.

I downed my Scotch and pushed myself off the stool as I signaled Sam One for my tab.

"There you go, Mr. Lee. Thirteen-fifty."

"You took care of yourself, Sam?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wonderful. I have it on excellent authority—one Virgil of woppish ethnic persuasion, who runs tours through the halls of Dis—that the most attractive feature of hell's torment is that the *service* is *compris*."

Sam seemed to guess from my tone that this was supposed to be clever, so he made a slight effort toward a laugh but produced only a nasal sigh.

But slight though it was, this sigh had an astonishing effect—the lights went out. Rick's was plunged into total darkness. An instant later, the lights came back on and there was a crash of thunder that seemed to split the tarmac of the parking lot. All the drinkers were startled and frightened, so they laughed.

I went to the window and looked out. A storm had broken over the city and hailstones the size of moth balls clattered onto the parking lot and bounced up to a height of three feet. The tinny rattle of the hail obliterated the sound of *As Time Goes By*, now playing for its second and last time.

The only warning of an incoming storm had been an odd greenish light at sunset, a kind of bathospheric afterglow. I had noticed it as I dropped into Rick's at 6:30 for one drink before going home.

By the time other customers joined me at the window, the diagonal streaks of hail had stopped and a plump rain was falling, rapidly melting the hailstones almost before they stopped bouncing and rolling.

"O mutability!" I muttered.

"Oh, shit," muttered the woman at my side. She was the comfortable 30ish one I had noticed down the bar.

"Let's hope it's only rain," I said.

"Should I have said, 'Oh, piss'?"

"Metaphor more adroit, if not more tasteful."

One of the customers called back to Sam One, telling him that no Christian man would send people out in shit like this.

"You see?" the woman said to me. "I was right after all."

As everyone drifted back to the bar, Sam Three was quick to explain that he couldn't sell any more drinks without risking his license.

Fine, someone said. Don't sell us another round. Give us another round.

And because most of us were regulars, Sam One shrugged and nodded to Sam Three, who, with cheerless fatalism, began to make everyone another of the same.

"I hope you realize," I said as I took the barstool next to the 30ish woman, "that this yahoo's agreeing with you about the rain's being shit does not constitute proof. The *vox populi* is almost always the voice of ignorance. Hence, democracy is the least efficient thing since waxed toilet paper. In the case of this particular guy, he's notorious for his inability to distinguish shit from Shinola. It almost ruined his career as a meteorologist."

"He wouldn't make much of a shoe-shine boy, either."

"True. Except in west Texas, where a wedge of dung in the heel of the boot is a status symbol. I like you, madam. You've a nice sense of the ridiculous."

"Thank you. What's that you're drinking?"

"Scotch and milk."

She made a face. "Is it good?"

"I never viewed it as a moral issue."

"You don't seem to think very highly of our fellow drinkers, stranded in Casablanca."

"Oh, they're all right in their way. Just a pack of fools who sit all night on barstools in the vain hope there's a vagrant relationship between romance and getting oneself laid. The type who believe you can find a million-dollar baby in a five-and-ten-cent bar."

"Yeah, I know the type."

And the conversation lay there for a while, as we pushed ice around in our drinks.

"What's your name?" she asked, without looking at me.

"Marvin Lee. And yours?"

"Martha Zinberg."

"You don't look like a Martha."

"Fifteen years ago, I didn't look like a Martha . . . but I'm growing into it. Now, you—you really don't look like a Marvin."

"Thank you. It's odd: Marvin Lee is a patently wimpy name, but Lee Marvin

(continued on page 330)



Have we got a game for you, pinball wizards! It's Bally Corporation's newest creation, the Playboy machine, and it incorporates the latest in electronic circuitry coupled with a new development in microprocessors that enables the Playboy to play music and produce sounds while you're shooting. The game's playing field, much of which was designed by Hef, has various aspects of Playboy integrated into it; assorted targets each represent a Playmate—and, yes, that's Patti McGuire and Sondra Theodore, along with Hef, of course, pictured on the back glass. The Playboy game will soon be in pinball parlors everywhere. It's definitely a winner!

*lo, the revolutionary
new playboy machine
leads all the rest*



Below: General Electric's Widescreen 1000 color Home Television Theater features a glare-free rear-projection 1000-square-inch screen that makes a fantastic playing field for whatever video game you wish to try, about \$2800.

Below right: RCA's new Selecta-Vision video cassette recorder captures up to four hours of programs on tape while you use your TV for video games, about \$1000.



Fireball, Bally's incredibly popular pinball game, now is available in an electronic home model that duplicates all the parlor machine's nifty features, \$895.

STAYING HOME is the best revenge: revenge against slimy twerps who guard the doors of chichi discos and make everyone who tries to get in feel like a worm; revenge against overpraised, overpriced, overcrowded restaurants where only the regulars get the best seats and decent service; revenge, finally, against spending your time and energy cruising to find a good time. Ah, you say, but how will I be one of the hot crowd if all I am is at home? Hell, you can be at



The Bally Professional Arcade has a memory capability that adds more interest and realism to video games, \$299; cassettes available include Action/Skill, Sports, Strategy and an Educational Series, about \$20 to \$25 each.



Atari's Video Computer System offers 20 different games with more than 1300 variations, \$199.95; cassettes include Home Run, Break-out, Space War, Flag Capture, Star Ship, Basketball, Slot Racers and Indy 500, \$19.95 each.



Fairchild's Channel F System II video entertainment center, \$149.95, plays Casino Poker, Backgammon, Memory Match and other color/sound cartridges, \$19.95 each, all available from the Home Entertainment Emporium.



The Odyssey 2 Computer Video Game with a 49-position keyboard can be used for beginner computer programming or video games, by Magnavox, \$179.95; cassettes are about \$20 each.



The amazing Apple II computer, a fully assembled, briefcase-sized model with a large memory bank and keyboard, can play games (or even draw pictures) using your TV screen for its readout display, \$970.



This Unisonic 21 game deals a hand of computerized blackjack when it's not performing as a calculator; the unit can double down, split pairs and even offer insurance, from the Home Entertainment Emporium, \$36.95.



Meet Boris, a portable chess computer that not only makes a worthy opponent, it also can flash you different comments about the game and store the position of the pieces in its memory for days, by Chafitz, \$399.

home, saving energy and money, and the hot crowd will happily come over—but not if you just put out some drinks or smokes, because sooner or later someone will remember that there's a ball game on TV. Or a sci-fi flick. And all of you will find yourselves dumb-struck in front of the tube.

I am here to say from firsthand knowledge that having a pinball machine and/or video games in your home is a *great* way to entertain. Pinball and video games are the latter-day equivalents of charades and other ace parlor games, but they have a special advantage if you own them.

During those times when you are *not* entertaining (though you'll find all sorts of people casually dropping by to play pinball), you can practice on your own. Better by far than sitting home watching *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* for the ninth time is sitting at home practicing one of the auto-racing games or finding out how to light the bonus bumpers on your pinball machine.

Keep a record of your high score (the newer electronic pinball games will do it for you) and impress the hell out of people who manage 35,000 when you have clearly done 445,000. Similarly, home practice will give you the sure hands of an experienced video-game player, so that you can fling your tank around the screen while some fumble-finger is bumping into the electronic walls and cursing as you blast him into fragments.

The nice thing about the newer pinball machines is that they take full advantage of solid-state electronics: Digital readouts have replaced electromechanical
(concluded on page 306)

the case of the missing jewel

from the Persian *Riyadh al-Hikayat*,
17th Century

THIS STORY comes from the books of the wise men of India. A man owned a priceless jewel. He mounted it in a splendid case and set out to carry the box as an offering to the king. On the way, he fell in with four men who joined him, as companions of the journey. Yet, when an opportunity presented itself, one of them managed to steal the gem, box and all. The man begged all four of them for its return. However, they all denied any knowledge of the theft.

So he went to the king to tell his story. The king promptly had the four men brought to him for a hearing. No amount of questioning or threats would make them confess. This king had a very clever daughter, a girl wise beyond her years. She told her father, "Bring me these men and I shall reveal the thief."

They were accordingly marched before her and she said to them, "You are men of many travels, and full of experience and knowledge after having seen so much of the world. A ruler may profit by consulting with you. What I should like is to have you come to my court each day and tell me about your travels and the strange things you have known."

One day the princess said to them, "I have been looking at an ancient book and have come across something that puzzles me exceedingly. I wonder if you can resolve the riddle for me."

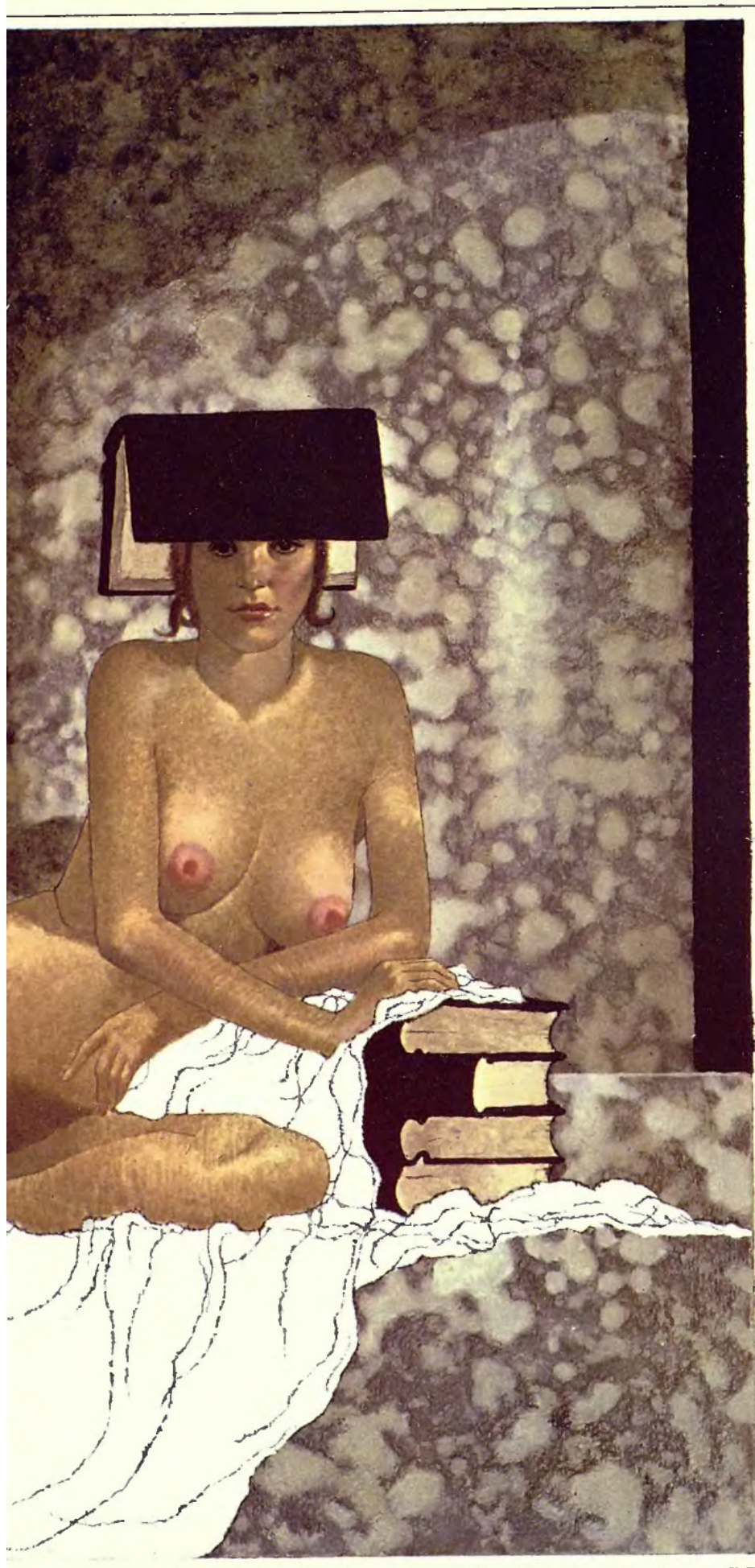
They replied, "What is it? Your highness shall command and we can but try."

The princess said, "I have read that once in Serendip there was a monarch who had a daughter, the like of whom the eyes of the world had yet to look upon, so very delicate and beautiful was she. One day, this girl was strolling in the garden with her maids, where she saw the first rose of the season glowing bright on its bush. She wished to have that rose and the gardener picked it for her. She said to the gardener, 'You shall have whatever you may desire as your reward. Ask it!' For it was the custom of the country that when the first flower or the first fruit of the season was brought to the royal person, the donor would receive whatever he asked for. And that gardener blurted out, 'I wish that on your wedding night you come first to me—so that I may take the flower of your virginity before you go to your husband's couch.' The princess, of course, agreed."

"When she came to be married, she told her husband, 'I have made a vow. Until I have fulfilled my word, I shall not give myself to you.' The poor groom could do nothing about it but sigh and agree. She set out for the gardener's hovel alone. On the way, a ferocious



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



lion crouched in her path. She said to the lion, 'I have made a promise to the gardener. Allow me to go to him to fulfill my word, after which I will return this way and you may devour me.' The lion agreed. Farther along the road, a robber was dazzled to see her coming in her bridal gown and all scintillant with jewelry. So he blocked the way ahead and stretched forth his arm to strip her of her finery. She told him, 'If you will wait here until I go and discharge my vow to the gardener, I promise you I shall come back and give you all my clothing and jewelry.' He assented to her request. Finally, she arrived at the gardener's miserable hut, where she stood glowing at the door and said to him, 'Here am I, come to pay my debt to you.'

"The gardener was struck dumb by the sight of her and said simply, 'That day I spoke too hastily in my lust. I could never presume to touch you, let alone take you in such an act. Go back to your bridegroom intact.' The princess retraced her steps to where the robber waited for her and told him what had happened between herself and the gardener. The robber spoke up then: 'Well, if that gardener did such a chivalrous deed, how am I, a brave and free man, less than he? No, I shall let you keep your jewelry and wedding clothes!' Then she proceeded till she came to where the hungry lion crouched and told the story to him, too. Upon which the beast rose, stood aside and let her go by safely. At last, she reached her husband, radiant and pure.

"Now, my friends, I should like to hear from you which one of these four—the bridegroom, the lion, the robber or the gardener—was the most generous and honorable of all?"

The first man said, "The husband was by far the most chivalrous to have agreed to such a thing at all."

The second man said, "The gardener surely was more generous—since he denied himself a once-in-a-lifetime chance."

The third man said, "The robber was the generous one of that lot for having turned his back on all that wealth."

And the fourth said, "The lion was, in my opinion, by far the most generous: He abandoned his dinner."

Whereupon the princess went to the king, her father, and said, "These four men are ruled by four different temperaments. The one who picked the gardener is governed by lust; keep him away from your women. The one who chose the lion is a glutton and unworthy to serve a king. The one who nominated the husband lacks any sense of honor—therefore, he, too, is unfit for the king's company. The fourth, he who picked the robber, is the thief. Wring the jewel from him!"

—Translated by Jascha Kessler
and Kuchik Ebdal



future highs (continued from page 151)

"At this moment, there are anthropologists in the Amazon jungle seeking telepathy-inducing vines."

make the haphazard drug dabblers of the Sixties look like kids toying with Chemcraft kits.

Start with a familiar event such as a Saturday night and imagine how it could change through technological improvement. Bear in mind that every one of the fantasy highs mentioned below is based on current research.

Some night 20 years from now, the partygoer will probably start his chemical tailoring before he dresses by splashing on a little conviviality cologne after his shower. It will be an ultimately customized product, based on his own body chemistry; the scent will induce a mild feeling of emotional receptivity in both him and his date, setting the stage for friendly relations later in the evening. The airborne aphrodisiacs will come later, though his date might mix a hormone stimulant into her scent right after elation sets in.

Perhaps they'll share a joint of isomerized grass or an alcohol-substitute cocktail to kick off the festivities, but dosage levels won't seriously accelerate until dinner, when the adventurous couple try the new psychedelicatesen everybody is raving about. Their entire meal will consist of a single section of orange, transformed into a universe of novel sensations by psychochemical additives. Sense enhancers will magnify powers of taste and smell; hedonistic psychedelics will transmute the morsel of citrus into a culinary pharmacy. After-dinner antidotes will be served with the mints.

From a present point of view, this already looks like one very stoned night, but assume for the sake of the scenario that the couple want further entertainment after their mind-embellishing dining experience. The entertainment world will offer an array of awareness-elevating choices. There will be short-span auditory-appreciation inhalers for involuted music listening—listeners will smell the instrumentals and taste the lyrics. Performer and audience alike will be dosed for live concerts and records will come with optional drug packets. Mood elevators and equilibrium modifiers will amplify dancing enjoyment. Hallucinators and optical intensifiers will be dispensed according to the stage directions of the holoplay or retinal drama. The artists will furnish their patrons with aesthetic pharmaceuticals at gallery openings, poetry readings, dance recitals.

Should the daring duo include a party in their activities, they'll find that a good

mix applies to highs as well as to people. Drinkers will sip safe alcohol analogs, artists will have nontoxic creativity stimulants, everybody will partake of the empathy incense, the sensualists will spice it up with neocoke and the utterly decadent will take superopiates or old-fashioned gin. Even today, a party consists of people getting high together. Whether the intoxicant of choice is alcohol, grass, prayer, dancing or massage, the principle is the same: A good party begins when people relax their inhibitions, usually through artificial means. As revelers leave the party of the future, their host will have an antidote ready for them at the door so they can travel home safely sober.

Maybe the high fliers of the future will decide to take a rain check on the psychedelic, postpone the party and confine the entertainment to an intimate evening at home. Back at their apartment, getting in an amorous mood could be a matter of mixing the right sensual stimulant with the correct atmospheric aphrodisiac. Mood technology won't stop at the bedroom door: Tactile enhancers could intensify the slightest caress and subjective-time expanders might extend a brief embrace for hours, prolong orgasm as long as they can stand it. If the experience is purely sensual, the high will focus on strictly carnal sensations, but if it feels like love, the couple could break a cosmic significance popper at the crucial moment and synchronize their brain hormones, alpha waves or whatever. Another drug will divert incipient hangovers into pleasant dreams.

Some scientist may be risking life, limb and brain damage just to bring you a better way to get high. At this moment, there are anthropologists in the Amazon jungle seeking telepathy-inducing vines and chemists in New Jersey hallucinating the shape of their next molecular euphoriant. Laser physicists are teaching astral travel in Palo Alto, psychologists are floating in tanks of salt water and therapists are swinging through the air in canvas bags. Every branch of science is getting into the intoxication race.

The more sensational protagonists of the psychedelic era—the Learys and the Keseyes, the alchemists and the occultists—long ago left the orbit of orthodox science. But the study of consciousness expansion has remained very much alive. The inner-space experts of 1978 are a low-key crowd, wary of publicity, but there does exist a network of turned-on

scientists, all exploring different paths to higher planes.

Somewhere in America dwells a quiet man who is the very image of the eminent scientist. He is respected in his field, but due to the taboos surrounding his specialty, he wishes to remain anonymous. Dr. G. synthesizes substances that have never before existed on this planet, mind benders of such complexity that an evolved consciousness is required to even imagine their structures.

Dr. G. was making new psychedelic drugs decades ago, when everyone thought LSD was a landing craft. It is Dr. G.'s custom to ingest his compounds and commune with the geometry of his altered states, sometimes to find harbingers of his next creation in the pattern of his hallucinations. Bizarre as it may seem, there is historical precedent for hallucinatory theorizing: The science of organic chemistry was born when a chemist named Friedrich Kekule von Stradonitz took opium during a train ride, dreamed of a snake swallowing its tail and awoke to draw the first structural diagram of the benzene ring.

Dr. G. is independent—responsible to no single university, pharmaceutical firm or Government agency—and thoroughly respectable in the eyes of the law and the opinion of the scientific community. He defends his self-dosage procedures as the epitome of informed consent.

"Mood-changing drugs can be organized into chemical families," he says, "each with its own qualitative aura. The psychological effect of any drug, including the sense of being high, can be changed by systematically altering its chemical arrangement. A carbon atom here, a free electron there, and you have the difference between insight and anxiety. Some drugs induce fear or thirst, others evoke pleasure or awe. I look for those connections between chemistry and consciousness.

"Most of the drugs we use today can be produced artificially. Many of the drugs we create in laboratories are analogs, or reconstructions of compounds that exist in nature; other creations never existed until they were synthesized."

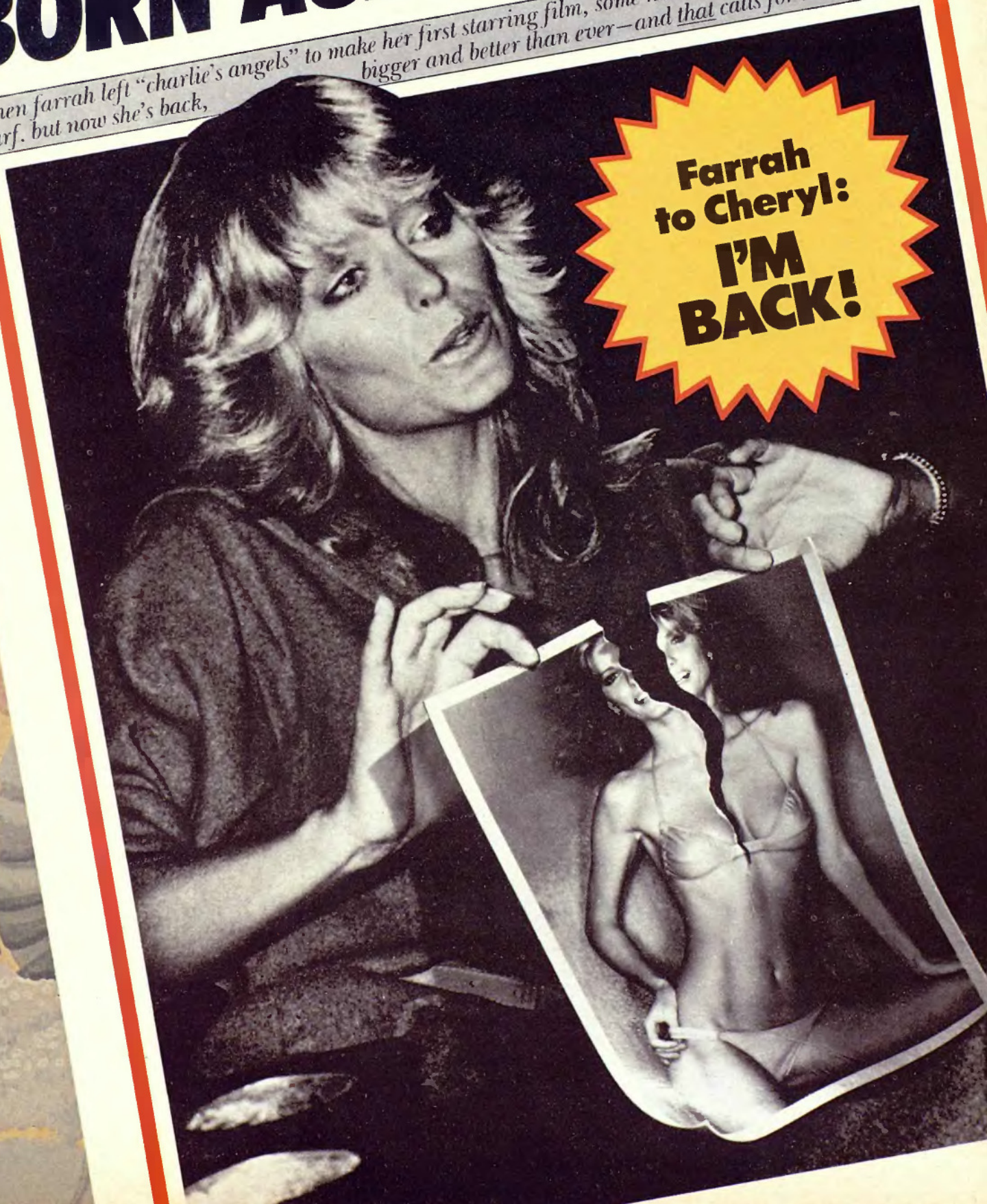
Dr. G. is in touch with the post-Castaneda generation of anthropologists, who have turned up a psychoactive cornucopia of ritual substances: "The potions of Native American shamans contain a handful of powerful drugs that have only recently been studied under laboratory conditions. There are so many active compounds in each of those snuffs and infusions that it may take years to study them one at a time. We already have a few highly specific derivatives of natural compounds. Right now, we have drugs that are primarily visual, or auditory, or conceptual . . . but there are generally

(continued on page 294)

BORN-AGAIN FARRAH

when farrah left "charlie's angels" to make her first starring film, some new kids tried to take over her turf. but now she's back, bigger and better than ever—and that calls for a celebration!

**Farrah
to Cheryl:
I'M
BACK!**





YOU INCURABLE SKEPTICS who secretly expected Farrah to fall flat on her pretty face, don't hold your breath. . . . She's winsome (easy for her), breezy, totally unaffected and persuasive. . . ."

Bruce Williamson's assessment in last month's *PLAYBOY*, of Farrah Fawcett-Majors' performance in her first starring film, *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, may be prophetic. Or it may not be. The important thing is that Farrah, the one true social/sexual/economic phenomenon of the Seventies, is back among us as an animate media presence—after a year's absence from the tube, a year in which any number of interchangeable Cheryls, Suzannes, Susans and such tried to replace her in the hearts and minds of American men. The chance, it was fat.

While it may not seem that she has been away that long (or at all), it is even more difficult to recall the initial jolt that propelled the public into such an intense love affair. As with Nixon's '72 landslide and the fad for crewcuts, it now seems hard to believe that we fell so hard and so fast for this ex-Texas prom queen with

the improbable name, unlikely hair and unseemly teeth. But we did—and how!

Her TV show was in the Nielsen top ten for an entire season. Her poster infused an industry that had been moribund since the mid-Sixties. Her photo appeared on more than 200 magazine covers worldwide and was such



Top left: One of Farrah's earliest film ventures was a 1971 made-for-TV effort, *The Feminist and the Fuzz*, in which she portrays David Hartman's Playboy Bunny girlfriend; in the end, however, she loses cop Hartman to feminist Barbara Eden. Top center: Farrah strikes a pensive pose in this publicity shot taken shortly after her arrival in Hollywood in the late Sixties. Top right: Among the first to appreciate the Fawcett beauty was Austin photographer Frank Armstrong, who took this photo of his fellow University of Texas student in 1968. Bottom: Farrah's second best-selling poster was originally shot for *Los Angeles* magazine; in sum, Farrah's five posters have sold over 6,000,000 copies for Pro Arts.





They finally had to send her home. She was causing too much commotion. She's always saying, "I must have privacy—privacy, privacy, privacy." But she's still got her hair out there! She's still out smiling! I said, "God, Farrah, put something on! Put a hat on, put some glasses on, disguise yourself." But she wouldn't.

—actor James Stacy, on a visit by Farrah Fawcett-Majors to the set of his movie *Just a Little Inconvenience*



Above: Farrah's major film appearances began, clockwise from lower left, with Myra Breckinridge (1970), in which Raquel Welch seduces her away from Rex Reed; *Love Is a Funny Thing* (1970), a little-noticed Claude Lelauch comedy; *Logan's Run* (1976), co-starring Jenny Agutter and Michael York; and her recent comedy, *Somebody Killed Her Husband*. Below: A bare Farrah in another shot from Bruce McBroom's sexy 1976 photo session.



common media currency that *New Times* was able to put her on the cover with the line: "IN THIS ISSUE: ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ABOUT FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS!"

The best way to gauge the social impact of any phenomenon is to look at the business it generates, and Farrah was a one-woman industry. In that sense, she was spectacularly triumphant over every other pop-cult celebrity of the Seventies: Her show outdrew Howard Cosell's variety show, her poster outsold Billy Beer and *New Times* never put Travolta on its cover. Meanwhile, just looking like Farrah was good for business, as dozens of look-alikes, nearly likes and almost-likes discovered in small-town, backstreet promotions; and the yearning for that look created a boom in the hair-styling trade and prompted more concern for dental care than anything else since the fluoride controversy.

True enough, but why? No one really

I was the one directly responsible for getting Farrah involved in *Somebody Killed Her Husband*. When I read the script, I thought that Farrah Fawcett should play the role and I recommended her to the producer, Marty Poll. I felt the role was one that would be a good first shot for her: She did not have to carry the picture and it seemed like a good departure from what she had been doing. Once before, when I was casting *King Kong*, I had proposed her for the Fay Wray role; but then *Charlie's Angels* came along and that never happened.

—Joyce Selznick, premier Hollywood casting agent



Above: A little more of Farrah sees the light of day, thanks to photog John Paschal. Right: Another pose from Farrah's exclusive PLAYBOY session with Claude Mouglin. Below right: This Douglas Kirkland shot ran in People magazine's "The 25 Most Intriguing People of 1976." Below left: Farrah furor at the 1978 Cannes Film Festival.



expected her to happen, not even the TV moguls. They thought that, of the *Angels*, Kate Jackson or Jaclyn Smith had a better shot to bang the public gong. Farrah was a knockout, true, but Christ—that hair, smile and glow of health belonged in a hot tub, not a boudoir. Sex symbols? Raquel Welch was a sex symbol; Farrah Fawcett was a glass of milk.

Said the public: "Make mine milk."

Farrah epitomized the shift in our social perception of sex, from lurid/sultry to scrubbed/healthy. She was both erotic and wholesome, like a blow job in Yosemite. The Raquels could put you in traction; Farrah could put you in a trance. She was a blend of fucking and jogging, and the first mass visual symbol of postneurotic fresh-air sexuality.

American men were leaving the meat

bars and singles scenes for the sauna and tennis court, and she is who they wanted to take along. She wasn't Frederick's high heels but Adidas' sneakers; not a jaded, unapproachable prick-tease but a cheerful, unpretentious adolescent fantasy reincarnate: the ultimate cheerleader.

Sure, this was all illusion; but, in a media culture, what isn't? Who she was (concluded on page 270)

A Mini-Interview with Farrah Fawcett-Majors

PLAYBOY: Do you get along better with men or with women?

FARRAH: I think that, like most women, I've had my problems being readily accepted by women. But once I do make friends with a woman, she is a much better friend than a man would be.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

FARRAH: I think that I express deeper things with women. I have girlfriends and we may discuss men, but there aren't any men friends with whom I discuss men. With girlfriends, I play tennis with them, then we have lunch, then we go to the sauna and we talk about this and that, different things. With men, it's usually business or love.

PLAYBOY: What kind of moments have made you the happiest?

FARRAH: Oh, all different kinds—when I got married to Lee, when I graduated from high school. When I got my first commercial, I was extremely happy. When I made my first backhand, top-spin tennis shot, I was extremely happy.

PLAYBOY: Are there sensuous things that make you happy?

FARRAH: Lee makes me very happy. Lee made me very happy today when he brought me flowers. That was very special, and special things make me happy. Birthdays make me very happy for some strange reason. I think it's because I get lots of gifts, and everybody feels it's a special day and so they treat me special.

PLAYBOY: What's your greatest fear?

FARRAH: Cavities. I hate going to the dentist.

PLAYBOY: How often do you go?

FARRAH: Every four to five months to have my teeth cleaned; and I pray that there will not be a cavity.

PLAYBOY: Are your teeth real?

FARRAH: Yes. All of them.

PLAYBOY: Did you have orthodontia, or did they just come out right?

FARRAH: I had these teeth when I was eight years old. I had a little

head and large teeth. I think that looked very strange. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: When you came to Hollywood, did you ever have to deal with the casting couch?

FARRAH: Not really. I mean, there were a couple of times when I was up for a commercial—and, of course, clients would ask me out for dinner. And I knew that if I didn't go, I probably wouldn't get the commercial. I resented that terribly. Then I met Lee two weeks after I came to Hollywood, so I was very secure in that I had a boyfriend right away.

PLAYBOY: How do you think Lee would change you?

FARRAH: Number one, I think he would make me be on time. That would be the number-one thing. Number two would be to have me go to sleep as early as he does. You see, he's had a series for so much longer than I have, and I'm kind of a night person. In other words, I used to like to stay up till 12, one, two, but he would always go to bed at ten; he has to be up at 5:30 every morning. And I think that he always, naturally, wants me in bed with him, and that's OK with me. But he would probably love it if I didn't have the light on to read.

PLAYBOY: Do you support any social causes? Are you involved in any environmental-action projects, for example?

FARRAH: Unfortunately, I don't have too much time to be really involved. I may think about it and I may not want to litter, so I won't throw down a wrapper. Or maybe on the beach, I'll walk over and I'll pick up my things, even though it's a bummer. I do that a lot.

PLAYBOY: Does pornography offend you?

FARRAH: Yes and no. The only true pornographic film I've seen is *Deep Throat*, and I wanted to see that because I wanted to know what all the

fuss was about. And I found that it took all the beauty out of lovemaking, and out of sex. So I did not submit myself to that any further.

PLAYBOY: Describe your happiest adolescent experience.

FARRAH: All my thoughts go back to high school. When I was a sophomore, for instance, I was out for the most beautiful student, or something, and I remember that being a very painful experience—the voting and the waiting. I could never run for a political office; it would make me too nervous. I remember sitting there thinking, I don't really care if I get it, although it would be nice; but, gee, I don't want people to feel sorry for me if I don't. I went through such emotions in that two-week period! And when I finally won—well, obviously, I was very excited and didn't expect it.

PLAYBOY: Do you embarrass easily?

FARRAH: I think so.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of things embarrass you?

FARRAH: When I say something really, obviously stupid. It took me a long time to get up enough courage to say to people, "I'm sorry, what was your name?" when I was introduced, instead of just going, "Hello, hello." I remember the first time I did this. Lee and I were at a political dinner and Lee had introduced me to someone, and I said, "I'm sorry, I didn't get your name." It happened to be Governor Brown. What a time for me to start saying "I'm sorry, what is . . ." and trying to be very cool.

PLAYBOY: Has that happened to you—someone not recognizing you?

FARRAH: Yes, and when it does happen to me, I feel so sorry for the people. Somebody won't look up from their desk and I'll say, "I'm here to see so-and-so. Is he in now?" They'll say, "What is your name?" And then I go, "Ahhh. . . ." It happens so rarely now.

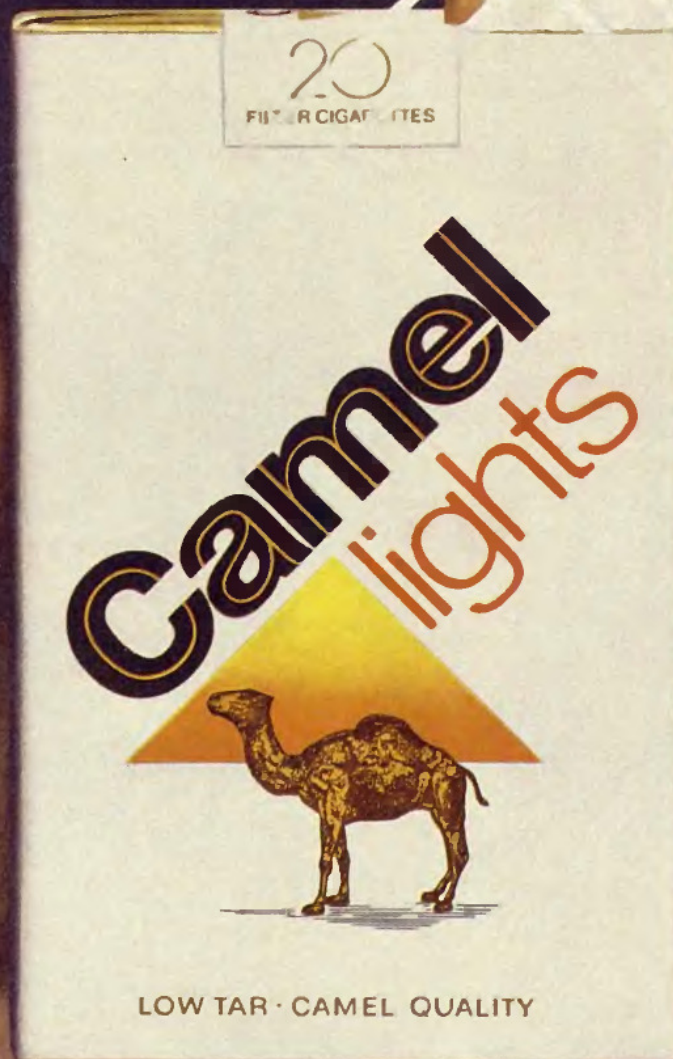
—INTERVIEW BY JULES SIEGEL

Try the solution. Camel Lights.

Camel Lights. Finally, a cigarette that solves the low tar/low taste problem. Because only Camel Lights has a richer-tasting Camel blend formulated for low tar smoking.

At 9 mg tar, it delivers all the satisfaction that's been missing from ordinary low tars.

Satisfaction. Only 9 mg tar.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Everybody Wants Turkey For The Holidays

The image features a bottle of Wild Turkey 101-Proof 8 Years Old Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. The bottle is dark with a gold-trimmed label that reads "Austin Nichols", "WILD TURKEY", "KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY", and "101 PROOF 8 YEARS OLD". A turkey illustration is on the right side of the label. The neck of the bottle has a gold foil cap with a turkey. Next to the bottle is its gold-trimmed gift carton, which also features the "WILD TURKEY" branding and a winter scene with two turkeys. In the foreground, a glass of whiskey with ice sits on a silver tray. The bottle cap lies on the tray in front of the bottle.

Before your holiday feasts, enjoy a toast of "Turkey." The greatest celebrations of the year deserve America's greatest native whiskey, 101-Proof Wild Turkey.[®] It's all dressed up for the holidays in a gold-trimmed gift carton.



Another before-dinner treat for those who prefer the great taste of Wild Turkey® at 86.8-Proof. It's also packaged ready for giving—with the famous "Wild Turkey in the Snow" scene on the holiday carton.



Now you can serve Turkey after dinner, too! Savor the taste of Wild Turkey® Liqueur—the "Sippin' Sweet Cream" of liqueurs. Of all the great liqueurs in the world, only Wild Turkey Liqueur is made in America. Elegantly gift packaged. 80 Proof.



For collectors of Americana (and connoisseurs of Wild Turkey), America's greatest native bird is commemorated in this limited edition ceramic decanter containing 101-Proof Wild Turkey (No. 8 and last in this Series). It's ideal for Christmas gift-giving and beautifully boxed for presentation.

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LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY



THE ROUSING RETURN OF ROMANCE

a lovers' guide to weekend trysts, glorious sunsets, perfect gifts and the foreplay before the foreplay

THE SIGNS are everywhere. Men and women are wearing softer colors and dressing up. On the beaches, couples walk hand in hand. In sidewalk cafés, they sip Perrier or white wine. Candlelight is replacing electricity in some restaurants. On the screen, Warren Beatty stares into the eyes of

Julie Christie. Even Niagara Falls is catching on again. So step aside, cynics, romance is back. No more Mr. Wise Guy. Every day is Valentine's Day. Are you getting the drift? Here's a trend that should appeal to everyone. In case you've been out of touch, we offer this guide to the best of romance.

THREE ROMANTIC CITIES



To millions of lovers, **New York** isn't muggers, it's romance, from a hansom-cab ride at dusk through Central Park to dinner reservations at Windows on the World. Elegant hotels (Carlyle, Regency, Plaza) offer accommodations in which romance can flower. For the right atmosphere and food: Lutèce, Café des Artistes, Tavern on the Green and Nanni; they're expensive. There are bistros in Greenwich Village that offer atmosphere without steep prices, Grotta Azzurra and Via Margutta, for example. For winning wining: The Café Bar (Sherry Netherland Hotel), the lounge in the Algonquin Hotel and, the best spot, the Café Carlyle, where Bobby Short dispenses Porter, Gershwin, Coward and Sondheim for lovers.

San Francisco sits in the sun, by the bay, and shimmers. Two hotels on Nob Hill, Stanford Court and the Huntington, offer spectacular views and attentive service. The best food is Italian: Julius Castle, Guido's and Modesto Lanzone's; Chinese:



The Mandarin (Ghirardelli Square, and try for a view); and from the sea: get a booth at Tadich, the city's oldest restaurant. For trysts over drinks: MacArthur Park (there's an aviary filled with exotic birds), the bar at L'Etoile (in the Huntington), the lower bar at the Mark Hopkins Hotel and the bar at Julius Castle. Other romantic spots: the Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park, the ferry to Sausalito for brunch or a cable car (of course).



New Orleans is, well, unique. The ambience is French, Spanish and Creole. The French Quarter streets are cobblestone, the architecture is European and the food is superb. Hotels: The Royal Orleans is grand and the Maison de Ville is perfect, a pension with original antique furnishings in each room and a private patio for the guests. Restaurants are the reason (aside from jazz) to go: Elmwood Plantation (oldest in the Mississippi Valley), Commander's Palace, LeRuth's, breakfast at Brennan's. Do your drinking while drinking in the music in one of the dark, smoky clubs; and near dawn (the city never sleeps), go for rich chicory café au lait and beignets (French doughnuts) served at the Morning Call.

Give a Little

Romantic presents to make her think of you: 1. a leather-bound volume of her favorite poetry; 2. antique jewelry; 3. lacy, silky lingerie; 4. a music box; 5. Godiva chocolates; 6. a crystal bud vase; 7. Bobby Short singing Cole Porter, or Frank Sinatra singing anything; 8. thin gold chains for her neck, wrist or ankle; 9. pâté with truffles; 10. box seats for the next series of Juilliard Quartet recitals. There are other ways to say you care that will add some spice to the sugar: 1. the collected poems of Dorothy Parker; 2. a day at Elizabeth Arden; 3. tap-dancing lessons; 4. a gourmet picnic lunch; or 5. two tickets to a Rolling Stones concert. If you're short of money, cook her dinner. The thought *still* counts.



Dancing in the Dark

Astaire and Rogers dancing together epitomized romance and, according to a spokesman for the Fred Astaire Dance Studio, business has quadrupled this year. Tea dances have made a comeback in both New York and San Francisco and hotel ballrooms are busy again. It's de-lavely.



HOW DO YOU SPELL ROMANCE?



Erica Jong: Jon [writer Fast] is always doing romantic things. For my last birthday, he gave me a silver medallion that says *BRAVADO*; that's to remind me not to let the bastards get me down.



Sidney Sheldon: Whenever my wife and I are in Paris on her birthday, I put a personal in the *International Herald-Tribune* and give her the paper with breakfast. Romance makes sex work.



Helen Gurley Brown: As far as I'm concerned, romance isn't back, it never left town. For the past ten years, David [producer Brown] has taken me to Cannes. That is romantic and sexy.



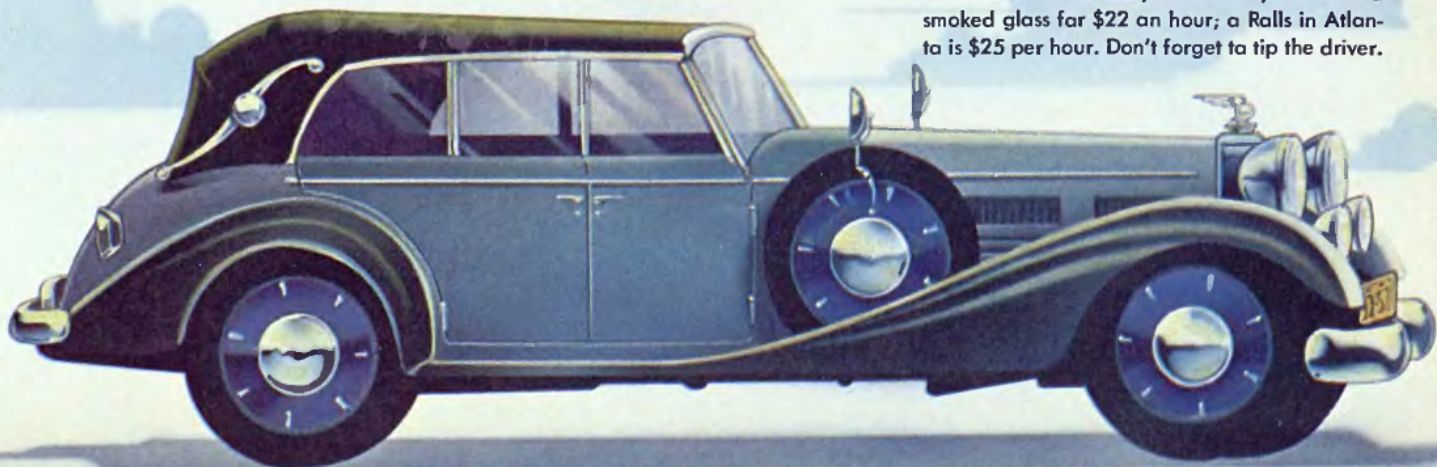
George Benson: Most of us are romantic, it just takes the right people, right mood, right environment. Hawaii swept me off my feet and so did the lyrics to Paul Williams' *We've Only Just Begun*.



Melissa Manchester: The lyrics to *As Time Goes By*: "It's still the same old story / A fight for love and glory, a case of da or die / The world will always welcome lovers / As time goes by."

One Perfect Limousine

Romance her on wheels for \$18-\$25 an hour in most large cities. Many services have a two-hour minimum. In New York, Dav-El rents its basic Lincoln with bar, moon roof, stereo and smoked glass for \$22 an hour; a Rolls in Atlanta is \$25 per hour. Don't forget to tip the driver.



WAS IT SOMETHING I SAID?

The right words: Quoting poetry still gets good results, from the appropriate Shakespeare sonnets to almost anything by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Check *Bartlett's* under eyes, lips, love and heart's desire. If you're daring, try reciting your own poetry. Originality could make up for a shaky delivery. Be subtle. Also be repetitious. Tell her she's beautiful. Then tell her again. Tell her you never felt this way before and mean it. Take your time. Nothing is quite as seductive as conversation. Tell her about yourself, then actually listen when she tells you about herself. Be witty; laughter is seductive, too. Be wise. Remember that words are the most potent kind of foreplay.



The wrong words: It has to be the right poetry. "Chicago, hog butcher for the world" won't do. Steer clear of the moderns (there are exceptions, of course, but most are too oblique to get your message across). If you write your own, don't start with "Roses are red, violets are blue." That can only lead to trouble. Don't kvetch. "My wife doesn't understand me" won't get you any sympathy. Don't work up a line, don't be graphic about what you hope will happen later. Don't ever say, "Did you hear the one about

the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter?" Don't give play-by-play descriptions of all your favorite sporting events or tell her the plots of movies. Other words to avoid at all costs: "I have a daughter just about your age," "Are you sure you need dessert?," "What's your sign?" and, the worst one, "Did you come?"



Of All the Gin Joints in All the Towns in All the World, She Walks into Mine

We took an informal poll and *Casablanca* won hands down as the most romantic movie of all time. Rhett and Scarlett came in a strong second.

Violets for Her Purrs

One flower is romantic, and so are extravagant bunches. But sending the wrong flowers courts disaster.

Flowers to send:

Violets
Gardenias
Tea roses
Tulips
Daffodils

Flowers not to send:

Gladiolas
Chrysanthemums
Hothouse roses (wilt at the top of the stem)
Lilies
Zinnias



Red Sails in the Sunset

Romance courtesy of Mother Nature? Try the beaches at Carmel, California; Cabo San Lucas, Baja California; Nantucket Island, Massachusetts; Sanibel Island, Florida. The best man-made spot: Manhattan's Windows on the World.





Tinseltown Romance

Since Clara Bow, movie stars have been romantic images to their public and Hollywood folk such as Jill Clayburgh, Al Pacino, Julie Christie, Jacqueline Bisset, Robert Redford, Warren Beatty, Jennifer O'Neill, Ryan O'Neal, John Travolta and Burt Reynolds are doing their damndest to keep the tradition alive. Thanks, folks.



The Joy of Touch

Massage is a sensuous, romantic pleasure. You'll need some creams and oils: Chanel No. 5 Lotion, Neutrogena Body Oil, Nivea Creme Lotion, Jhirmack Avacada Oil, Caswell Massey Pure Wheat Germ Oil, and two strong hands. (Vibrator optional.)

Romance Her at Home

To put you in this picture the morning after the Saturday night before, we suggest the following accessories: 1. Silk pajamas by Jackie Rogers; 2. a Neiman-Marcus breakfast tray; 3. a Tiffany bud vase (with one fresh bloom); 4. Baccarat flute champagne glasses; and 5. Wamsutta Elegance Supercal sheets. Add the Sunday papers and serve.



FARRAH

(continued from page 262)

didn't matter; what she represented did. She was ours, and she was the original, and the Fawcett-Minors who followed were mere attempts at capitalizing on what we, through her, had created. You can put a girl in gym clothes or a wet T-shirt on the cover of every magazine in the world, but you cannot put her into our fantasies. All you can do is purge the one already there.

And that is what the hype barons of the celebrity industry attempted to do, during that year-plus when Farrah was absent from the tube. From Bisset's wet look to Travolta's disco pose to Tiegs's pink bikini, the name of the game was: Find the next Farrah. Or, failing that, create the next Farrah. But the punch line to that joke was that only we can

create a Farrah; the media can merely concoct imitations.

Those of us on the receiving end of mass-culture control damn few things, but fame can be one of them. It is *ours* to give, at least to any substantive extent, and we resent those who would seize this power through use of the siege cannon of publicity. And we prefer to bestow it, not on overnight icons jerry-built by media manipulators but on sleepers, dark horses, funky no-names with the promise of infinite surprise. *Roots*, not *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*. George Wallace, not Nelson Rockefeller. *Star Wars*, not *The Great Gatsby*.

We enjoy taking such individuals, isolated and unadored, and making them monumental; striking guerrillalike at the manipulators in a demonstration that we still decide who's really *who* and who really *isn't*. Farrah embodied the princi-

ple that we set the trends; that the star makers only incline, they do not compel.

And the whole wave of next Farrahs and new Farrahs eventually ran aground on the rugged fact that the "old" Farrah was still very much with us, in scrubbed/healthy, erotic/wholesome spirit, if not in weekly, televised actuality. She wisely took a year away from the public eye, to destrain it, to keep Farrah novelties from eradicating forever the novelty of Farrah; and so now the name of her game is the Big Comeback.

She is back on *Charlie's Angels* and back in *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, and there are more *Angel* episodes and more high-ballyhoo films to come soon (indeed, film number two, *The Bind*, is just now wrapping up). So now we'll get the chance we've been waiting three years for—the chance to see what Farrah's really made of. 

A Few Well-Chosen Words About Farrah

PLAYBOY: Did you help create Farrah?

RON GALELLA: Well, yes—all the press has. The more we write about and photograph any personality, the more we magnify her in the public's eye. But there has to be interest to begin with. The same thing with Jackie Kennedy—there was genuine interest and curiosity about her among the public.

PLAYBOY: How do you compare the two women?

GALELLA: Well, they're different, actually. Jackie doesn't have to do much to be a newsmaker, whereas Farrah has to work at it. One thing they do have in common is that they both smile in public. Jackie doesn't have to say anything or do anything but make an appearance and she gets attention.

PLAYBOY: Has the market for Farrah photos dropped off?

GALELLA: Not really. In fact, it's going to go up more, because she has gone back to do those *Angels* episodes. So she will be in the limelight again for a while. But I think that, by doing movies, it's going to be more difficult for her to remain so popular. I think she will go downhill. In fact, I think that she has gone downhill since she left the show. She has dropped because she doesn't have the tremendous exposure of a network show. A lot of people watch a hot show like *Charlie's Angels* and that exposure gives these girls a lot of power; and when Farrah left, she lost that. And a movie actress doesn't get that power. People go to the movies less nowadays; it's nothing compared

with their watching TV. And how many movies could she make a year? You see the difference? Like, every week she's on *Charlie's Angels* and she'll only make a movie once a year. So I think she has definitely gone downhill since she left that network show.

PLAYBOY: How did your interest in Farrah get started?

GARY GROTH: When my friend showed me a picture of her, and I just loved it.

PLAYBOY: Did your friend give you the picture he showed you?

GROTH: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And how many pictures of her do you have now?

GROTH: About 1000.

PLAYBOY: What do you like about her?

GROTH: I just love her; she's gorgeous.

PLAYBOY: Was there anyone you loved as much before her?

GROTH: No.

PLAYBOY: She's the first one?

GROTH: Uh-huh.

PLAYBOY: Do you like any of the other *Angels* as much as Farrah?

GROTH: No.

PLAYBOY: She's the one?

GROTH: Yeah, I like blondes.

PLAYBOY: Have you written her any fan letters?

GROTH: I wrote her once about a year ago and never got an answer.

PLAYBOY: And you still love her?

GROTH: I'm in her fan club and everything.

—GARY GROTH, 14-year-old world-champion collector of Farrah memorabilia, Saugus, California

I created the Farrah look right after she finished *Myra Breckinridge*. When I first started doing Farrah, she was a one-length pastel blonde. We worked out the style, and this took a good long time. I felt that it was a fantastic look and that it would sell, because it's the only type of hair style that you can wear long; yet it's layered and it looks sexy and it moves and it makes the face look good.

—HUGH YORK, Farrah's honest-to-God original hairdresser

There is an evenness about her tan and also her life.

—Farrah, by PATRICIA BURSTEIN

Think about how America is in search of not a sex symbol but a real first lady—really looking for someone who can speak to the young women, speak to the youngsters coming up. What a Farrah Fawcett could do to aid the world if she decided to!

—DICK GREGORY

She has all the old-fashioned glamor qualities, but she lives in another era. . . . What made the glamorous personalities of that earlier period in Hollywood was a great compilation of big brains, big entertainment and big attention to detail by the studios. I don't think there's anybody alive today who would know *how* to make a star.

If Farrah had lived back in those glamor days—the days of L. B. Mayer and Sam Goldwyn—hell, she'd have been the biggest star in captivity. No question about it. They would have made her so.

—GEORGE HURRELL, longtime Hollywood glamor photographer

**“Ballantine’s.
Damn good
scotch.”**





THE 1979 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

cast your ballot
for your jazz,
rhythm-and-blues,
pop/rock and
country-and-
western favorites

THERE ARE some downers you can always count on—such as death, taxes and the fact that the Lawrence Welk show is syndicated in perpetuity. On the other hand, there are a lot of good things that are ongoing—such as Woody Allen movies, Vladimir Horowitz concerts and the Playboy Music Poll. The poll has been around for over two decades and it gets more prestigious with each passing year. So here, once again, is your opportunity to join in the annual fun and, not so incidentally, help the cause of your main music men and

women. The names that accompany the ballot are there as a guide; you are not bound to vote for any of them. If your favorites aren't listed, just enter their names in the spaces provided. But, *please*, if you *are* voting for someone who is listed, use the *number* next to his or her name. And don't forget to fill in the Hall of Fame and Best LP categories on the back of the ballot. Two final, important points: Only official ballots count and they must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1978. Now, get out there and vote!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAN COBB

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1979 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

POP/ROCK Male Vocalist

1. Marty Balin
2. Stephen Bishop
3. David Bowie
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jimmy Buffett
6. Gary Busey
7. Harry Chapin
8. Elvis Costello
9. Roger Daltrey
10. Neil Diamond
11. Bob Dylan
12. Walter Egan
13. Andy Gibb
14. Mick Jagger
15. Billy Joel
16. David Johansen
17. Elton John
18. Nick Lowe
19. Barry Manilow
20. Paul McCartney
21. Eddie Money
22. Ted Nugent
23. Robert Palmer
24. Tom Petty
25. Robert Plant
26. Gerry Rafferty
27. Tom Robinson
28. Leon Russell
29. Boz Scaggs
30. Neil Sedaka
31. Paul Simon
32. Bruce Springsteen
33. Cat Stevens
34. Rod Stewart
35. James Taylor
36. Neil Young
37. Warren Zevon

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Baez
2. Karen Carpenter
3. Carolee Carter
4. Marshall Chapman
5. Judy Collins
6. Yvonne Elliman
7. Janis Ian
8. Carole King
9. Cheryl Ladd
10. Melissa Manchester
11. Christine McVie
12. Bette Midler
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Olivia Newton-John
15. Stevie Nicks
16. Bonnie Raitt
17. Genya Ravan
18. Helen Reddy
19. Linda Ronstadt
20. Carly Simon
21. Grace Slick
22. Patti Smith
23. Phoebe Snow
24. Barbra Streisand
25. Donna Summer
26. Bonnie Tyler
27. Ann Wilson

Guitar

1. Jeff Beck
2. Chuck Berry
3. Roy Buchanan
4. Eric Clapton
5. Jose Feliciano
6. Peter Frampton
7. Jerry Garcia
8. George Harrison
9. Steve Howe
10. Ted Nugent
11. Jimmy Page
12. Bonnie Raitt
13. Keith Richards
14. Robbie Robertson
15. Carlos Santana
16. Boz Scaggs

17. Cat Stevens
18. Stephen Stills
19. Peter Townshend
20. Robin Trower
21. Miami Steve Van Zandt
22. Waddy Wachtel
23. Joe Walsh
24. Frank Zappa

Keyboards

1. Gregg Allman
2. Brian Auger
3. Roy Bittan
4. Booker T.
5. Jackson Browne
6. Keith Emerson
7. Danny Federici
8. Andrew Gold
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Nicky Hopkins
11. Garth Hudson
12. Billy Joel
13. Elton John
14. Robert Lamm
15. Chuck Leavell
16. Barry Manilow
17. Bill Payne
18. Billy Preston
19. Todd Rundgren
20. Leon Russell
21. Allen Toussaint
22. Rick Wakeman
23. Edgar Winter
24. Gary Wright
25. Neil Young

Drums

1. Ginger Baker
2. John Bonham
3. Bill Bruford
4. Jim Capaldi
5. Karen Carpenter
6. Bobby Colomby
7. Peter Criss
8. Aynsley Dunbar
9. Mick Fleetwood
10. Levon Helm
11. Jai Johanny Johanson
12. Bill Kreutzmann
13. Russ Kunkel
14. Buddy Miles
15. Nigel Olsson
16. Carl Palmer
17. Danny Seraphine
18. Ringo Starr
19. Charlie Watts
20. Max Weinberg
21. Stevie Wonder

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Peter Cetera
4. Rick Danko
5. Donald "Duck" Dunn
6. John Entwistle
7. Wilton Felder
8. Freebo
9. Larry Graham
10. John Paul Jones
11. Greg Lake
12. Phil Lesh
13. Paul McCartney
14. John McVie
15. Carl Radle
16. Chuck Rainey
17. Gene Simmons
18. Lee Sklar
19. Chris Squire
20. Garry Tallent
21. Klaus Voormann
22. Willie Weeks
23. Bill Wyman

Composer

1. Ian Anderson
2. Karla Bonoff
3. Jackson Browne
4. Jimmy Buffett
5. Neil Diamond
6. Bob Dylan
7. John Ferrar
8. Barry Gibb
9. Billy Joel
10. Elton John
11. John Lennon
12. Paul McCartney
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Randy Newman
15. Seals & Crofts
16. Neil Sedaka
17. Paul Simon
18. Patti Smith
19. Bruce Springsteen
20. Cat Stevens
21. Bernie Taupin
22. James Taylor
23. Peter Townshend
24. Stevie Wonder
25. Neil Young
26. Frank Zappa
27. Warren Zevon

Group

1. Abba
2. Aerosmith
3. Amazing Rhythm Aces
4. Beach Boys
5. Bee Gees
6. Boston
7. Chicago
8. Crosby, Stills & Nash
9. Eagles
10. Electric Light Orchestra
11. Fleetwood Mac
12. Foghat
13. Foreigner
14. Heart
15. Jefferson Starship
16. Journey
17. Kansas
18. Kiss
19. Led Zeppelin
20. Steve Miller Band
21. Pink Floyd
22. Rolling Stones
23. Santana
24. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
25. Steely Dan
26. The Who
27. Wings
28. Yes

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. George Benson
2. Bobby Bland
3. James Brown
4. Ray Charles
5. Bootsy Collins
6. Billy Davis, Jr.
7. Bo Diddley
8. Marvin Gaye
9. Al Green
10. Donny Hathaway
11. Isaac Hayes
12. B. B. King
13. Bob Marley
14. Johnny Mathis
15. Curtis Mayfield
16. Johnny Nash
17. Billy Paul
18. Smokey Robinson
19. Joe Simon
20. Sly Stone
21. Johnnie Taylor
22. Barry White
23. Bill Withers
24. Stevie Wonder

BALLOT

Put down the **NUMBERS** of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

GUITAR

KEYBOARDS

DRUMS

BASS

COMPOSER

GROUP

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER

GROUP

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

BRASS

WOODWINDS

KEYBOARDS

VIBES

GUITAR

BASS

PERCUSSION

COMPOSER

GROUP

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

PICKER

COMPOSER

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Ringo Starr, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Female Vocalist

- Joan Armatrading
- Natalie Cole
- Roberta Flack
- Aretha Franklin
- Gloria Gaynor
- Thelma Houston
- Millie Jackson
- Chaka Khan
- Gladys Knight
- Marilyn McCoo
- Gwen McCrae
- Melba Moore
- Maxine Nightingale
- Esther Phillips
- Minnie Riperton
- Vicki Sue Robinson
- Diana Ross
- Phoebe Snow
- Donna Summer
- Tina Turner
- Dionne Warwick
- Deniece Williams

Composer

- Nicholas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
- Thom Bell
- Johnny Bristol
- James Brown
- Bobby Eli
- Kenny Gamble-Leon Huff
- Al Green
- Isaac Hayes
- Willie Hutch
- Bob Marley
- Curtis Mayfield
- Eugene McDaniels
- Smokey Robinson
- Allen Toussaint
- Barry White
- Norman Whitfield
- Frank Wilson
- Bill Withers
- Bobby Womack
- Stevie Wonder

Group

- Average White Band
- Commodores
- Earth, Wind & Fire
- Emotions
- Floater
- Isley Brothers
- Gladys Knight & the Pips
- Love Unlimited Orchestra
- Bob Marley & the Wailers
- Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
- Ohio Players
- O'Jays
- Parliament/Funkadelic
- Pointer Sisters
- Rufus
- Sly & the Family Stone
- Spinners
- Stylistics
- Supremes
- Temptations
- War
- Wonderlove

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

- Mose Allison
- Tony Bennett
- George Benson
- Brook Benton
- Bobby Bland
- Ray Charles
- Sammy Davis Jr.
- Billy Eckstine
- Johnny Hartman
- Jon Hendricks
- Al Jarreau
- Johnny Mathis
- Milton Nascimento
- Lou Rawls

- Gil Scott-Heron
- Frank Sinatra
- Grady Tate
- Leon Thomas
- Mel Tormé
- Joe Williams
- Jimmy Witherspoon

Female Vocalist

- Pearl Bailey
- Shirley Bassey
- Dee Dee Bridgewater
- Betty Carter
- Ursula Dudziak
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Roberta Flack
- Lena Horne
- Cleo Laine
- Peggy Lee
- Carmen McRae
- Liza Minnelli
- Melba Moore
- Odetta
- Esther Phillips
- Flora Purim
- Della Reese
- Esther Satterfield
- Phoebe Snow
- Barbra Streisand
- Sarah Vaughan
- Nancy Wilson

Brass

- Nat Adderley
- Herb Alpert
- Chet Baker
- Randy Brecker
- Donald Byrd
- Miles Davis
- Jon Faddis
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Urbie Green
- Al Grey
- Wayne Henderson
- Freddie Hubbard
- J. J. Johnson
- Thad Jones
- Chuck Mangione
- Blue Mitchell
- James Pankow
- Doc Severinsen
- Clark Terry
- Junior Walker
- Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

- Joe Farrell
- Stan Getz
- Benny Goodman
- Scott Hamilton
- Eddie Harris
- Woody Herman
- Bobbi Humphrey
- Vusef Lateef
- Hubert Laws
- Ronnie Laws
- Herbie Mann
- Gerry Mulligan
- Walter Parazaidier
- Roy Ravenscroft
- Sam Rivers
- Sonny Rollins
- Tom Scott
- Wayne Shorter
- Zoot Sims
- Stanley Turrentine
- Junior Walker
- Grover Washington, Jr.
- Edgar Winter
- Chris Woods

Keyboards

- Muhal Richard Abrams
- Eubie Blake
- Dave Brubeck

- Chick Corea
- Eumir Deodato
- George Duke
- Bill Evans
- Jan Hammer
- Johnny Hammond
- Herbie Hancock
- Earl "Fatha" Hines
- Ahmad Jamal
- Bob James
- Keith Jarrett
- Ramsey Lewis
- Les McCann
- Marian McPartland
- Sergio Mendes
- Thelonious Monk
- Oscar Peterson
- Cecil Taylor
- McCoy Tyner
- Mary Lou Williams
- Joe Zawinul

Vibes

- Roy Ayers
- Gary Burton
- Victor Feldman
- Terry Gibbs
- Lionel Hampton
- Bobby Hutcherson
- Milt Jackson
- Mike Mainieri
- Buddy Montgomery
- Red Norvo
- Emil Richards
- Cal Tjader
- Keith Underwood
- Tommy Vig

Guitar

- John Abercrombie
- Jeff Beck
- George Benson
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Larry Coryell
- Al DiMeola
- Herb Ellis
- José Feliciano
- Eric Gale
- Grant Green
- Jim Hall
- Barney Kessel
- Earl Klugh
- John McLaughlin
- Tony Mottola
- Joe Pass
- Bucky Pizzarelli
- Melvin Sparks
- Gabor Szabo
- Phil Upchurch

Bass

- Keter Betts
- Walter Booker
- Ray Brown
- Mike Bruce
- Joe Byrd
- Ron Carter
- Stanley Clarke
- Bob Cranshaw
- Art Davis
- Cleveland Eaton
- Jim Fielder
- Jimmy Garrison
- Eddie Gomez
- Bob Haggart
- Percy Heath
- Carol Kaye
- Charles Mingus
- Monk Montgomery
- Carl Radle
- Rufus Reid
- Miroslav Vitous

Percussion

- Hal Blaine
- Art Blakey
- Willie Bobo



4. Jimmy Cobb
5. Billy Cobham
6. Jack DeJohnette
7. John Guerin
8. Stix Hooper
9. Elvin Jones
10. Jo Jones
11. Mel Lewis
12. Harvey Mason
13. Airtio Moreira
14. Joe Morello
15. Alphonse Mouzon
16. Buddy Rich
17. Max Roach
18. Mongo Santamaria
19. Lenny White
20. Tony Williams

Composer

1. Mose Allison
2. Carla Bley
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Stanley Clarke
5. Ornette Coleman
6. Chick Corea
7. Miles Davis
8. Eunir Deodato
9. Herbie Hancock
10. Bob James
11. Keith Jarrett
12. Antonio Carlos Jobim
13. Quincy Jones
14. Thad Jones

15. Michel Legrand
16. Chuck Mangione
17. Thelonious Monk
18. Gil Scott-Heron-
Brian Jackson
19. Wayne Shorter
20. Horace Silver
21. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Count Basie
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Ray Charles
4. Larry Coryell &
the Eleventh House
5. Crusaders
6. Miles Davis
7. Deodato
8. Maynard Ferguson
9. Jan Hammer
10. Herbie Hancock
11. Quincy Jones
12. Ramsey Lewis
13. Chuck Mangione
14. John McLaughlin
15. Sergio Mendes &
Brasil '88
16. Return to Forever
17. Buddy Rich
18. Tom Scott &
the L.A. Express
19. Doc Severinsen
20. Weather Report

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. Moe Bandy
2. Glen Campbell
3. Johnny Cash
4. Guy Clark
5. Roy Clark
6. Mac Davis
7. John Denver
8. Freddy Fender
9. Kinky Friedman
10. Mickey Gilley
11. Steve Goodman
12. Merle Haggard
13. Waylon Jennings
14. George Jones
15. Kris Kristofferson
16. Jerry Lee Lewis
17. Gordon Lightfoot
18. Roger Miller
19. Ronnie Milsap
20. Willie Nelson
21. Danny O'Keefe
22. Johnny Paycheck
23. Charley Pride
24. John Prine
25. Eddie Rabbitt
26. Jerry Reed
27. Charlie Rich
28. Johnny Rodriguez
29. Kenny Rogers
30. Ray Stevens
31. Mel Tillis
32. Conway Twitty
33. Jerry Jeff Walker
34. Hank Williams, Jr.

Female Vocalist

1. Barbi Benton
2. Judy Collins
3. Jessi Colter
4. Rita Coolidge
5. Donna Fargo
6. Crystal Gayle
7. Linda Hargrove
8. Emmylou Harris
9. Brenda Lee
10. Loretta Lynn
11. Mary MacGregor
12. Barbara Mandrell
13. Anne Murray
14. Tracy Nelson
15. Olivia Newton-John
16. Dolly Parton
17. Mary Kay Place
18. Jeannie C. Riley
19. Linda Ronstadt
20. Connie Smith
21. Tanya Tucker
22. Tammy Wynette

Picker

1. Chet Atkins
2. David Bromberg
3. Roy Clark
4. Ry Cooder
5. Pete Drake
6. John Fahey
7. Lester Flatt
8. Amos Garrett
9. Johnny Gimble

10. Lloyd Green
11. John Hartford
12. Sonny James
13. Leo Kottke
14. Charlie McCoy
15. Jerry Reed
16. Earl Scruggs
17. Ralph Stanley
18. Doc Watson
19. Reggie Young

Composer

1. Hoyt Axton
2. Guy Clark
3. Mac Davis
4. John Denver
5. Steve Goodman
6. Merle Haggard
7. Tom T. Hall
8. Linda Hargrove
9. John Hartford
10. Waylon Jennings
11. Kris Kristofferson
12. Gordon Lightfoot
13. Roger Miller
14. Michael Murphy
15. Willie Nelson
16. Danny O'Keefe
17. Dolly Parton
18. John Prine
19. Johnny Rodriguez
20. Shel Silverstein
21. Townes Van Zandt



"The University of Miami appears to have just as much sex life as most Southern colleges."

beaches—but the reports from the front lines vary. Mike, 30, a Miami lawyer, views the scene this way: "For an Anglo guy in Miami, your odds are cut 50 percent. Cuban women don't want anything to do with you." However, Julio Suarez de Dios, a 22-year-old musician, says that success depends on your approach. "With my people, you have to let go. You let go of the insecurity and you become aggressive. You're having a good time, you let go. The on-the-make attitude seems to heighten the sexual response of everyone in the place. Of course, the Cuban guy is a little more devious, a little quicker. The Cuban girl is more aware of the American guy. She'll see the little tricks. He'll usually wine and dine a Cuban girl more than the Cuban guy. If you really take care of yourself, wear a suit, put on cologne, you'll do much better." Ah, romance.

And then there's the University of Miami. For a decade now, university fathers have been anxiously trying with only moderate success to live down their school's reputation as Suntan U. The marine sciences, physics, geography, geology, music and drama have become strong departments; the humanities are considered the school's weak areas. The administration points for legitimacy to a number of graduates headed every year for advanced learning at places like MIT and Cal Tech. For all that, the University of Miami is a painless place to go to school.

It is no city college. There are 17,000 students (10,000 undergraduates) paying the private-school tuition of \$1850 per semester to get their brains straightened out on a modern, whitewashed, low-rise campus dotted with palms, an artificial lake and a double-Olympic-sized swimming pool surrounded by a deck and hundreds of lounge chairs that make it look exactly like the hindside of the Fontainebleau Hilton. The economic condition is generally affluent, as any glance at the large parking lots of the dorms and fraternities indicates. "You can go out and buy a Corvette around here and nobody will be impressed," says Karen Waters, a senior who is president of the Panhellenic Council (association of sororities). "Everybody has one."

"My brother came down from Brown one week," explains Karen, "and he couldn't believe two things: all the pretty

girls and how huge the parking lots are."

In the outdoorsy atmosphere of the university campus, it is extremely easy to make daytime contacts. Connections are made in "the pit," a patio behind the Memorial Building that swarms with students between classes. Or they can pass through the Student Union's rooms full of pinball machines, ping-pong games and pool tables. The adjoining cafeteria where Cuban bus boys and girls, not students, pick up the trays is open all afternoon. Forty yards away is The Rathskeller, a snack bar with beer, disco music and more pinball machines. It abuts that enormous pool deck that is more for sunning than for swimming.

The University of Miami appears to have just as much sex life as most Southern colleges; i.e., a lot. Given the fact that many of the coeds jiggle out for classes in haltertops or tennis outfits, it would be hard to imagine things any other way.

"The only problem I have with them," says one fraternity brother, "is getting 'em to give head. Or a hand job. You'll eat a girl out and then say, 'Well, how about a blow job?' and she'll say, 'No way.'"

Marshall Steingold, last year's editor of *The Miami Hurricane*, recalls the dorm action fondly. "I remember in my sophomore year, I was the dorm R.A. [resident advisor]. There was a lot of noise at one end of the hall, so I went down to see what it was. I looked in the room and there were about five couples in there having a Mazola party—spreading oil all over their bodies. They invited me in and I had a ball."

Drugs play a role, too. The aphrodisiac of choice is Quaaludes, which are cheap and easy to obtain—"somebody gives you some or there are doctors around here who prescribe them."

"If you're going to do 'ludes," says one party-minded Miamian, "you make sure to slip the girl two and take just one yourself. Then you can get in the sack and do anything imaginable."

One of the unique delights of the progressive sexual atmosphere at the university is a weekly advice-to-the-sexlorn column that appears across the top of the *Hurricane's* op-ed page. It is written by Marian Grabowski, a biology professor of indeterminate age, and is based on the questions she receives in a question box near her office. Miss Grabowski

brings a terrific compassion and startling frankness to the printed page of a college newspaper.

Her advice is fundamental. Students ask such questions as "How do women masturbate?" and "What is 69?" Last year's all-time favorite Q. and A. was the following:

Q.: I do enjoy oral sex because of the pleasure it gives my man. Please, what is the best thing to do with the come? I can't ask anyone else.

A.: Swallow.

SWINGING

On the face of it, Miami is very much a city of staid burghers at considerable pains to show themselves a part of the great American mainstream. Away from the beaches, Miami is as middle class as Peoria. Yet it is from within this very world that one finds the urge for the kind of closet excitement that swinging sex brings. Swapping partners is the one way image-conscious straights can do something that seems really wild without ruffling the rest of their social façade. Their only traditional release has been the secret quickie: Bill balls his secretary after work, while Sally occasionally gets it on with the lifeguard at the pool where she takes the kids. They do it without telling each other, but word gets around. The PLAYBOY telephone survey of Miami revealed that 45 percent of the people thought that extramarital relationships were on the rise.

Swinging is an alternative to cheating. The focus of organized activity (as opposed to mail-order swinging) is Playhouse I, the creation of Del and Bobi (last names never given), a mid-30ish couple who have become the gurus of swinging in south Florida. Playhouse I is a large, plush lounge on Miramar Parkway halfway between Miami and Fort Lauderdale. It is open every night except Monday and is restricted to couples only on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. On Sunday night, a buffet is served. Since under Florida law the beverage-division cops have full search-and-seizure rights without warrants in any place that sells liquor, members must bring their own bottles to Playhouse I. Setups are provided.

There is no on-premises sex at Playhouse I; there never has been. As one swinger put it, "South Florida is the tip of the Bible Belt." However, at a new 10,000-square-foot club in south Miami called Playhouse South, Del and Bobi will soon be providing all the amenities that do-it-in-the-open swingers like to have: a sauna, three Jacuzzis, European showers, plush sofas, a screening room and a

(continued on page 336)

Escape to the Islands tonight.

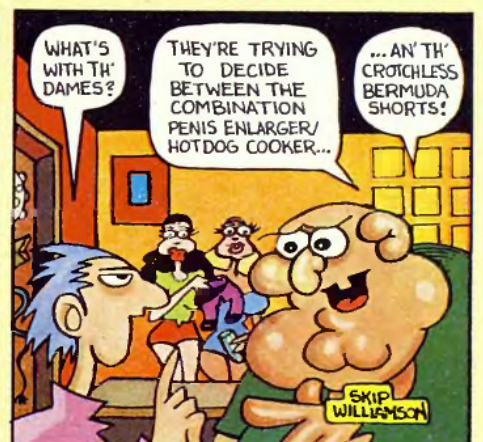
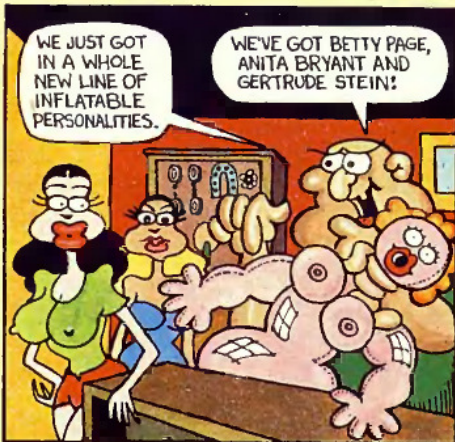
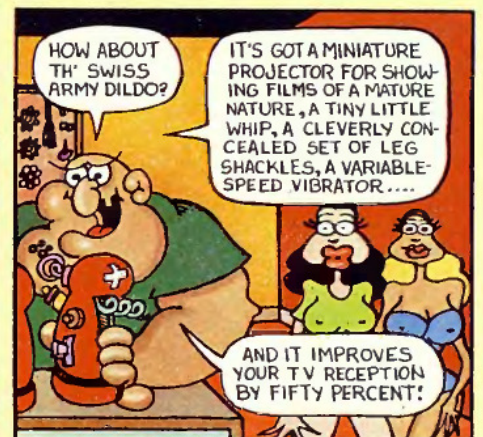
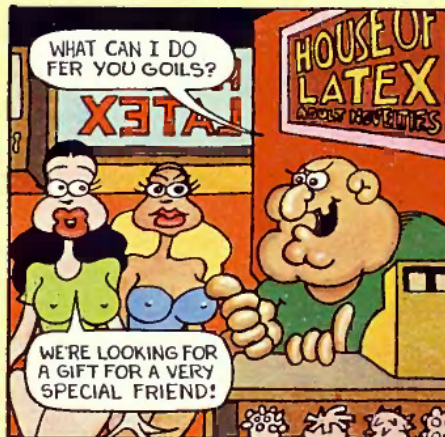
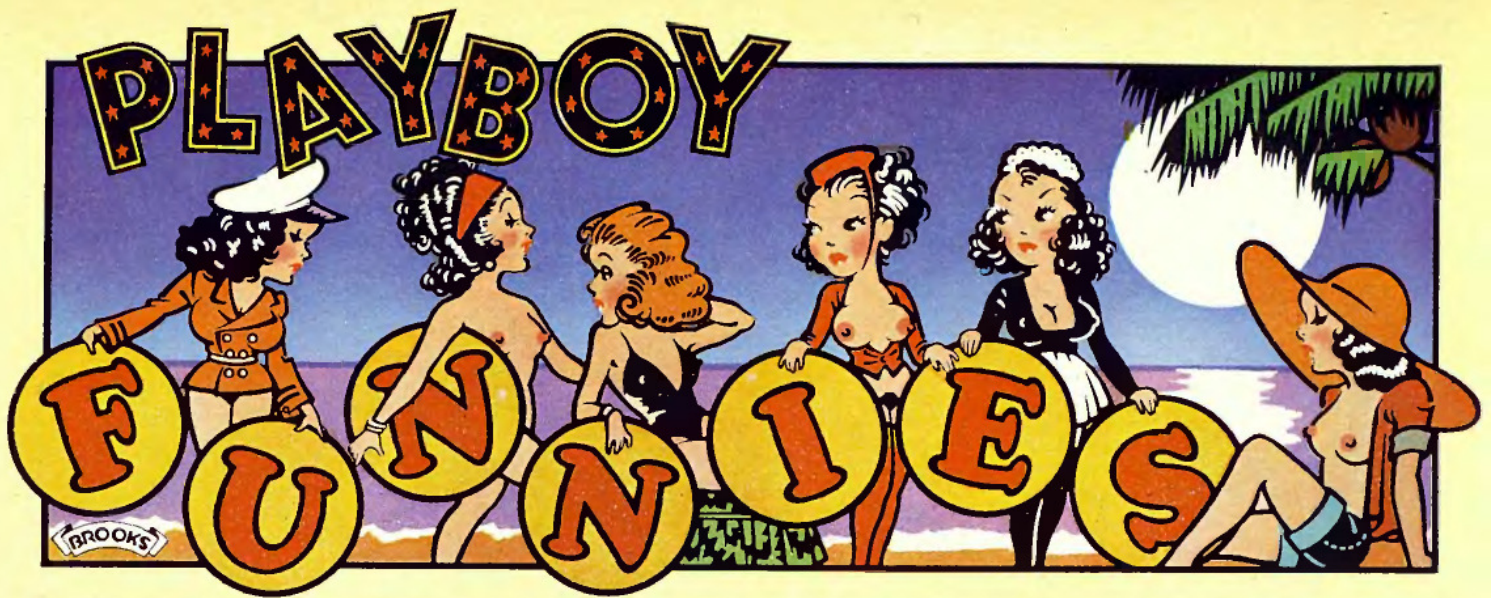


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Tia Maria and...

For imaginative drink ideas send for the Tia Maria recipe book:
W.A. Taylor & Company, 825 South Bayshore Drive, Miami, Florida 33131





The Kinky Report

by christopher brame



BY DAY, SHEILA WALPURGIS IS A DEMURE COPYWRITER FOR GLOSS, A FASHION MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN....

NO CAN DO, LUV! IF YOU WANT MORE BREAD, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT FROM ANOTHER BOSS....

YOU MEAN GET ANOTHER JOB?

...NO, CHICKEE-BABY, GET MARRIED! HEH-HEH!

BY NIGHT, SHE IS... AHEM, SHE'S USUALLY VERY BUSY.

RIDE ON, SISTER!

DAY OR NIGHT, IF THERE'S A NEED, SHE BECOMES...

Singlewoman

... A SUPERIOR BEING FROM THE AMAZON PLANET **SEXUS**, WHO USES HER RELEVANT SINGLE POWERS TO ERADICATE THE FORCES OF CHAUVINISM IN THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR EQUALITY, JUSTICE AND THE THREE-MINUTE ORGASM.

JOIN US NOW AS **PIGGY**, SINGLEWOMAN'S ARCH ENEMY, ATTEMPTS TO STEM THE TIDE OF FEMALE ECONOMIC FREEDOM....

FIRST FEMALE BANK

FILL MY **PORK BARREL** WITH THE CASH AND I'LL REDISTRIBUTE IT TO THE CAPABLE HANDS OF YOUR HUSBANDS AND FATHERS! **OINK!**

WHEN **WILL** YOU GIRLS LEARN THAT YOUR ECONOMIC PLACE IS IN THE HOME?

NEXT TELLER, PLEASE

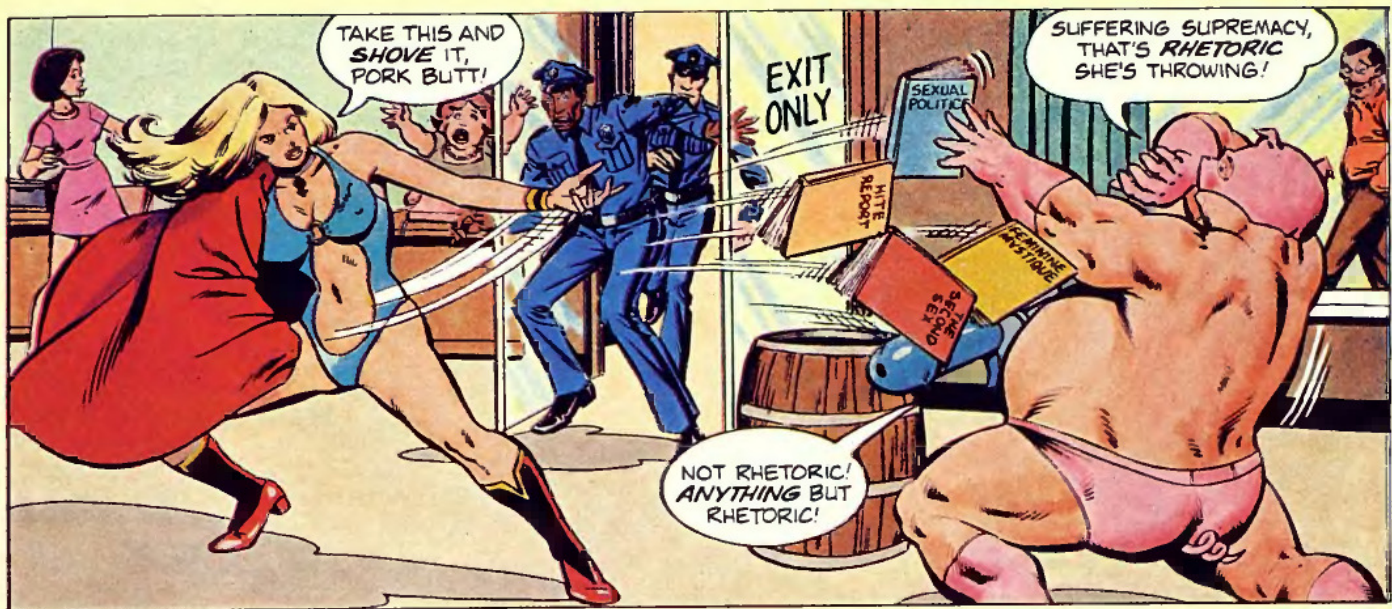
PENALTY FOR EARLY WITHDRAWALS

BEST LAY-A-WAYS IN TOWN

IF IT ISN'T THAT SWINE VIRUS, **PIGGY!**

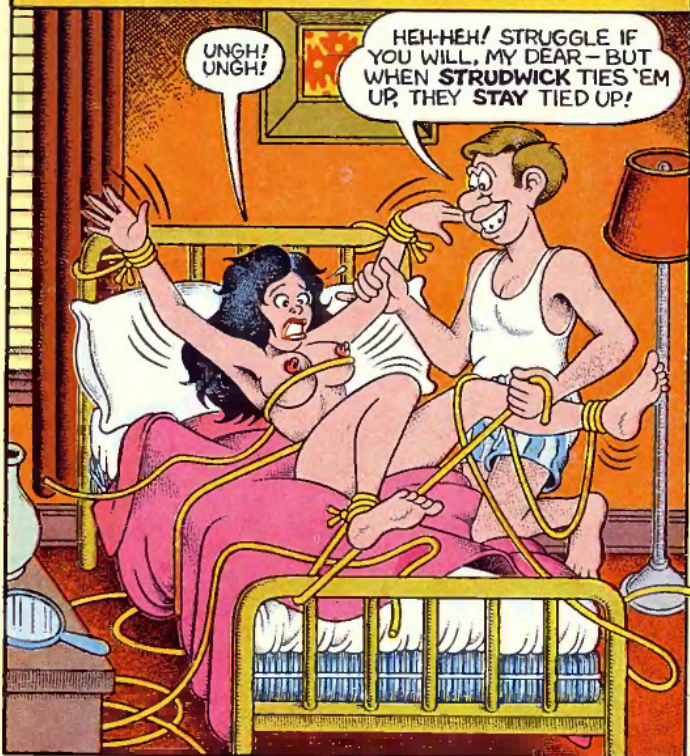
STILL NOT WEARING **UNDERWEAR**, SINGLEWOMAN?

AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GETTING **PREGNANT** FROM MY **PENIS GUN**?

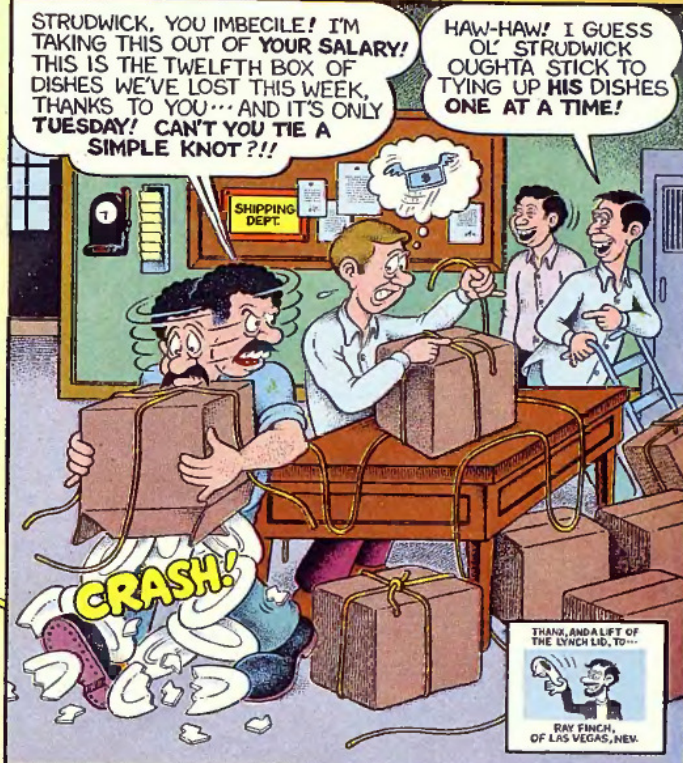


GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH

WHEN IT COMES TO BONDAGE, STRUDWICK REALLY KNOWS THE ROPES!



BUT AT HIS NINE-TO-FIVER...



TEASERS

Keeping the "X" in Xmas, by Lou Brooks

**VIBRATING
SANTA!**

HERE'S A CHRISTMAS-STOCKING STUFFER THAT'S ALSO FUN TO MAKE!

7. A VIBRATOR, GLUE
RED FELT FOR HAT
AND COAT; COTTON
FOR BEARD AND TRIM;
RAISINS FOR EYES;
PENCIL ERASER FOR
NOSE; PIPE CLEANERS
FOR ARMS (TUCK
UNDER FELT)



AFTER CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST, YOU MIGHT SUGGEST PLAYING "HERE COMES SANTA CLAUS" WITH HER VIBRATING SANTA. FOLD A LITTLE CHIMNEY OUT OF RED PAPER. DRAW BRICKS ON IT, THEN TAPE IT TO HER CROTCH. AS SANTA SLIDES DOWN CHIMNEY, "HO! HO! HO!" WILL QUICKLY CHANGE TO "OH! OH! OH!"



RS. GOTTA D. HOTZ HAS
INVITED SANTA UPSTAIRS, WHERE
SHE CAN TRY ON HER CHRISTMAS
PRESENT. SANTA DOESN'T WANT TO
RUN INTO MR. HOTZ. CAN YOU HELP SANTA
SAFELY FIND HIS WAY?

CARVE THE TURKEY. POUR THE EAGLE.

OUR 10 YEAR OLD TASTE KEEPS THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT RARE.



Present your friends with the nobler bird, Eagle Rare.
Bourbon smoothed and mellowed by ten full years of careful aging.
One sip and they'll know they've
received the very finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created.

EAGLE RARE. THE ONLY 101 PROOF BOURBON AGED 10 YEARS.

About ten dollars the fifth.

"Saint Jack"

peter bogdanovich teams up with playboy for his latest film, which stars ben gazzara as a singapore pimp

By TOM NOLAN THE HOUSE is off Sunset Boulevard, just north of the UCLA campus and within jogging distance of the clean, hip collegiate streets of Westwood, where even on weekdays the block-long lines at the dozen or so moviehouses begin at noon. It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that the reputations of many American films and their directors are made or broken by

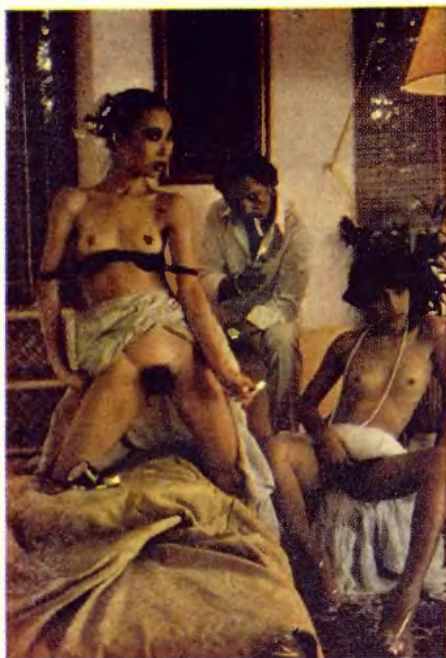
the first seven days' business at this fashionable suburb's handful of theaters; if not the reputation, the financial fate—and, in the geographically undefined suburb called Hollywood, a few miles' drive to the east, the two are usually synonymous. It was in Westwood that such films as *The Last Picture Show*, *Paper Moon*, *What's Up, Doc?*, *Daisy Miller*, *At Long Last Love* and *Nichelodeon*

pulled them in or turned them off. In the house off Sunset, the director of those six pictures—three hits, two misses, one maybe—brooded recently over the editing, the release date, the eventual fate of his first creation in two years, a morality tale of an American pimp in Singapore: *Saint Jack*.

The house sits in Spanish splendor behind a private gate, a reminder, for



Ben Gazzara plays Jack Flowers (the titular Saint Jack of the movie), an American who runs an Army-sanctioned whorehouse in Singapore. Above, we see him surrounded by a few of his employees. As the story unfolds, Jack discovers the dangers of being a free-lance pimp.



One of the choicest roles in the film is played by Saleem Sanwan (left). Saleem plays Yusof the bartender, confidant of the girls at Jack's place, a man privy to their most private thoughts . . . and parts. During a break in the shooting, Bogdanovich and Gazzara (below left) chat with several lovely Singaporeans, while curious onlookers onlook.

Jack runs afoul of a Chinese gang that humiliates him by tattooing his arms with pornographic pictures; above left, Harry the tattooist (played by H. C. Groh) transforms them into flowers as Jack's closest pal, William Leigh (Denholm Elliott), watches with amusement. Above, director Bogdanovich preps Gazzara and Elliott for a scene.



Until *Saint Jack*, there hadn't been a movie shot in Singapore for 20 years. During the five months of shooting, despite its theme, Bogdanovich recruited many Singaporean actors for the production; among them are Elizabeth Ang (left) and Cecilia Arriola (above). Bogdanovich hopes the film will inspire people to visit Singapore. No doubt it will.

For Bogdanovich, whose last two films were the musical *At Long Last Love* and the whimsical *Nickelodeon*, *Saint Jack* with its sexual theme is something of a departure. Below left, director Bogdanovich sets up a scene between a transvestite, known simply as Lily, and Bridget Ang, a puffball-blond transsexual, who get it together for the camera (below).



those so inclined, of Charles Foster Kane's Xanadu. Inside an enormous living room, dozens of *objets d'art* are placed in uneasy juxtaposition; a semi-abstract painting in splashy colors is flanked by steely 18th Century English engravings. Bulky mirrored South American pillows squat on Empire sofas. Servants discreetly come and go. A fountain burbles in the courtyard beyond an open door. A recent visitor waiting in this room heard one half of a telephone conversation from somewhere nearby. "It's a tough picture," a voice was saying. "It's really pretty strong. I think it's my best since *Picture Show*. . . . Well, when is the latest you can see it and still decide for the festival?" A few moments later, the voice's owner appeared. He had been on the phone with the director of the New York Film Festival, he explained. That event was opening with Robert Altman's *A Wedding* and there was talk of *Saint Jack's* closing it. "But they wanna see it," said Peter Bogdanovich with a tight, ironic smile. "They like to see the pictures."

He was wearing small, round, slightly tinted glasses and seemed to be growing a mustache. He smelled pleasantly of Eau Sauvage. In the library, seated in a high-backed chair at a table the length of the room, he finished what was left of a light lunch and explained how he had come to make this movie of the novel of the same name by Paul Theroux, portions of which appeared in PLAYBOY's January and February 1973 issues.

"Orson Welles had told Cybill [Shepherd] he thought it was a good book and she ought to read it. She liked it and she said I ought to read it, so I read it. Eventually. And I thought it was a pretty good book. Interesting idea, interesting situation, interesting little . . . conceit. Basically, it deals with moral questions, and it was a question of figuring a way of dramatizing the book. It's not written chronologically. You have to sort of straighten it out."

Bogdanovich didn't mention it, but even more straightening out had to be done before *Saint Jack* made it to the filming stage. It all goes back to a suit Cybill Shepherd, Bogdanovich's longtime lady, had filed against PLAYBOY over a picture of her published in 1972. This had been slowly wending its way through the tortuous paths of legal procedure when, at a Hollywood party for Jimmy Carter at the home of actor Warren Beatty, Bogdanovich was introduced to Hugh M. Hefner. Eventually, when Bogdanovich and Shepherd learned that Playboy Enterprises held the film rights to Theroux's novel, a bargain was struck: Instead of becoming adversaries in a courtroom, Hefner and Bogdanovich wound up partners in a film production.

As conceived by Theroux, *Saint Jack's* title character is a strangely vulnerable fellow whose very personal notion of morality permits him to manage a U. S. Army-sanctioned whorehouse for GIs on R & R from Vietnam—but is tested by seamier tasks. "It's about making moral choices in life," Bogdanovich said. "Whether or not to sell out. Whether or not to take a lotta money for something you don't believe in. What's right or wrong, when push comes to shove. And since it deals with a pimp—which is not a profession noted for morality—I think it's rather interesting. The trick was to translate that idea into a movie."

Bogdanovich wrote one script, then he and playwright Howard Sackler wrote another. Financing was provided by Roger Corman. Playboy Productions coproduced the film, with Hugh M. Hefner and Eddie Rissien, Executive Vice-President of Playboy Productions, serving as executive producers. Once the company was in Singapore, a thorough rewrite was done, with star Ben Gazzara and associate producer George Morfogen making important contributions. "We tried to make a movie devoid of bullshit. I mean . . . all movies are slightly bullshit. It comes with making movies. We at least were trying consciously to avoid that. And, you know, it isn't easy. I don't know if we did or not, but I think it's pretty good. The picture moves very quickly. I don't think it's lugubrious, or heavy, but it's not your light, frothy entertainment. It has a tough quality."

Bogdanovich was in Singapore for almost five months. There hadn't been a picture made there in 20 years. An international crew of amateurs and professionals—Dutch, French, American, Chinese, Malaysian, Indian—was assembled. The budget was small: about \$2,000,000. The political realities of Singapore created special difficulties.

"We were in a country that is, uh, not free. I suppose no country's free, but they're very, very strict about certain things. They're very repressive in terms of sex, you know; PLAYBOY is not allowed in the country. In fact, when I arrived—it's rather funny—when I got to customs, they specifically asked me if I had any copies of PLAYBOY. You know, there's a big war against drugs; they executed a couple of people for drug trafficking. Several. It's a capital offense."

Finished with his lunch, Bogdanovich produced several vitamin capsules, which he aligned and realigned on the table's polished wood, like worry beads. He spoke of having prepared a cover story for the Singapore authorities, in order to gain permission from the ministry of culture to film at various sites. As far as anyone there was concerned, he was in town

to make a picture called *Jack of Hearts*, and he had the synopsis to prove it.

"It was sort of a *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing* movie. Probably one of the funnier things you've ever read. About a guy who runs away from America because he's falsely accused of a murder, and he gets involved with a bunch of English and Chinese show people who are putting on a night-club act and . . . that kinda thing. Make a pretty good picture. I could probably sell it at Fox next week—with Bill Holden and, uh . . . Diana Ross."

The ploy worked. "They were very nice to us. I mean, we lied, but I don't feel bad about it, because the picture's not anti-Singapore. I think you'd probably see it and say, hey, that's, maybe, an interesting place to visit. And it was necessary. Otherwise, the picture would never have been made."

Saint Jack is Bogdanovich's eighth film, including his debut, a gritty, low-budget thriller called *Targets* starring Boris Karloff, with Peter himself playing a young film director. Bogdanovich also appears, as an Army Intelligence type, in *Saint Jack*, which he said was unlike any of his other films.

"I don't think it's like any movie I've ever seen, really. I don't think there's ever been a movie quite like it." Uncomfortable in one straight-backed chair, Bogdanovich began balancing himself between two of them. "This may sound facetious or . . . mock humble, but I feel that after having made eight pictures, I'm ready now to . . . make some pictures. What I mean is, the older directors had a lot more time to serve an apprenticeship. John Ford didn't make a really extraordinary movie until he'd made maybe 20 or 30. But we don't have that option any longer. We're expected to, you know, do something right away. So, through a lot of those pictures, I felt I was learning how to make pictures!"

"So I feel *Saint Jack* is really kind of a new beginning. Not like starting over, but . . . it's the most serious picture I've made since *The Last Picture Show*. I suppose *Daisy Miller* was a pretty serious picture, but it didn't strike you with that kind of impact. After that, I think some of the other pictures were . . . light-hearted. *Paper Moon* I always thought had a darker surface than anybody cared to notice. It had a considerable amount of charm, but I always thought it was a pretty sad picture. Well, I think *Jack* has some of the feeling of *Picture Show*, though I think *Jack* is a much better picture. I think it's as good as I've done. It's certainly the most ambitious, in trying to do something that has some weight."

Bogdanovich is well aware that his
(concluded on page 366)

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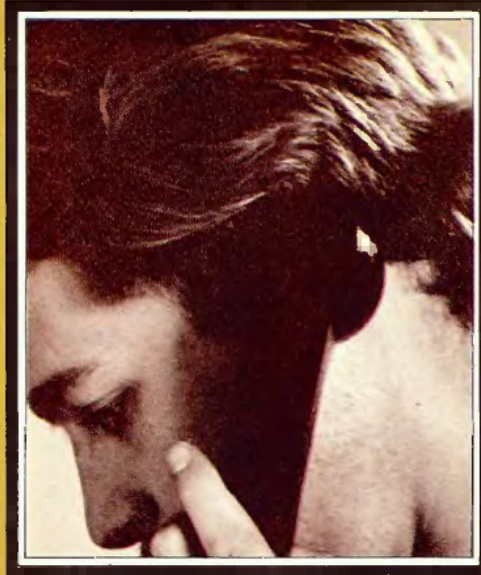
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MAN & WORK



Playboy's Pipeline

POWER FAILURE

Is your boss a true terror? Does he make your every working day a horror show of disapproving glances, Prussian punch-ins at the time clock and completely unmemorable memos? If so, you might think that the worst thing in the world would be for the old s.o.b. to get even *more* power, right?

Not according to Yale sociologist Rosabeth Moss Kanter. She believes that the more real clout the petty tyrant gets, the less likely your daily stint on the job will resemble something out of Dante's *Inferno*. Kanter, who wrote *Men and Women of the Corporation*, claims that it is too little power, not too much, that produces the rule-minded, punitive, dictatorial style we know all too well.

Deprived of the chance to do something creative, says Kanter, the powerless in positions of responsibility tend to get bogged down in details and turn their attention to trivial problems calling for instant solutions (rerouting the time sheets, establishing intradepartmental rubber-band-utilization quotas). Such "problems" at least provide some illusion of accomplishment for the powerless, but at the cost of having the people under them stop taking them seriously. That starts a vicious spiral, in which the leaders react defensively by anticipating resistance from all quarters and become, in Kanter's chilling phrase, "coercive downward," behaving like schoolteachers more concerned with a paper's neatness than with the ideas contained in it.

As economic growth slows down, Kanter sees organizational powerlessness spreading. Organizations mature, she finds, by centralizing and adding insulating layers of hierarchy between those who can make decisions and those who can carry them out. More and more jobs are thus becoming routinized, their procedures predetermined, leaving workers little room to create, invent, plan and perform in ways that are not predictable.

The alternative, of course, is to *empower* more organization members by delegating authority, decentralizing and cutting down on the layers of bureaucracy. Kanter would like to put the capacity to act back at the point of action. A great idea, sure, but who's going to make the decision to do it, and who's going to carry out all that reorganizing?

YOUR SECRETARY: WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE?

If she reads *Working Woman*, she just might. In an article appearing in that magazine, Susan Jacoby writes that the traditional advice to young secretaries to meet all romantic advances with an automatic negative is too

harsh. She believes that "two people can have an office affair and remain the best of friends and co-workers when it's over. If neither of them is hurt too much in the breakup . . . if the whole office isn't privy to their personal life . . . if they are both sane and fair. In the best of all possible worlds . . . it's possible."

It sounds reservedly encouraging to us, but, on the other hand, a hard-bitten boss we know would never consider sleeping with his secretary. He says, "Why queer the only good relationship you've got?"

THE INNER GAME OF NEGOTIATION

Francis Greenburger runs two businesses. He is both a literary agent and a real-estate entrepreneur, and highly successful in both careers. Not surprisingly, Greenburger sees life as "an endless series of exchanges between people, one thing for another," which we know because Greenburger is also an author. With a little help from Thomas Kiernan, he has given us *How to Ask for More and Get It: The Art of Creative Negotiation*.

Every negotiation, says Greenburger—be it the sale of a car, the working out of a recording contract or an audit by the IRS—has a distinct tenor and rhythm. The tenor may be amiable, hostile or indifferent. The rhythm may be hurried, leisurely, high- or low-pressured. In any event, your ultimate tactic as a negotiator, Greenburger instructs, is to shape and control the negotiation by shaping and controlling its tenor and rhythm.

How? Greenburger borrows a page from W. Timothy Gallwey's revolutionary approach to tennis and comes up with a prescription for the "inner game" of negotiation.

Just as in tennis you do better by playing the ball and ignoring the fact that it's Jimmy Connors firing it at you, the way to come out on top at negotiating is to concentrate on the issues—the back-and-forth volleys of goals, tactics and concessions—rather than on the extraneous elements of the exchange, such as the fact that your opponent is chairman of the board of some multinational corporation.

This comes as refreshing advice, because it runs contrary to the kind of procedure Michael Korda or Robert Ringer would suggest. The power game—where both parties in a negotiation posture for one-upmanship—simply clouds the real issue of the negotiation. And often, instead of establishing a dominant role for one of the parties, it only results in extraneous pettiness.

"Keep the game in perspective and you'll be a sure winner at the inner game," advises Greenburger. "Win the inner game and you can't lose at the outer."

Negotiation, anyone?



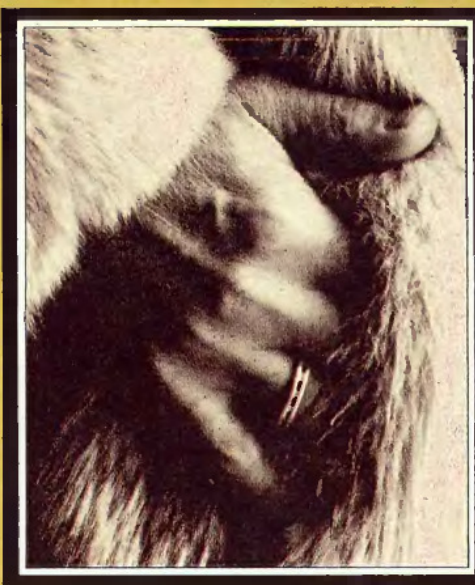
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HOW TO BUY A MAN'S FUR COAT



Helping a woman on with her fur coat can turn any man on to fur. Buying your own fur coat, however, puts you in a class with Walt Frazier, Willis Reed, Reggie Jackson, Dave Kingman, Tom Seaver, Muhammad Ali and Phil Esposito, who bought matching fox jackets for his wife and himself.

If you're one of those men who want to join the jocks, remember you're buying more than an item of clothing. You're buying warmth and sex appeal—women like fur coats on men. You're also making an investment that may outlast your other clothing, and even your car. A fur coat has value, too. When you're tired of it or want a new one, the coat can be remodeled, made into a jacket or converted into a lining for a raincoat. Or it can be traded in, sold to a used-fur shop or given to a charitable thrift shop for a tax deduction. For those reasons, shop around for furs as you would for any investment. Ask hard questions, comparison shop and trust expert advice.

KINDS OF FUR

To start, you need to know a little about fur. The kind you choose depends on why you want to wear it: for warmth or for fashion.

Fur is simply leather with hair. One type has thick, soft underfur for warmth, which is protected from rain and snow by longer, sleek, outer, or guard, hair. If the fur gets wet, a good shaking to get rid of moisture and then hanging it in a cool place (never near heat, which may dry the leather) where air can circulate is usually all the care it needs. These furs, all popular with men, include natural beaver and nutria, coyote, raccoon, fox, otter, rabbit, mink and sable. Rabbit costs as little as \$100 and sable, as much as \$150,000. The other furs range from inexpensive to moderate, depending on its kind and quality and the way the coat is made.

The other type of fur has only one kind of hair, which may be short and flat like calf or curly like Persian lamb. This fur is generally not warm (Persian lamb is the exception) and won't wear as well as furs with guard hair and underfur.

A natural fur is natural in texture and color. A processed fur is "changed." It may be dyed or bleached, which means it will not wear as well because the chemicals tend to weaken the leather, or it may be sheared. Beaver and nutria, for example, can have their guard hairs plucked and the underfur sheared to an even, plush texture. Sheared furs are light in weight but still warm, though they tend to mat in rain or snow without the guard hairs for protection.

WHERE, HOW AND WHEN TO BUY

There are four simple rules to follow:

1. Make sure the department store, specialty shop or fur salon you're visiting is reliable: If it has storage, cleaning and repair facilities, the chances are it is. To get the best and longest wear, you'll want to store the coat during the summer and to have it cleaned once a year. Fur needs cleaning but not the kind most dry cleaners offer. Also, the coat may need alteration or repairs, and only a furrier should work on fur. A tailor, used to cloth, doesn't have the necessary skills.

2. Read the tags. They will tell you the fur's familiar American name, whether it is natural or processed and whether the coat is made of whole or partial skins. Terms you should know also include let out, which means whole skins have been cut into narrow slices and the slices re-sewn into a long strip. Letting out lightens the weight, retains the warmth and allows finer styling. A partial-skin coat may be made of sides or flanks or bellies. A pieced coat is made of small pieces of fur. The last two may not wear as well as full-skin coats and are usually less expensive. Of least importance to you on the tag is the fur's country of origin.

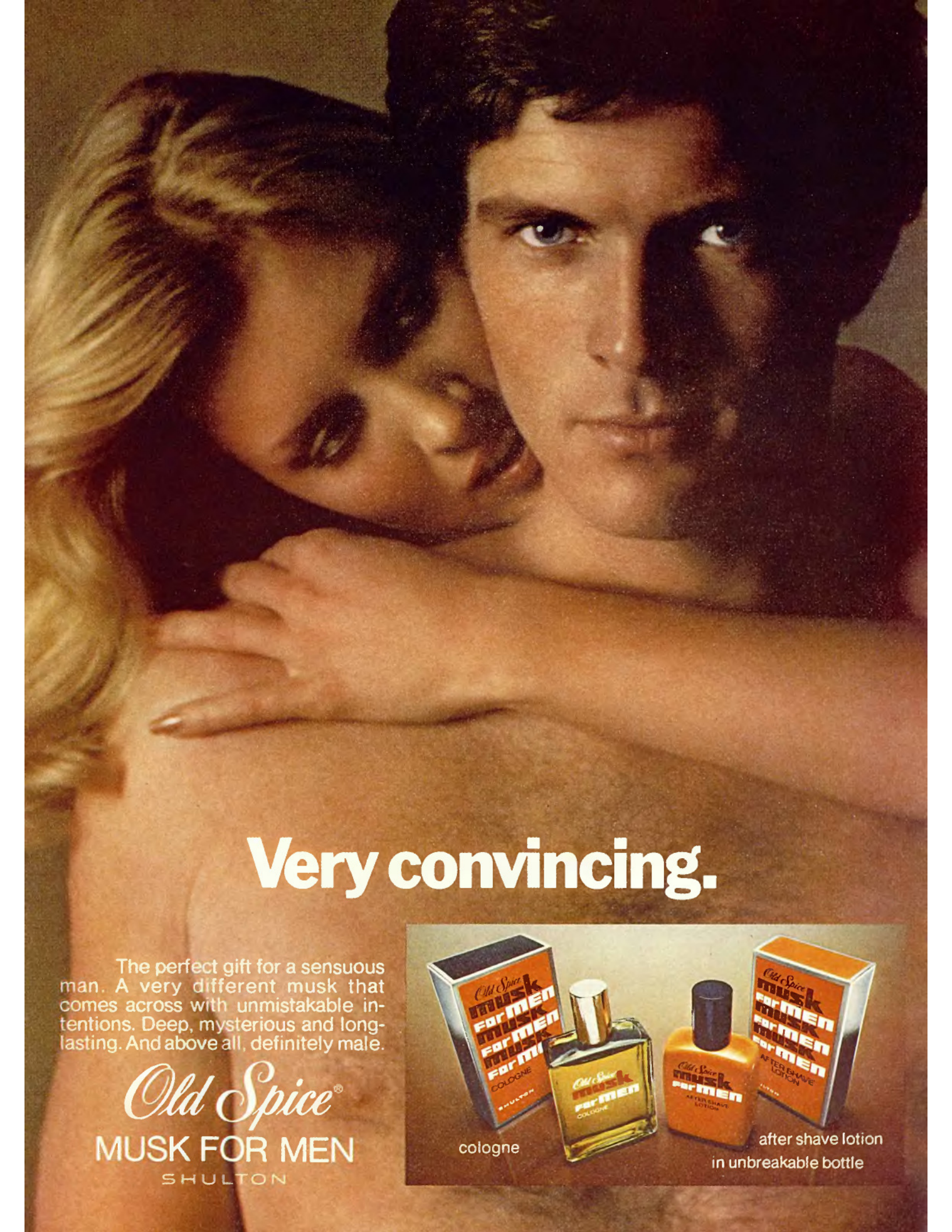
3. Ask the sales clerk what you can expect in length of wear of the coat, if it needs special care and to explain anything you don't understand on the tag. If the clerk seems uninformed, ask for the fur buyer or manager. If he can't help, go to another store. After all, you are making a substantial investment. At the same time, don't let anyone—clerk or friend—pressure you. You're the one who will wear the coat.

4. Buy early in the season, when the selection is the widest and the clerks aren't busy. As far as sales go, beware! You may be able to get a good-quality fur coat at 20 percent off, but stores offering much more than that may be selling shopworn goods. Besides, prices vary widely, both among different furs and for the same kind of fur, depending on quality, label and other factors. If a coat in the fur you like is too expensive, try a jacket instead.

Before buying a fur coat, then, try on a number of kinds, ask a lot of questions, make sure the store is reliable and buy the best quality you can afford. You're better off with the best raccoon than with a cheap mink. Before you buy, too, a good book to read—with a low bow to myself—is *Furs, an Appreciation of Luxury, a Guide to Value*, by yours truly.

Remember, a fur coat is an investment, but you're getting your money's worth in warmth, fashion—and sex appeal. You might not be a Tom Seaver or a Phil Esposito, but you can still dress like them.

—EDYTHE CUDLIER



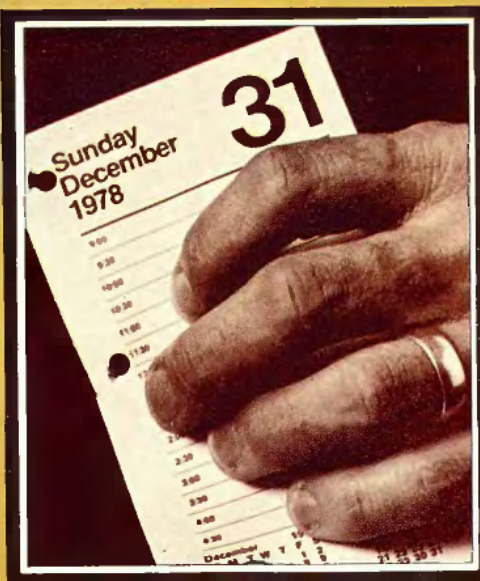
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MARRIAGE, DIVORCE AND FEDERAL TAXES



Taxes are probably the last thing on your mind when you are on the threshold of marriage. But it might pay you to take them into account when you choose between a December and a January wedding. Your decision can cost or save you quite a few tax dollars, because the Internal Revenue Service considers you a married person for the entire year even if you should get hitched as late as December 31.

THE DECEMBER MARRIAGE

A December wedding will turn out to be a costly proposition for many working couples when filing time rolls around and they suddenly discover that their tax tab as Mr. and Mrs. is more than it would be as two single persons who set up housekeeping and report the same total income. On the other hand, a December ceremony definitely pays off for you and your prospective mate when one of you reports considerably more than the other.

To illustrate the benefits of picking a December date for the ceremony, suppose that you expect to have a salary and other income of \$20,000 and your prospective partner has none. At tax time, your joint-filing tab will come to \$2899—a hefty savings of \$1100, compared with what the Internal Revenue Service would exact from you as a single person.

The savings grows rapidly along with your taxable income and can help pay for your honeymoon. For example, it is \$1632 if you report taxable income of \$24,000; \$3610 if you report \$50,000; and it can go as high as \$13,290 if you report \$200,000.

But the rules of the game change when both of you report similar taxable incomes. Then it can pay to delay the ceremony until January. That bit of forethought, depending on your viewpoint, allows you to escape the marriage tax or take advantage of the sin subsidy for the current year.

Those savings from joint filing can become *losses* when there is not a large enough spread between what you and your mate declare. Consider what happens when you report \$12,000 and your partner reports \$8000. A December wedding can boost your combined tax bill by \$428.

Or suppose that you expect to report salaries of \$20,000 apiece. Your combined tax on separate returns will come to \$7998—or \$1858 less than the tax tab for a couple with the identical income who must use the rates for married persons because they ignored the calendar and picked a December date.

MAKING DIVORCE PAY

As for breaking up a marriage, the IRS will consider you a single person for the entire year even if you should get divorced or legally separated as late as December 31. Thus, advancing or postponing the date of your unhitching by a single day at year's end can also affect the size of your tax bill.

You forfeit the benefits of joint filing for the entire year unless you can grin and bear it beyond December 31. But if being single provides an advantage, you can achieve that tax goal only if you shed your spouse by December 31.

These tax quirks that favor single persons have prompted an increasing number of dual-income couples to journey to Haiti or some equally obliging place to get a divorce in December and then remarry in January.

Those year-end junkets inevitably drew extensive publicity. That prompted the IRS to issue a prim warning in the form of a ruling that it no longer would recognize a divorce obtained merely to save taxes. This ruling is not necessarily the final word. So if the IRS insists it was all a sham and demands some extra taxes plus interest when a couple goes the divorce-remarriage route, they can still try their luck with the courts.

The IRS also ruled that a pact entered into before they got hitched did not entitle a two-income couple to file as unmarrieds. It seems that one specific couple agreed to function toward each other as "fully independent, single individuals with none of the financial characteristics which are usually present in a marriage relationship." That bit of forethought got them exactly nowhere with an unsympathetic IRS.

An increasingly beleaguered IRS readily concedes that a couple can file as single persons when they get a regular divorce and simply live together out of wedlock. This arrangement is something now considered an acceptable, if not yet a totally "respectable," way of life for a continuously growing number of individuals who, in Census Bureau jargon, share two-person households with an unrelated adult of the opposite sex.

"Love and marriage defy economic analysis," observed the United States Court of Claims, when it recently declared that our tax system is not unconstitutional just because it forces many working marrieds to pay more taxes than they would have if they stayed single. But taking note of our changing moral attitudes, the court went on to note that two-pay-check couples who cohabit without sanction of clergy "can enjoy the blessings of love while minimizing their forced contribution to the Federal fisc."

—JULIAN BLOCK 

future highs (continued from page 256)

"When we learn to steer our highs, we're bound to drift into unknown zones of human relations."

unpleasant side effects. In the next 20 years, you'll see drugs with every conceivable specific effect. All of our senses will have a range of optional modifications. Some chemicals will affect the sense of subjective time, others will change the senses of touch, hearing, taste and smell. Many of these drugs will help us learn, or will have medical value, and some of them will undoubtedly be used for having fun."

The supernatural powers formerly reserved for sorcerers might become available to any of us who have the nerve, through relatives of the more exotic chemical families such as the carbolines and the tryptamines. Time distortion, rebirth experiences and memories of former lifetimes and epochs have all been attributed to visionary chemicals that were unknown to Western science until now. Harmaline, for example, was long known as telepathine, and Dr. G.'s time distorter is related to the snuff Columbus saw Caribs snorting in 1492.

There is one promising neo-American high that isn't borrowed from the natives—the electronic high. Direct electrical stimulation of the pleasure centers has been suggested as a possible future intoxicant, but very few people are likely to drill holes in their heads just to get high. More subtle and less masochistic are electronic techniques that will someday enable us to steer our highs once those new chemicals get to work on our brains.

John Criglar works with solid-state circuitry rather than with glassware and chemicals, but he is also one of the new cartographers of interior geography. Criglar started out designing radio-telescopes, invented voice-modulated synthesizers for rock groups and experimental telephones for I.T.&T., and is now a biomedical engineer at St. Joseph's hospital in San Francisco. He is a pioneer of electronic yoga, the inventor of the Myotron—a device that monitors muscle relaxation via clicks.

"Biofeedback is like a mirror in effect, though the hardware is a little more complicated," says Criglar. "Yogis have been saying for a long time that we can all learn to control our 'unconscious' bodily processes and get a permanent high as the result. We know now that our brain, heart and muscles generate faint electrical signals as a result of natural processes. Electronic devices help us sense those processes, bring them to our attention. Like a mirror, biofeedback shows us a part of ourselves we don't normally see, and that in itself is the beginning of a very pleasurable high. This is one re-

search project that has no problem rounding up subjects, because word has spread about the excitement of playing your body like a harmonica."

Several corporation psychologists, concerned over executive hypertension, have been consulting with Criglar and his colleague Dr. Lawrence Petraki. The advent of the "businessman's high" may be a prophetic spin-off from medical biofeedback: A major oil company has ordered a test run of 100 Myotron units for its executives.

Dr. Petraki told me, "The staff psychologists for this particular company tried to promote transcendental meditation as an alternative to Valium but had trouble persuading their executives to sign up. When they installed a biofeedback unit, management started lining up after hours to learn to relax electronically." Petraki and Criglar are working on an interface for video games in which the player can win only by learning to relax. Inner Pong, anyone?

When I set out in search of a futurologist to put the speculations in perspective, all roads led to Menlo Park, California, the Houston and Canaveral of the inner-space program. The sprawling research city known as SRI International attracted public attention when physicists Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff investigated Uri Geller and other "gifted" psychics. Attention shaded into notoriety when *New York* magazine ran an account of psychic warfare predictions, allegedly obtained from unpublished SRI "scenarios."

Despite the lurid accounts and scary extrapolations, SRI scientists continue to explore psychic phenomena and altered states of consciousness. The negative publicity has made SRI personnel very cautious about speaking to outsiders, but one futurist, Dr. M., finally agreed to an interview with the words: "Since you are determined to write the article, you might as well find out that you're strolling through a mine field."

"We are entering an area more revolutionary than any political theory," he warned when I first called his office. Later, in his paper-dense cubicle at SRI, he expanded his caution: "In some ways, getting high is *really* what makes the world go round. We're talking about changing the nature of our beliefs about reality when we talk about getting high."

The analyst likes to phrase his theories in the form of questions: "These new drugs and old techniques—why are they surfacing *now*? The keys to higher consciousness are becoming available at a

crucial point in human history. In every traditional culture, there were specialists known as fools, shamans or gurus, who were supposed to get high for the benefit of society. Now everybody wants to travel on inner planes and the secrets of the ages are out in paperback. Things might get very strange in the next 20 years, as more and more people get higher and higher, but I think it will be good for society in the long run.

"There are plenty of excellent how-to manuals. The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali have turned on millions of people for thousands of years, and you can still find them in any bookstore. For the more scientifically minded, Robert Masters and Jean Houston's *Mind Games* is another good source of high-induction techniques; if it is used correctly, that book can literally transport you and your friends to other dimensions. To me, the key question is not how to get high but *why* we get high.

"People get high to have fun, but expanding awareness also creates a space in which new values may emerge. The link between pleasure and species survival could influence history. The more we expand our positive image of the future—what we think the world ought to be—the more probable that alternative becomes. We are all creating the future in our minds, and when we change our state of mind, we change the shape of tomorrow."

If expanded consciousness, enhanced perception, even psychic talents can be induced on a large scale, as Dr. G. and Dr. M. believe, what are some reasonable projections for future highs? One distinct possibility is that biofeedback and other self-regulation techniques could evolve into a mental steering device suitable for navigating deep inner space. When the Myotron clicker and the alpha-wave tone grow into a sound synthesizer and three-dimensional color display, then we'll be able to lift those mystical geometries out of our skulls and examine them in the light of day.

When we learn to steer our highs, we're bound to drift into unknown zones of human relations. When you learn to drive, you'll want somewhere to go. Sitting alone with your bioholo won't be too different from ordinary masturbation. Once other people are added to the experience, and once they have a way of seeing your internal states and sensing your inner thoughts, all sorts of interpersonal hoopla will break loose.

Mutual electronic biofeedback may have more powerful sexual effects than any chemical aphrodisiac. Sex is a mingling of nerve ends, and orgasms are neural more than genital events. The age-old rituals of physical penetration, the 10,000 well-known ways to rub bodies together, are physical manifestations of mental events. When the state of your mate's nervous system can be read on a

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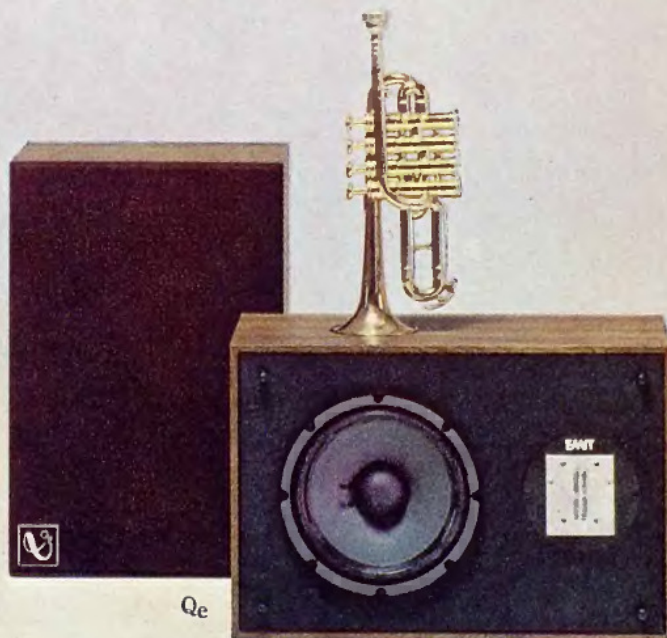
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screen, sexual experience might gain a dimension or two. If good lovers are people who try to be sensitive to their partner's desires, it follows logically that any way of increasing mutual awareness will expand the pleasure potential of sex.

Sooner or later, the "memory pill" will be created. It might turn out to be the most potent high of all time. Passing tests and remembering names would be handy, but how would it feel? What changes would occur in our consciousness if we suddenly had more powerful memories? According to psychologists, it would be a profound change, for memory serves to define the present, order reality and anchor us in the time stream. Something will happen to the meaning of pleasure and pain when we are able to erase or recall any experience in full sensual detail.

Memory enhancement could improve the way our senses encode experience in our brains (storage), or it could improve the way we find stored information and bring it to the surface (retrieval), or both. Think about the thousands of impressions streaming into your brain from your eyes and ears and internal senses as you drive an automobile on a freeway, and think about the automatic censor that filters out all but the most immediate and survival-related impressions. What if you could replay your day like a film, at your leisure? Have you ever remembered a dream you had ten years ago? Or experienced *déjà vu*?

To some degree, everything we ever experience is recorded somewhere in our brains. The world would become a thousandfold more real if we could store the entire stream of sensations and retrieve them selectively. Would the experience of total memory be ecstatic or hellish? What prodigies of art and invention would result? With chemically modified memories, the urge to get higher will probably reach psychic-escape velocity.

In a sense, the will to get high is now the moving force behind human evolution. If by some prodigious leap of mind a single human being were to gain complete control over all the molecular activity in his own body for a fraction of a second, the information blast would have more power than a supernova.

Be they sacred or taboo, awareness-expanding techniques will always be available, and they will always be vulnerable to abuse. With so many volunteers for self-experimentation, we can expect both breakthroughs and casualties. There will always be true explorers hidden among the daredevils and just plain fools willing to get high on a rumor. Some of them will burn their fuses, others will say, "Wow!" and a few of them might just stumble through the door to the next world—and come back to show us all how to get there.



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PB-12

DIVORCE

(continued from page 234)

are not asking that question very much, at least not in public and usually not of one another. But why not? Women are asking, debating, communicating, searching for their right and proper role in this society. Why aren't men doing the same thing? Why are men dying so much younger than women? Is it just a genetic joke? Or does our thinking about ourselves in such destructive ways have something to do with our shortened life span? If the statistics cited at the beginning of this article are correct, and if many men are losing the struggle for survival after divorce, do we not need to find some inherent self-worth as men that helps us in our more desperate moments?

The suggestion is that men must begin making a case for themselves. Manhood is an honorable condition. Only when we know and understand this will we be able to take the pressures of some-

thing as intense as divorce in our society.

In his book *The Male in Crisis*, the Austrian writer Karl Bednarik suggests that "in modern industrial society, the majority of men suffer from a central disturbance in their masculine life." Noting that in the U.S.A., for example, something like 70 percent of all successful suicides are committed by men, Bednarik sees the threat to masculinity coming not from women but from "the male technological machine which permits a few 'Big Brothers' to make vital decisions for more and more people." He goes on:

This example of undermining the man's authority by the state is particularly revealing because it concerns one of the principal concerns of the male: that of fatherhood. . . . These responsibilities are of the ut-

most importance not only for the adolescent but for the male himself, because his role of paternal authority reinforces his ego even as it requires him to grow and mature. . . . The male is eclipsed by the institutions of the "father state." And in the course of becoming invisible to the public eye and to the children he is raising, he becomes equally invisible to himself.

That puts the male's divorce dilemma rather well, whether children are involved or not (though divorce involving children is almost always more painful). As the father state steps into your life and administers it, tells you whether or not you may stay in your home, how much you must pay someone for whom you probably have little respect, and even sets down the times when you may (text continued on page 302, following "A Divorce Manual for Men" on page 300)

DIVORCE: WOMEN SUFFER, MEN SURVIVE

By CARL TUNICK

Well-known trial lawyer Carl Tunick, who is most often found on the side of the wife, has a different point of view.

Contrary to widely held belief, men do not fare all that badly in divorce these days. Although the great trauma is surely emotional, the greatest fear seems to be financial; but in the division of family income and property, the results are heavily slanted in favor of the male.

A man with a wife and children, a house and other assets must first regard income as family income, not *his* income, and the assets as marital property, not *his* property, in order to understand the fairness of our system. Our law is designed to preserve as much as possible the security of the fragmented family after the dissolution of the marriage. Justice will not permit a lifestyle, adapted during peaceful years, to be abandoned upon divorce.

In some states, a husband may keep all the property he owns; in others, the law requires a division. Even in community-property states, and states that require equitable division, the husband rarely receives less than half the marital property and often a great deal more.

Alimony, which most men dread almost as much as taxes, actually has undergone significant change in the recent past and has been diminishing both in amount and in duration. It is merely a device by which to share family income. Naturally, a wife without money must be supported, at least until she develops an occupational skill and can support herself. Who should bear this burden? There is an expert who knows where the wife should live and what she needs, and who has presumably directed the finances of the family for some time. And you are it. However, you should relax. Rarely does a husband pay more than 50 percent of his gross income for alimony and child support, even with a wife and two or three children to maintain. And invariably, because the provider historically takes care of himself last, it is *after* divorce that husbands at last acquire the new golf clubs that during marriage came after everyone else's needs. The breadwinner is allowed to become the bread sharer.

We are subjected to a never-ending supply of divorce maneuvers, stratagems, a thousand dos and don'ts, all calculated to preserve the male from financial ruin—and all unnecessary. Naturally, our legal system is not foolproof. One must exercise normal business prudence. Of course, the choice of counsel is important. A divorce, whether by settlement or by court decree, involves either the most significant business deal or the biggest lawsuit one is likely to encounter in a lifetime. There is, however, an excellent prognosis for the husband whose situation fluctuates between doing well and breaking even. It is the wife who faces financial ruin and the destruction of her lifestyle. In the vast majority of cases, the husband's financial panic is misdirected.

A mistaken notion that divorce is a cure-all had led to disappointment. Financial problems, for example, are not necessarily solved by divorce. If half a loaf must be divided, then everyone suffers. Seemingly unfair results develop when dollars are short. In such cases, when contested, courts have been led to employ concepts of fault to allocate these sacrifices. Of course, in a settlement, the party seeking something will frequently pay for it.

While a husband's fear of financial disaster is unfounded, his anxieties about his role with the children are not.

Since a husband who works normal hours is not in a position to furnish child care, which then must be delegated to others, the nonworking mother is in a favored position to obtain custody. More and more, however, we see custody going to fathers who adjust their lives accordingly. Certainly, any man who has been a serious, dedicated father on a full-time basis will obtain whatever reasonable visitation rights he seeks.

A divorce is a serious failure in an area in which we have a right to hope for some success. It is a declaration of marital insolvency in which everyone must suffer emotionally and financially but, least of all, the husband.

We used to hear that marriage was a career for a woman but not for a man. He may find consolation in the realization that divorce is a disaster for a woman but not for him.

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A DIVORCE MANUAL FOR MEN

DO

Before Trial

- Admit to yourself that you have a problem: how to obtain an honorable divorce.
- Close joint accounts and cancel credit cards.
- Make sure your wife cannot obtain your business and personal financial records. If you keep that material at home, remove it to a more secure location.
- Try for a reasonable out-of-court settlement if possible.
- Contact various men's-rights/divorce-reform groups and consider joining them; ask their advice on choosing an attorney.
- Attempt to determine what the lawyer's fees will be.
- Make sure, if there are children, they understand that you are not divorcing them.
- Keep a written record of all incidents pertinent to the divorce: names, dates, etc.
- Rent a post-office box to receive correspondence that you do not wish to risk having your wife open or see.
- Ask yourself which parent, in all honesty, would be better for the children; ask yourself also if you have the psychological and financial strength to go through a custody fight.
- Tone down your lifestyle during the divorce proceedings. Don't entertain lavishly or travel extensively; cut down on purchases of clothing and household goods. Judges usually award maintenance payments based on a couple's standard of living before the divorce, so the sooner you lower the standard, the less you may have to pay.
- Learn about the judges who might sit on your case. Ask for a different judge if you are assigned one who seems prejudiced.
- Consider having your lawyer present if a court-appointed social worker interviews your children.

DON'T

- Move out of the house unless so ordered by a court (or advised by a professional you respect).
- Forget that you, too, have constitutional rights.
- Tell your children horror stories about their mother; there is no need to make them trek through the muck, too.
- Use your wife's lawyer.
- Work with a lawyer who is defeatist about your chances for some success.
- Be afraid to ask a potential lawyer for your case any and all questions you want to ask.
- Leave all your friends behind and become a hermit.
- Discuss any proposed settlement with your wife and/or her lawyer unless your lawyer is present.
- Avoid your children if you move out of the house, even though you will probably be tested by them much of the time.
- Take your children with you if you leave home unless you are absolutely sure you know what you are doing and what effect it will have on them.
- Rely on psychiatrists, psychologists or social workers to support you once the case is scheduled for court; they are reluctant witnesses in such a situation.

During Trial

- Attend all depositions, court sessions, etc., even if your attorney tells you he has no need for you.
- Obtain and keep copies of transcripts of all proceedings.
- Get specific visitation rights if you don't get custody.
- Claim tax exemptions for the children you are supporting.
- Keep a tab on your attorney's fees; also estimate your wife's fees.
- Take a reasonable settlement any time you can get it; just because you have begun a court case does not mean you have to end it.
- Fight with everything you have to keep the kids from appearing in court.
- Understand that you are undergoing a test that drives some men to suicide; the anxiety you may feel is not abnormal or a sign of weakness; the male is almost inevitably the underdog in divorce court, and what you are feeling matches the facts.

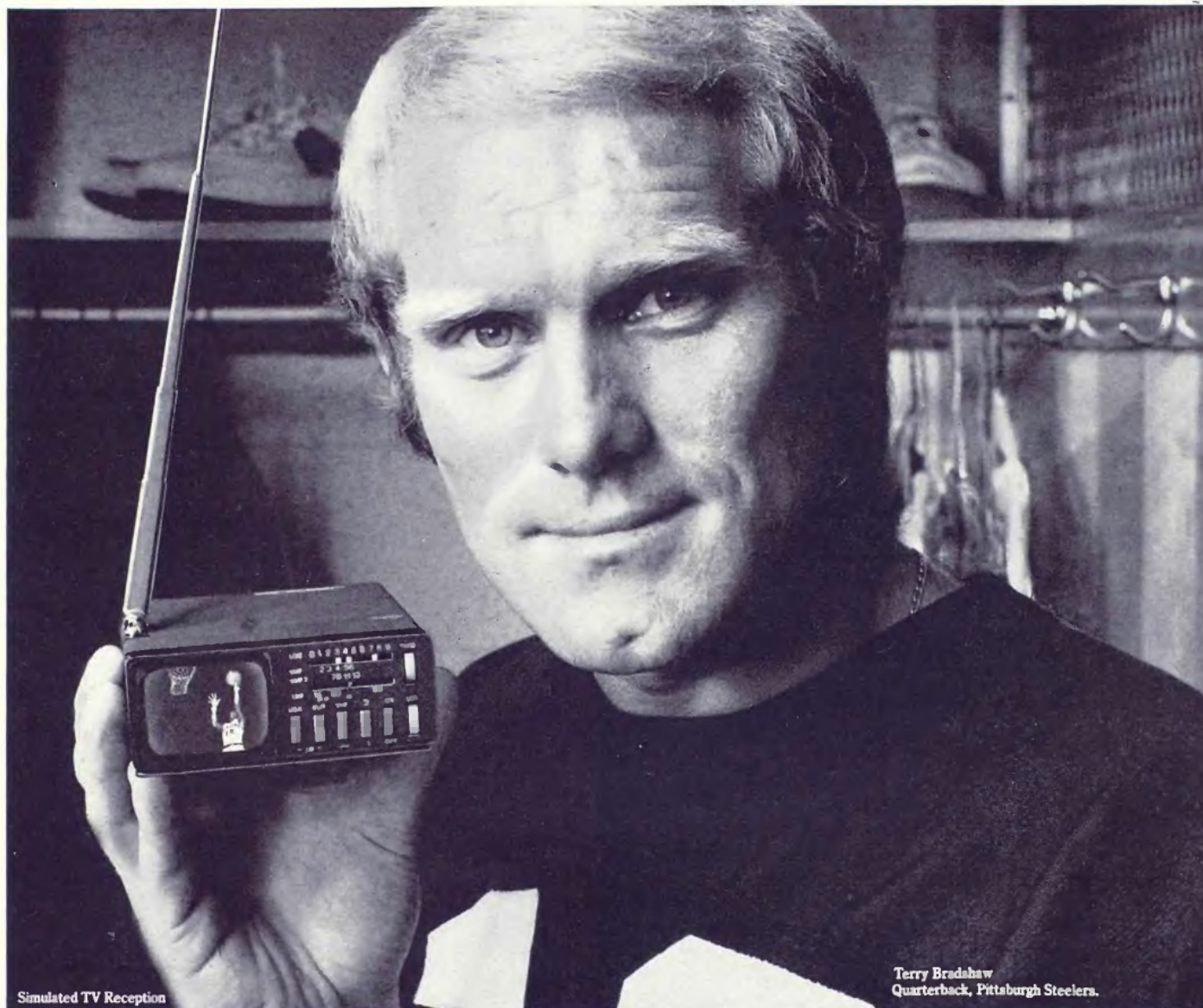
- Sign any decree or settlement until you understand every word.
- Be afraid to change lawyers if your interests are not being defended as you think they should be.
- Panic when, as is likely, the court awards your ex-wife custody of your children; remember how high the odds were against you and realize that no institution, state or malicious person can dictate your children's feelings about you; that is a matter between you and your kids.
- Agree to alimony unless there are exceptional circumstances (a sick or aged wife, etc.).
- Agree to child support based strictly on your income; try to have the children's needs considered but nothing else.
- Agree to pay all medical expenses for the children, as you could find incredible bills for not much illness; medical insurance is another matter and is more logical.
- Be sloppy about wills, trusts and insurance; make sure the beneficiaries are who you want them to be.

After Trial

- Fulfill your visitation rights and see your children regularly.
- Obey the divorce agreement, even if your ex-wife violates it; continue to pay child support if she denies you visitation. You want a solid case should you have to go back to court.
- Avoid contact with your ex-wife as much as you can.
- Keep a complete record of all the financial support you give your children. Keep all correspondence relating to the divorce, in case you have to return to court.
- Forgive yourself for mistakes you have made and go on to lead the best life you can; fight off sentimentality when dealing with your children and confront them as a man who has self-respect and who has made the best of a bad situation.

- Review all the details of the divorce with your children.
- Be afraid to socialize; you are not a leper; you are simply a divorced male, and you have a lot of brothers who have been through the same thing.
- Be overly possessive of your children; they, too, need time to adjust to the new situation.

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see your children, do not most men start to become invisible to themselves? What is your role, now that so many other elements and agencies are making the fundamental decisions for you? Just when does your job as male and husband and father begin? Most of us would admit that there is an emasculation going on here that centers on the tremendous powers of the bureaucracies that control us. Shane does not ride out of town until he keeps his appointment with his IRS

auditor. Superman applies to the EPA to find out if he can still go faster than a speeding bullet, and once he gets approval, he needs clearance from the FAA.

Given all of that, can we men still define ourselves as men? And where can we turn to try to do that? Bookstores don't have men's-lib sections. Few men sit around trying to define manhood.

Manhood. Is it possible to define it today? Professor Paul O. Williams of Principia College believes that "taking

up this question is especially important right now because, in redefining their role in society, women have begun to redefine, or misdefine, manhood." And he continues, "I'm not sure women can be utterly trusted in their redefining. They've never been men."

Williams is of the old-fashioned opinion that men and women differ. He thinks that, as a sex, men have special perceptions and talents. In a discussion titled "Don't Sell Manhood Short," he

DIVORCE BAD, DIVORCE GOOD

By **CHARLES MONAGAN** *two case histories dramatically illustrate the extremes of splitting up*

CASE ONE

One night in June 1975, a Waterbury, Connecticut, man named Walsh came home late from work and told his wife that he wanted a divorce. He was very matter-of-fact about it. There was no other woman, he said, no mounting pressures, no particular dislike for his life as it was—no personal offense intended. He just wanted to be single again.

It was all set, Walsh told his wife, except for her approval. They would go no fault. It would be simple. She could have her clothes, one of the cars and \$5000 in cash. He then calmly finished dinner and went into another room to watch TV.

Walsh's wife quickly thought matters over. They had been married five years. They had no children. They had each worked and contributed equally toward the purchase of two houses, two cars, land in Vermont and a slightly greedy assortment of material goods. What's more, she had thought it a pretty good marriage until that day.

As she cleaned up in the kitchen, Mrs. Walsh's initial shock turned to rage. But she had the wit to react sensibly. She first determined that her husband would not be shaken from his decision. She offered to divorce amicably for an even share of the property. Walsh refused, implying that all his wife had to do was marry someone else—someone with money, if she was smart. But he really didn't think she was too smart.

Walsh's wife was smart, though, and next morning she went on the offensive. It took a year and a succession of court appearances, a lot of tactical maneuvering, a good lawyer, support from friends and a very nice judge, but she eventually broke her husband.

Walsh offered a confused and senselessly stubborn resistance, and toward the very end he got scared and tried to fight back and make a few concessions, but he was completely outgunned. His wife ended up with both cars, the land in Vermont, all the household goods, mortgages on the two houses, \$7500 in cash and an enormous sense of triumph. Walsh also had to pay his wife's lawyer's fees and is now struggling to keep up the mortgage payments.

Walsh is 36 years old. Today he spends a lot of his time looking down at the ice in his bar glass, telling anyone who will listen what it feels like to be buried alive. He talks loudly and bitterly about the legal system and the foolishness of judges, but privately he will tell you that he hadn't realized what a serious, harmful business divorce could be; nor had he bothered to find out. His arrogance cost him a trip to the brink of ruin.

"Now I know all about divorce," he says, smiling into his glass. "Just ask me. I'll tell you never to get married."

CASE TWO

On the other hand, there is a man named Rinaldi who often comes into the same bar as Walsh. He is also much like Walsh in his age, his education and the type of job he holds. But he will tell you a different story about divorce. He will say that his divorce was one of the smartest things he has ever done.

"I'd lost interest in my wife, she'd begun to despise me and we'd both lost interest in the marriage," he says. "We kept it together for a couple of years mainly because of the kids, but then I got a little too far out of line. I got drunk one night, picked up a girl and—I really did this—took her back to my house. My daughter found us sleeping on the couch in the morning. My wife filed."

Rinaldi could have taken any of a number of routes. He could have gotten aggressive and countersued, but he understood that his wife had the goods on him. A detective might have found something shady in her activities, but the fight would be expensive and there was plenty of evidence to suggest that decisions in Connecticut on such cases usually favor the woman.

Another option would have been to feign indifference toward the whole matter, letting the chips fall where they may. Although that tactic could be seen as a tough-guy stance, it more commonly is a case of guilt having frozen out more normal reactions.

"I realized I had too much to lose if I took an indifferent attitude," Rinaldi says now. "So I decided to do something different. I decided to talk to my wife. She was mad at me, but I could also see that she was scared. She'd made the big move, you see, and she was unsure about the future. Her lawyer had her putting the screws to me, but I reassured her: I told her that if we could come to a fair agreement, I wouldn't abandon her and I wouldn't let her down. It took me a while to convince her I was going to be reasonable, but I did it."

Things worked out. They sold their house and used the money to set up separate apartments. He got a few favorite household items and they each took a car. He pays child support and, in return, he sees the two children often enough to retain a sense of fatherhood. He is paying her tuition to nursing school, an education she had abandoned when she first got pregnant.

"In time," Rinaldi says, "she'll have a good job and I'll just be paying child support, which I don't mind. We still don't like each other all that much, but I think we respect each other. I was lucky, I know. She could have really taken me to the cleaners. Divorce is a hell of a thing and I don't recommend it, but now I feel free and I feel good because I took control of my life instead of letting the whole thing turn me into an asshole."

Norelco introduces the Solid-State Shave.

The new Norelco Solid-State Rotary Razor is a shining example of Norelco leadership in the razor industry.

It's the first razor in history to combine solid-state technology with these dramatic new features: it has a built-in charger that recharges in only 8 hours, and automatically adjusts to any voltage in any country in the

world! What's more, it's cord/cordless, so you'll never run out of a charge.

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RK

DIVISION, REDKEN LABORATORIES, INC.

lists some of the qualities he thinks many men do possess. The list makes interesting reading for males caught in a sexual-identity crisis, and the qualities include *sensitivity* ("the enormous number of writers, thinkers, composers, artists, poets, social activists and the like among males"), *generosity* ("I have seen any number of men work hard over many years, with a free and generous spirit, for people who depended on them—often at difficult tasks, often at things they didn't want to do"), *courage* ("what Thoreau describes as 'three o'clock in the morning courage'—which includes the courage to endure, to carry the weight of whatever burden has to be carried"), *intellect* ("Manhood has the capacity to take an idea, examine it, follow it out into action and attend to its details, its development"), *wit* and *humor* ("I find a special purity and freedom from pretense in the laughter of a roomful of men. . . . It can't be imitated").

Aside from making clear that he is not limiting those qualities to the male sex, Williams makes doubly clear that he is not arguing for male domination of women. "Surely," he says, "it's not the place—or the inclination—of an individual who possesses the qualities I've described to keep woman back from what she sees as the pursuit of her destiny."

Certain feminists may scoff at Williams' list. Others may find it amusing to hear men praise themselves. But it seems clear that men need help today in perceiving themselves as men, and such help can come only from themselves. No National Bureau of Sexual Standards is going to do it for us. No Marshall Plan for a Beleaguered Sex is in effect. Men face an almost universal loss of identity in this technological society and it is through self-analysis that they can come to grips with the forces that would obliterate them as a sex with special gifts.

"There is only one thing I can say to you," wrote a Stoic philosopher named Epictetus, "that the man who does not know who he is, and what he was born for, and what sort of world this is that he exists in . . . and is unable to follow either reason or demonstration, or what is true and what is false, and cannot distinguish one from the other—such a man, to sum it all up, will go about deaf and blind, thinking that he is somebody when he really is nobody. . . . And do you think that this is something new? Has it not been true from the time when the human race began, that every mistake and every misfortune has been due to this kind of ignorance?"

The harsh experience of divorce tends to blind many men to their own virtues, to deafen their ears to even valid praise. If you add the pressures of modern living to the weight that bears on the male psyche at that moment, you come up with a reason for the high rate of self-destruction among males after divorce.

Still, not *all* is death and destruction for men in divorce. Men can turn the experience into something creative, something that leads to self-knowledge and to knowledge of others. A man can come away from divorce with a stronger sense of what it is to be a man, with an idea of his own limits, with an understanding that property does not define life, and—if he loses custody of his children—he can learn that the bonds between fathers and children cannot be dissolved by court decree. If the male does what he can to defend himself in a practical fashion, and if he stays in touch with other people and does not become a shamed hermit, his life can be richer than it could ever have been if he had stayed in the dying relationship.

Most importantly, men who have gone through divorce are often able to overcome what seem to be inevitable weaknesses of the male sex: the tendencies both to fear and to worship women. Men who have gone down to the wire in final arguments in divorce often are liberated from the fantastical Hollywood lens through which they have viewed womankind. They can see women as *people*. No more and no less.

To be able to deal objectively with a woman, to watch her talk, deal with others, deal with you, and to ask questions of her you might not have asked before divorce—How vengeful is she? How bright? If I married her and it did not go well, how cruel would she be? Does she manipulate me? Control me? Worship me falsely? Am I attracted to her for healthy reasons or are we both playing power games of one kind or another? Does she hide behind feminine poses or is she straight with me? Do we have similar interests? Am I becoming a dominant little Hitler with her cooperation or do we truly share in decision making?—all of these questions can be more readily available to the man who has been through divorce. He can choose to no longer romanticize or glamorize women. And in that choice he will find a new freedom. The world's population will double for him: He will be able to have women as friends, advisors, without always playing the sexual games that can lead to confusion and hypocrisy.

Divorce, in short, is only one of a million symbols for this difficult age in which we find ourselves. We men have a job to do redefining our roles and reaching out for health and identity. It remains to be seen how we will do it, but we are nothing if not resourceful and we will do it.

To those men reading this who are about to go through a divorce, or are in the midst of one, or are picking up the pieces after one, we say: Good luck, good brothers. You are not alone. You can survive. The choice is yours.





What kind of person owns a Kenwood cassette deck?

If you're someone who wants to get the most from your component music system, sooner or later you'll need a cassette deck.

Because you can make tapes to play in your car stereo. And put your favorite songs together for uninterrupted listening. Even record your own "greatest hits".

But before you choose a component that's as much fun as a cassette deck, be very sure it's engineered to deliver superb sound quality and reliability.

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B-I-C's FM ANTENNA GETS A GREAT RECEPTION.

In the fall of 1977, B-I-C introduced the Beam Box FM 10, the first electronically directable FM antenna. It sits conveniently near your receiver and requires no special installation. By simply adjusting its knobs you maximize the FM signal you want and minimize signals you don't want. At \$89.95, we thought it was quite a breakthrough. So have a lot of other people.

"I spent literally hundreds of dollars for FM antenna installations before I found the Beam Box. It really works. In fact, it works great." J.L.B., Alexandria, Virginia

"The Beam Box is the greatest thing that has happened to my FM tuner. In several different locations I tried dipoles, rabbit ears, cable TV hook-ups, and stationary outdoor antennas with sad results. So sad, I never taped FM music. Upon incorporation of the B-I-C Beam Box in my system I detected an improvement that was unbelievable, specifically in cleanness of signal, stereo separation and station lock-on. Additionally I was able to pick up more stations. I am now making perfect FM recordings." A.G.M.D, Hill AFB, Utah

"Since buying and installing the Beam Box, my reception problems have been completely eliminated. I receive stations in Connecticut and Long Island with absolute fidelity, which I think is pretty outstanding since I live in New Jersey. I am finally confident that my 'prestige' tuner is performing as it was designed to." J.P., Edgewater, N.J.

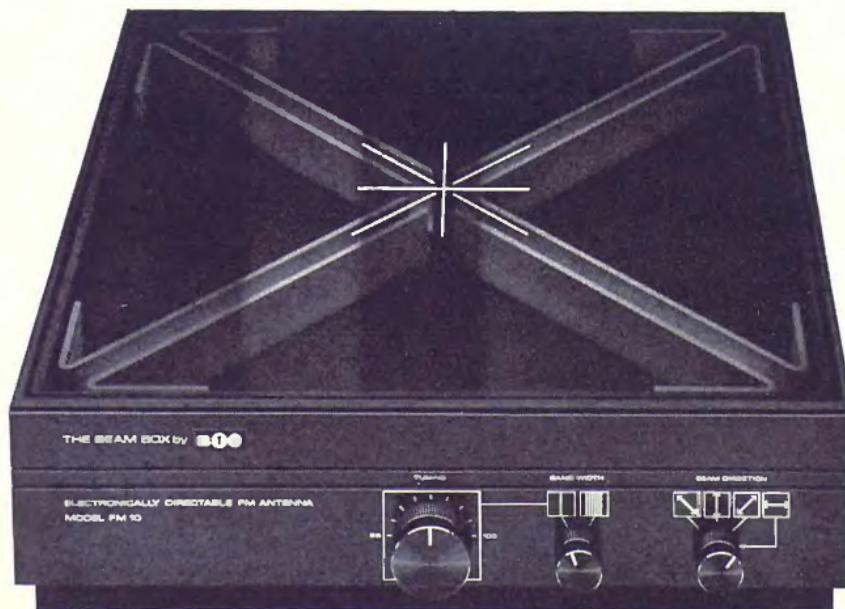
"Great invention! Perfect reception. No multipath. This is a great advance. Works beautifully in a New York apartment." T.W., New York City

Now B-I-C introduces the new FM 8 at only \$49.95. It's a bit less fancy and therefore less expensive than the original Beam Box FM 10. Performance is virtually the same.

If you're unhappy with your FM reception and can't improve it with your present FM antenna, The Beam Box may be your answer.



THE BEAM BOX



Pinball

(continued from page 253)

scoreboards. That is of great value in a game such as Evel Knievel (which, in spite of its namesake's fall from grace, is sure to be a collector's item), where accessible spinners are, once you've done some tricks with side targets, worth 1000 points a spin. The practiced player can hold the ball with a flipper and then send it through the spinner with the kind of speed Nolan Ryan puts on his fastball. That means a score that ain't chopped liver, and you don't want to lose any of it to a scoreboard that can't keep up with you.

The machines mark their scores with an odd assortment of noises, replacing the old-style bicycle-bell clangs of yesterday. You may mourn that loss, but your neighbors will rather enjoy not hearing those old, loud rings, and it's probable that even the cheesiest apartment walls will mask the electronic boops and rings.

As a practical matter, though, no apartment floor will fail to be marked by the four legs of a pinball machine. So in addition to the carpenter's level you will need to ensure that the game is played literally on the level, you ought to get yourself four pieces of thick rubber matting to put under the machine.

There is another floor problem with a home pinball machine: what to do about cigarette ashes and butts. Most arcades have more-or-less cigarette-resistant floors. Most apartments and houses don't. If your machine is going to be near a wall, you might remove the ash-tray from in front of the elevator doors at your office or apartment building and attach it to your wall.

With all of these considerations, there is an aesthetic bonus to home pinball: The pinball machine is a piece of art. Put the light on in the machine even when you're not playing and enjoy the colors. (In the same vein, the video games change colors so as not to damage your TV reception.)

Oh. Need I mention that you will quickly learn how to adjust the pinball machine so that only a 6.0 earthquake will cause it to tilt? And if you're financially compulsive, you can use the machine as a bank. Take out the quarters, put them in term savings accounts and use the money to take a trip to France. Of course, you know that the French are contemptuous of Americans; but they are also pinball freaks, and you, you will be a wizard. If this does not suggest a straight line to the heart of Catherine Deneuve, then you have no imagination. Forget everything. Go to a disco. Look around. In an age of transistorized reality, all that dancin' feet are gonna getcha are bunions.

—LAWRENCE S. DIETZ

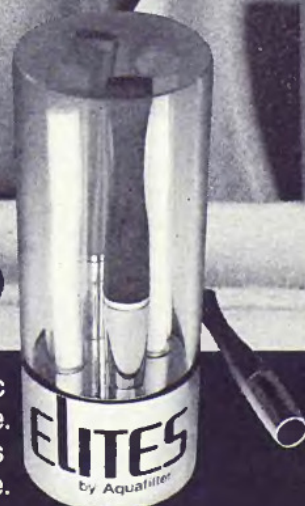


Fashioned by May D. S.

ELITE ENCOUNTERS

Elites have just made the old way of smoking obsolete. With a cooling, terrific looking cigarette holder that goes anywhere with anybody. For today. This minute. Try Elites. Or give them to somebody you'd like to try them with. For 365 holidays a year. Elite encounters: cool, terrific, together. They can get you anywhere.

From the creators of Aquafilter, Elites contain disposable filters that eliminate most tar and nicotine as well as hydrogen cyanide and carbon monoxide gases in cigarette smoke.



by Aquafilter

"The preparation for our dinner is undemanding, liberating the host so he can be a guest at his own bash."

some holiday store-bought fruitcake and shortbread on hand as backup. No difficulties there. Finish with Unicum bitters, the traditional Continental *digestif*—and a canny choice to cap a superlative feast. If you like, supplement the Unicum with crème de menthe and cognac or an aged single-malt Scotch, and you've got it gift wrapped and tied with a bow. A holiday feast everyone will remember, and enjoy, even the host!

Each of the recipes serves eight.

ASSEMBLAGE OF OYSTERS AND CLAMS,
SALMON CAVIAR GARNISH

Be sure to notify your fish dealer of your needs in advance. Have the oysters and clams opened and delivered on a bed of crushed ice, as close to dinnertime as

feasible. Sprinkle with just a little lightly salted water to keep them plump and store in refrigerator. At serving time, arrange on chilled plates. You can brighten each oyster with a few grains of fresh salmon caviar or present the red pearls separately. Accompany with lime wedges and pass pepper mill. If you like, decorate each plate with puff of grated fresh horseradish.

ROAST CONTRE-FILET
OF BEEF, AU JUS

6-lb. boneless short-loin roast
Coarse salt, freshly ground pepper
Garlic powder (optional)
Trim excess fat from roast, but leave enough to lubricate meat while roasting. Crosshatch fat with thin, sharp knife, tak-

ing care not to cut into meat. Rub roast with salt and pepper, and garlic powder if desired. Place on rack in roasting pan and put in preheated 325° oven. Roast 13 minutes per pound for rare, or until meat thermometer registers 130°. Remove roast from oven and let it set in warm place at least 15 minutes before carving. Serve with natural pan juices.

THE BOUNTIFUL PILAF

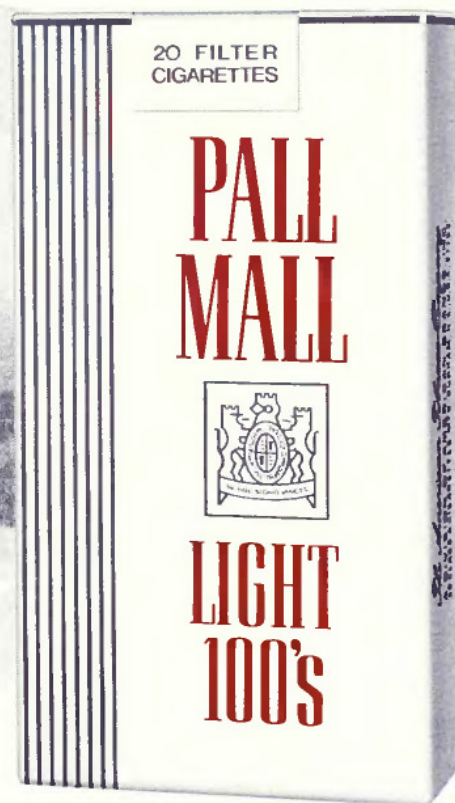
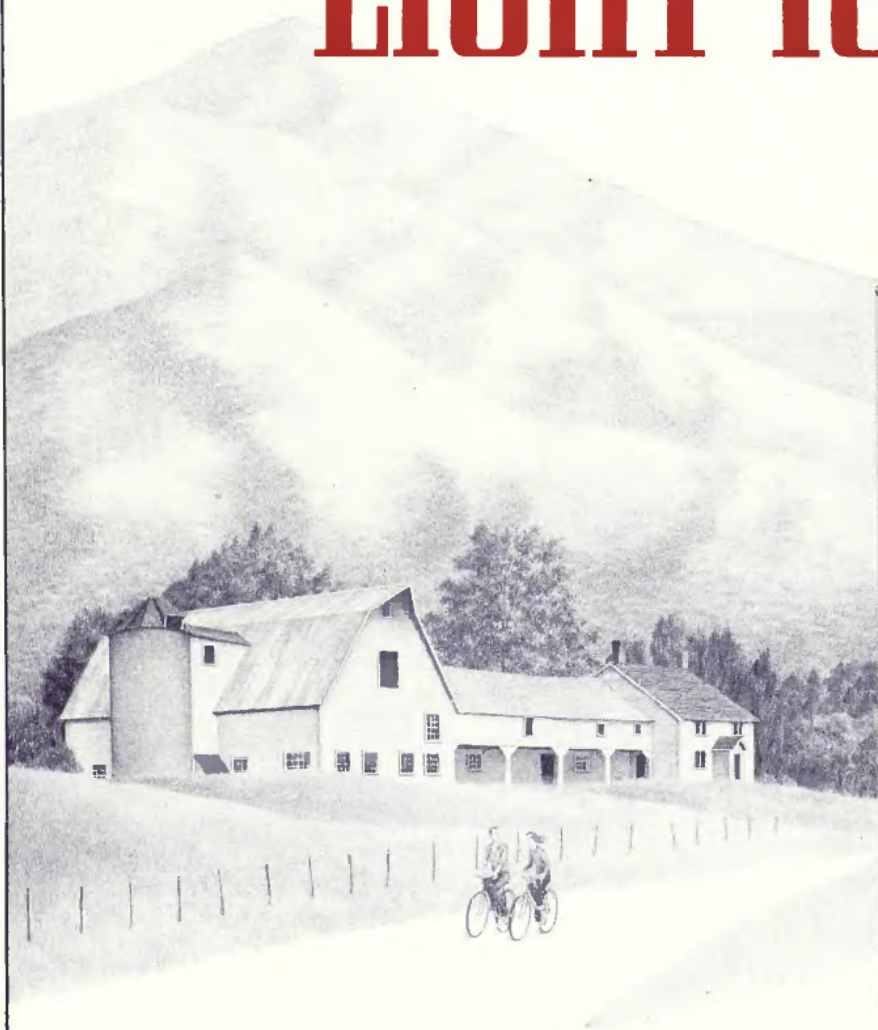
4 tablespoons butter
2 cups long-grain rice
½ cup sunflower seeds
½ lb. mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons chopped shallots
3½ cups chicken or beef broth
Salt
½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
⅓ cup dry white wine or dry vermouth
Melt butter over medium-low heat in heavy pan that has tight cover. Add rice and sunflower seeds and stir until lightly toasted, 5 to 7 minutes. Add mushrooms and shallots and cook, stirring, until softened. Season broth with salt to taste and add to pan along with curry powder, pepper and wine. Turn heat high and bring to boil. Cover, reduce heat to low and simmer 20 minutes. Turn off heat, remove cover and stir lightly with long two-tined fork. Cover pan with clean dish towel and replace cover. (Towel absorbs steam to keep rice dry and fluffy.) Keep warm until ready to serve.

SALADE RUSSE

3 medium potatoes, cooked whole in their skins
4 medium carrots, peeled, diced and cooked
10-oz. package frozen peas, cooked as package directs
10-oz. package frozen cut green beans, cooked as package directs
16-oz. can white beans, well drained
8-oz. can diced beets, well drained
¼ cup sliced cornichons or sour pickles
2 tablespoons capers, drained
¼ cup finely chopped onion
1 small can flat anchovy fillets, well drained
1 tablespoon pickle juice or vinegar
¼ teaspoon pepper
Mayonnaise
Pitted black olives and marinated artichoke hearts, well drained
Peel cooked potatoes while warm and then dice. Dry all cooked and drained vegetables on paper towels, then combine in large salad bowl. Add pickles, capers and onion. Reserve few anchovy fillets for garnish; cut rest in small pieces and add to bowl. Stir pickle juice and pepper into 1 cup mayonnaise, then add to bowl. Stir gently until salad is well mixed. Add additional mayonnaise if needed and taste for salt. Coat top with thin layer of mayonnaise and garnish with olives, artichoke hearts and reserved anchovy fillets. Cover with plastic wrap



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Try the Sigma 80-200mm zoom lens at better camera counters everywhere. It comes complete with carrying case and lens shade, in models for all popular 35mm SLR cameras. Or, write for Lit/Pak P84 for complete information on the total Sigma system of advanced technology lenses.

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SIGMA

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Advanced Technology Design



and refrigerate until well chilled.

Note: You'll probably have some salad left over. It makes a fine luncheon dish accompanied by hard-cooked eggs.

VINTNER'S PEARS

- 8 large firm ripe Anjou or Bosc pears
- 1 bottle full-bodied dry red wine
- 2 cups sugar
- 2-inch cinnamon stick
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract

Use wide-bottomed pan, preferably enamel or stainless steel, large enough to accommodate pears in single layer. (If necessary, do pears in two batches.) Peel pears, leaving them whole, with their stems. Combine wine and sugar in pan and bring to boil, stirring occasionally. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Add peeled pears and cinnamon stick; cover and return to simmer. Cook 10 to 15 minutes, or until pears are tender when pierced with small knife. Don't overcook—they shouldn't be mushy. Remove cinnamon stick and add vanilla to syrup. Cool pears in syrup, then refrigerate until ready to use. Spoon some syrup over each pear when serving.

Note: If pears are done in two batches, remove first pears from pan when cooked and transfer to bowl. Return syrup in pan to boil and add second batch of pears. When done, remove cinnamon stick, add vanilla and return first batch of pears to syrup.

ROQUEFORT DELICE

- ½ lb. Roquefort cheese
- ¼ lb. (1 stick) butter
- 1 tablespoon cognac
- ½ cup heavy cream
- ¼-½ cup finely chopped pecans

Let cheese and butter stand at room temperature until softened. Combine in bowl, add cognac and mix thoroughly; beat until very smooth. Whip cream stiff. Lightly fold into cheese mixture. Spoon into lightly oiled 2-cup bowl or mold. Chill at least 3 hours. Dip bowl quickly in hot water, cover with serving plate and invert to unmold. Sprinkle with pecans, pressing them lightly into surface, and return to refrigerator until needed. Serve with pears and crisp unsalted crackers.

UNICUM DIGESTIF

Europeans generally take Unicum bitters neat, after a lavish dinner or evening's indulgence. For American palates, it may be better to pour a little Unicum on the rocks. Add lemon twist and perhaps a light splash of soda.

If your guest list expands, you might consider a buffet. As it happens, the menu given lends itself very well to such service. If you do a buffet, forgo the sherry and pour champagne from the beginning. After all, Christmas comes but once a year.

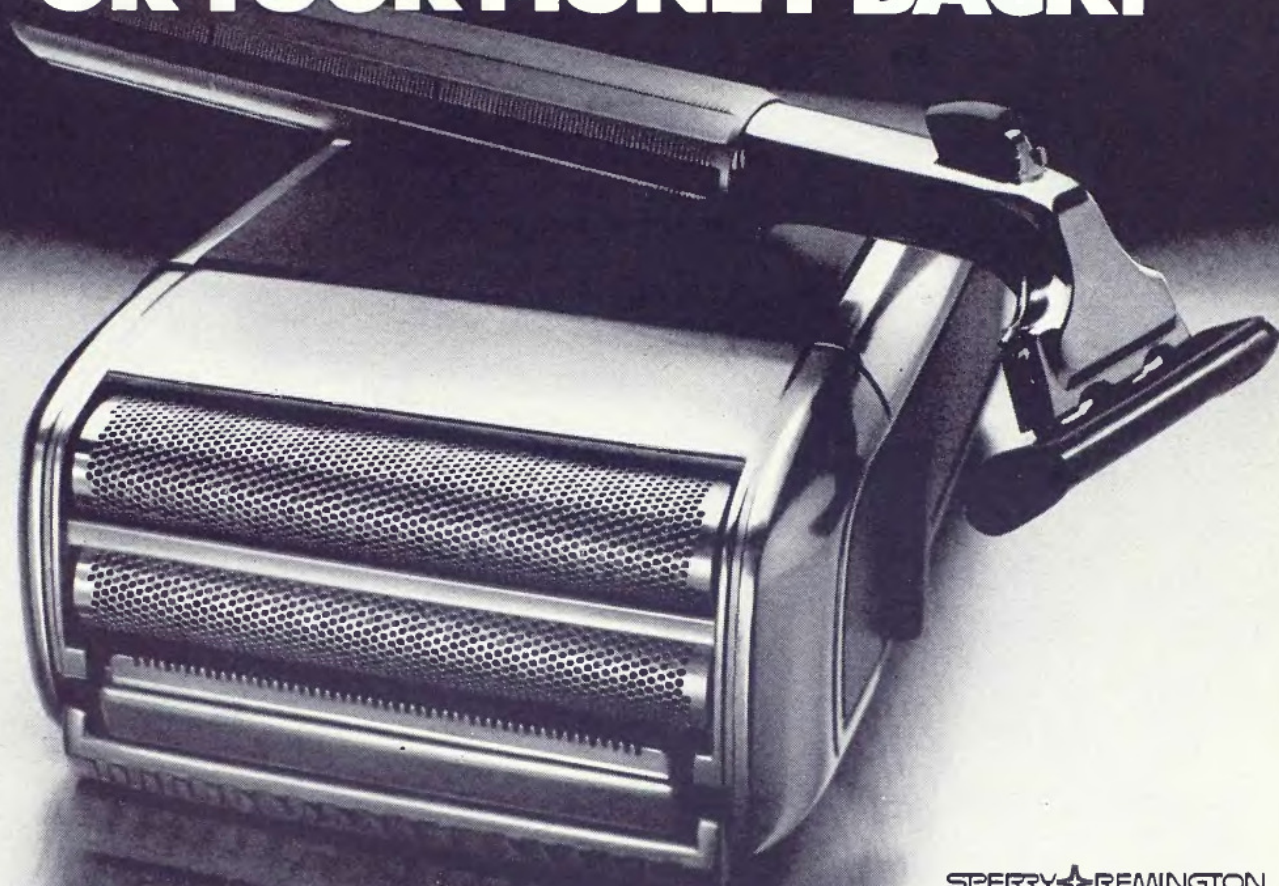
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REMINGTON'S XLR WILL SHAVE YOU CLOSE AS A BLADE. OR YOUR MONEY BACK.*



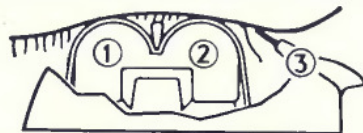
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Because we're offering your money back if our XLR™ fails to shave as close as a blade.

Any blade.

Obviously, to make a guarantee of this nature we must be extremely confident of our Remington® XLR. This confidence is inspired by Remington's remarkable three-part system, a system that has enabled us to make a real breakthrough in shaving.



1 The first head cuts the whiskers of normal length and sets them up for the second

head by stretching out the skin, so that...

2 The second head can actually cut those same whiskers a fraction of a millimeter below skin level.

3 The unique Intercept™ cutter, a significant innovation, has a continuous action that disposes of

longer-than-normal and curly whiskers.

The performance of the XLR is further enhanced by the degree of curvature of its twin shaving heads, which are specifically engineered to allow 60 stainless steel blades to get closer to the skin than ever before.

And to ensure thorough closeness, the XLR is amazingly compact in order to reach the small crevices around the nose and chin.

Yet, despite all this efficiency, comfort is not sacrificed.

The two ultra-thin flexible screens that stand between you and the cutting mechanism are so protective of your skin that, while you may hear whiskers being cut, it is unlikely you will feel it.

What all this technology adds up to is a shaving instrument that combines the comfort and convenience of an electric with the closeness of a blade.

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To give you the highest quality tuning, we developed the T-909, a true digital synthesized tuner including frequency readout for less than \$1,000. Run these components through the Onkyo M-160 or M-240 speaker system with oversized woofers for superb sound reproduction.

Whatever Onkyo product you select, you'll find innovation, quality and reliability. They form the design base for Onkyo products.

And if you're dreaming of something we don't have yet, chances are it's on the drawing board.

That's how we stay a step ahead of state-of-the-art.

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EROS AND POWER

(continued from page 212)

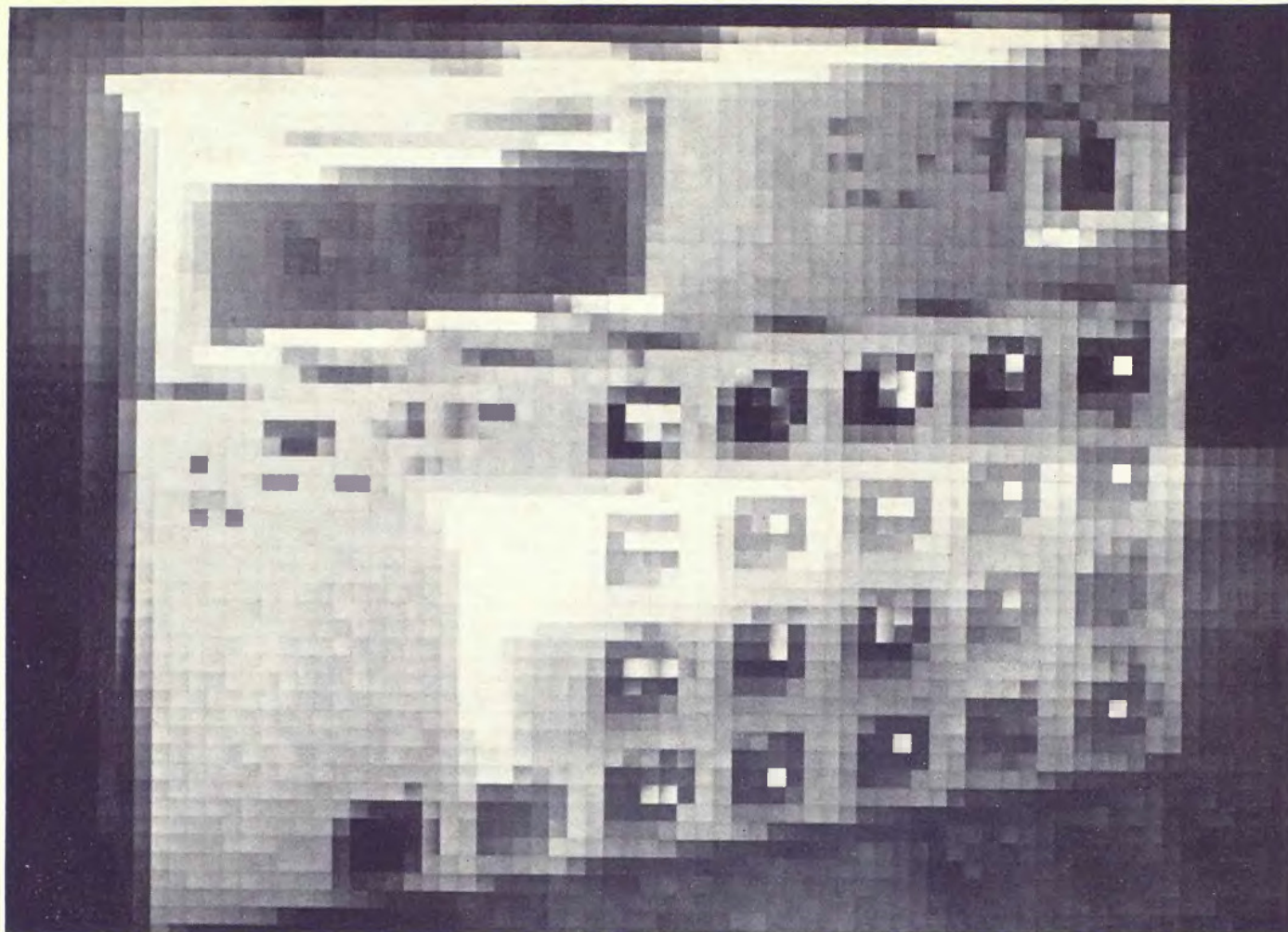
sexual drive that gave Ike his impetus toward power, though it may have helped. No man can resist his hunger for Presidential power, whether it be someone with as strong sexual drives as Roosevelt, Kennedy and Johnson, or as weak a drive as Nixon. Whatever the choice made, it is not even a choice between Eros and power, for Presidential power itself already contains the Eros principle to the full.

My first insight into John F. Kennedy's blend of power and Eros was through meeting a beautiful young woman who had been his mistress while he was a Congressman from Massachusetts. She helped him in his campaigns and they talked of getting married. Then he saw the chance for his move to the Senate, as a pathway to the Presidency—and everything changed. As a Senator, and a possible President, he would need a wife appropriate to his ambition—and my friend evidently didn't measure up. She was bitter at being dropped, yet—like almost all of Kennedy's girls—she knew how power-driven he was and was still in love with him.

Unlike Eisenhower, Kennedy was a driven man and a *macho* President. Everything in his life, including his political exploits and his sexual escapades, was infused with the drive to accent his masculine identity. Part of his inheritance from his father—Wall Street buccaneer Joseph P. Kennedy—was a competitiveness that extended not only to career but to sexual conquests.

When I first met him, early in 1958, he was well launched on his Presidential drive and was being careful about his public image. We spoke at a book-and-author luncheon in Cleveland, he about his *Profiles in Courage*, I about my *America as a Civilization*. A full house had gathered to take the measure of the ambitious young Senator, including a phalanx of Ohio politicians, as well as the usual literary ladies. He entered amidst a stir of excitement—the kind that surrounds a "comer"—and already there was the mark of the young prince on him. Speaking first, with some generous words about my liberalism, he was careful to distinguish between us, saying that a writer had a degree of freedom in taking militant positions that someone like himself—with the burden of responsibility as a political figure—couldn't do. It struck me as a curious way to present a book on political courage, and I scribbled some notes to that effect on my pad. But I had no chance to use them. When he finished his speech, he left fast, taking no chances, before I could say anything that might involve him in controversy. He was being politically canny.

Was that an augury of the kind of



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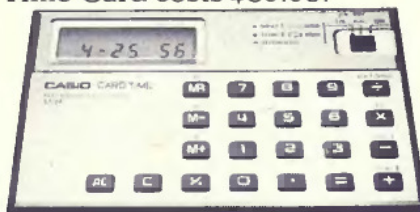
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Nikon FM



"Mirror, mirror on the wall, whose is the largest..."

President he would make? Only in part. He turned out to be liberal in his public attitudes, graceful as a phrasemaker, Cold Warish in his foreign policy, competitive throughout, eager to take on opponents who challenged his sense of masculinity, whether the steel companies at home or Khrushchev or Castro abroad.

He was a frustrated man in the Presidency. I had a talk with him in the White House during his first year in office. He was the central luminary of a star-studded constellation of liberal celebrities around him. Going to Washington in those days was like going back for Alumni Day at college: You saw everyone you knew. Pierre Salinger was Press Secretary, Arthur Schlesinger was Intellectual in Residence, McGeorge Bundy was Special Assistant to the President for National Security, Felix Frankfurter was over in the Supreme Court. Harvard and MIT and the Boston Mafia were everywhere.

Yet the man who greeted me in the Oval Office—half shyly and with some wariness—seemed to lack the gusto of either Teddy or Franklin Roosevelt, his two patrician predecessors. He spent half the time complaining about the way Congress blocked him on measure after measure, with an unholy alliance of Republicans and conservative Democrats against him. He lacked Lyndon Johnson's skill of maneuver and persuasion in his relations with Congress and with party leaders.

At the Vienna summit, Khrushchev had tried to bully the new young President, and Kennedy was still smarting from the hectoring tone the Russian had used toward him. But what stood out in his memory of the meeting—as he described it to me—was his own offer to Khrushchev, "Let us go to the moon together." The eagerness to compete and transcend that brought him to the Presidency and made him embrace the confrontations of the Berlin Wall and of Laos and Vietnam led him also to exult in the space race even while he made his offer of a joint venture in space, which Khrushchev either spurned or ignored.

From this angle of vision, his relations to Fidel Castro take on a somber new meaning. Castro was, for Kennedy, more than the ruler of a small island 90 miles off the coast of the U. S. He was young, a revolutionary, highly literate, obsessed with power. He had many women, he was the very embodiment of the Latin political and sexual *machismo*. In all these respects, he was Kennedy's arch-rival, for Kennedy, too, had a feel for power, was highly literate and was seen by American youth as a fresh symbol of new American energies. And he, too, had many women whom—like Castro—he fited into the daily and nightly demands of being a ruler.

Could Kennedy's resolve to get rid of

the Castro-Cuba problem, however extreme the means, somehow be related to this? From start to end, the Kennedy-Castro duel was a story of mingled intrigue, squalor, high comedy, nuclear dramatics and finally tragedy. It couldn't have been possible except between two such men who, regardless of the difference in their power base, were so alike in their crucial traits.

It was Kennedy's bad luck to fall heir to the Bay of Pigs adventure, ill-conceived by the CIA under Eisenhower, which he further botched. It was an ominous start. I was in Cuba for a week, in the period between the Bay of Pigs and the Missile Crisis, and listened to Castro's five-hour speech on the anniversary of the Revolution, which was a long defiance of Kennedy. I wrote it up as such. But I didn't know at the time—how could we know?—that the interlacing of the two men would lead to Kennedy's finest hour, but also to his fateful involvement with assassination plans and finally, perhaps, to his own death.

The shining hour came during the Cuban Missile Crisis, when Kennedy acted with strength but also with a disciplined and responsible restraint. Using the blockade to say that the Russians couldn't complete their missile base in Cuba, he also gave Khrushchev and Castro a chance to save face. It suggested the kind of President he could have made had he been given five more years.

Kennedy took the political wars and competitions of the world seriously, as any President has to do if he is not an innocent. Only in that sense was he a "cold warrior." He was no war-loving monster. He was stirred to a competition with Soviet world influence not because he wanted to flex the nation's muscles but because his sense of life as struggle carried over into his foreign policy. He believed that ideas are weapons and that political war is better than actual war.

Like his father, he had an obsession with power and with the erotic relationship as a form of power. He seemed always to tread the edge of danger. He lived a Nietzschean life, dangerously, and, like the Ropewalker in Nietzsche's parable, he died a Nietzschean death.

Shortly after Kennedy's death, I came across an interview in the Miami papers with Senator Smathers of Florida and was startled by what it meant. Kennedy and Smathers had been companions in their bachelor days, when they double-dated the most attractive women in Washington. Smathers knew about the CIA plans to assassinate Castro and saw the connection with Kennedy's killing, but few took him seriously. Since the Warren Report, there has been a ghoulish war of theories about Kennedy's death, with much ingenuity spent on a number of conspiracy theories. It is clearer now that we were wrong in think-

ing we had to choose between the conspiracy and no-conspiracy versions. It could have been both—that the shooting was Oswald's alone but that he may have had a Cuban control, and perhaps (as Edward Jay Epstein now seems to believe) a Russian one as well. If so, it could be Castro's revenge for the CIA and Mafia efforts to remove him from the Cuban scene by removing him from life. This was also President Johnson's guess, as he told it confidentially to several reporters—and he was in a position to guess well. It is one version that makes sense politically, even while it marks a shambles morally.

What was it that trapped a liberal humanist President like Kennedy into permitting a CIA-Mafia partnership, with Castro as target? The question also poses itself also about Kennedy's use of the CIA to get President Diem of South Vietnam out of the way by supporting an army revolt against him—which resulted unsurprisingly in his death.

I think he had a romantic *Sturm und Drang* take on the Presidency and a fascination with danger. His older brother, Joseph, Jr., whom their father had first scheduled for the Presidency, died in a secret surveillance flight over Europe, and Kennedy himself came out of the war scarred from his PT-boat adventure. He felt that danger was his destiny. There were many young men like him who had served in the OSS during the war or who joined the CIA right after—young liberals or conservatives from Ivy League colleges, who put their country ahead of everything and who found the covert not squalid but romantic. If Kennedy had not gone into politics, he might have become one of that group. He felt at home with them, and his rage over the Bay of Pigs fiasco was all the greater because the fiasco was the product of clumsy Intelligence.

Lyndon Johnson wanted everything, and wanted it right away. He drove others ruthlessly, but he was also driven as few Presidents have been, by inner hungers and insecurities that his brusque outward energies couldn't conceal.

While he was still Senator and Majority Leader, I wrote a piece critical of a compromise he had made on a voting formula to end filibustering. He came back at me with a sizzling letter on my misreading of his civil rights record, my distortion of his motives and, in general, on the idiocy of liberal commentators on any issue affecting the South.

At the 1960 Democratic Convention, there were few of us who gave him much chance for anything except the quadrennial Southern bid for the nomination that had become more a matter of ritual than of realism. But (as Papa Joe sharply understood) Kennedy as a Catholic and a liberal needed a running mate to



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help him with the Southern Baptist and conservative vote. Most of my friends at the convention, among the delegates and newspapermen, were outraged by Kennedy's choice of Johnson. I wasn't. It struck me as cold and even cynical politics—but it proved to be good politics.

When Kennedy was killed, I mourned for him as others did, with the Whitmanesque sense of a captain "fallen cold and dead," but I didn't follow the Kennedy inner circle in their scorn for his graceless successor. True he was a Texas cowboy, not a Camelot hero-prince, but I liked Johnson's Southwestern frontier vigor and even the excesses and the atrocious taste that went along with it.

I opted for Johnson, against Barry Goldwater, whenever I could during the 1964 campaign. I recall a debate I had with a brilliant conservative, Wilmoore Kendall, before a meeting of high-powered public-relations advisors during the campaign. Kendall attacked Johnson on every possible ground, but he reserved the strangest for the end: that it "takes balls" to run the nation's foreign policy in the face of Soviet expansionism, that Goldwater had them and that Johnson simply wasn't masculine enough to possess them. I had earlier heard the same argument from William Vandell Elliott, who had been Kissinger's mentor at Harvard. I cite these minor episodes as footnotes to my proposition that conserv-

atives were even more fascinated than liberals by the links between power and the erotic. Obviously, they differed on who met the challenges of power and with what sexual equipment.

Johnson ran the Presidency much as he had run his Texas ranch, and when he retired, he ran his ranch much as he had run the Presidency—with a whip-cracking braggadocio, an infinite attention to details, an intrusive assumption that those who worked for him owed him every minute of every day. He labored under the spell of a great myth of control that often goes with an underlying insecurity.

Doris Kearns was a Harvard graduate student to whom Johnson took a shine, and he confided things to her that he had never confided to Richard Goodwin or Eric Goldman or John Roche—each of whom had been his house intellectual for a brief period. She wrote up her psychohistorical theory—that Johnson's insecurity came out of his recoil from a too-dominating father and his attachment to a too-loving mother.

But I suspect it is Texas, as much as Freud, that explains Johnson, who was no New Frontiersman but an old frontiersman. The individualists of the Texas frontier wanted freedom from the state, but only in order to have total control over their baronial domains.

Lyndon Johnson as Senate Majority Leader was a great controlling lawmaker. As President, in the hail of civil rights and other Johnson legislation before the escalating war paralyzed him, he out-Hammurabied Hammurabi. As he got deeper into the war, he still kept his passion for control. Where he felt superior to Kennedy was in his pride in being a "can-do President." He clung to that self-image as a double magus, able to keep up the liberal legislation yet control it. But when he tried to expand the war yet keep it limited—from involving the Chinese or going nuclear—he failed.

If we take the image of the two detectives—the bad guy and the good guy—who coerce and wheedle a confession from a suspect, Johnson used the tactics of both. He used artful persuasion and brutal crackdown together, but instead of combining them (as F.D.R. combined the fox and the lion), he commuted between them. On Mondays and Wednesdays, he found himself derided for being a wheeler-dealer; on Tuesdays and Thursdays, for being an unfeeling tyrant; and on weekends, for being a boor.

He would have done better to make a choice between his selves—either not to expand the war at the start of his term or to end it as Nixon ended it, with the carrot of the Paris negotiations and the stick of the mining and bombing at Haiphong and Hanoi. He couldn't do it

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because, while he willed the ends, he couldn't will the means.

His whole personality and style led him to the incremental rather than the total as a method. As Pat Moynihan has put it, he used "little increments of pressure" to achieve his ends. It worked with Congress. It didn't work with the Communists in Hanoi. Johnson had that "wish to lead others" that William Blake speaks of. But his ferocity of will had limits. That is why he turned out to be a loud talker, an energetic actor, an omnivorous devourer of power, an omnipresent watcher over his domain—but not a destructive man. Nixon was a destructive man. Johnson knew enough to stop short of destructiveness but didn't know how to reach greatness.

I have two poignant memories of him in this period. One is of an evening at dinner, arranged at his own home—but clearly at Johnson's instigation—by Max Freedman, an English journalist. The guests were a formidable array of publishers and editors: Freedman and I were the only working commentators. Johnson was there, darting in and out among the tables with his hearty handclaps and bear hugs. But it happened to be the day of the Dominican Republic crisis and intervention, which made Johnson commute between the dinner party and his temporary command post. In time, he settled down to answer our questions about the Vietnam war, which he did with a swagger that couldn't conceal the dog of anxiety beneath the skin. Hubert Humphrey, whose Vice-Presidential creed was that he had a constituency of only

one, later tried to put Johnson's arguments more moderately and palatably, but the evening was a failure.

I had a great sense of sadness about it. Here was the President of the United States, head of the greatest power mass in the history of mankind. Here he was, overtalking, overurging, overarguing, overinsisting. Here he was, and here were the press lords—for that is what they were. They were confused and perplexed and they wanted him to lead them. He, in turn, was in too deep and he wanted them to save him. Neither he nor they got what they wanted.

My other major memory was of Johnson during the darkest hour of his Presidency, at the time of the Tet offensive. I had arranged for an interview with him through John Roche.

We sat in the Oval Office together for better than two hours, by that bank of telephones that was the means and symbol of his connection with his imperium, the umbilical cord tying him to the mother source of his power—his communications grid. As we talked, he kept watching the shiny buttons on his phone bank, and as button after button lit up, he reached over with his lanky Texas frame, spoke briefly, quietly, commandingly into the magic instrument and turned back to me to finish the interrupted sentence.

I had the eerie picture of a man trying desperately to hold his world together by electronic filaments. I tried several times to thank him and leave, since I had a lecture to do and had to make a plane. But he was like some Ancient Mariner, with the albatross of the accursed war

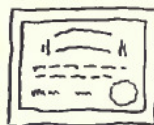
around his neck, and he held me a prisoner until he could finish his story.

Later, in a report on the interview under the head of "Johnson at Bay," I had to write as I had to, not as he would have wanted. I related the argument he had made to me. I added my skepticism about it. I drew him as a lost leader at bay, with the hounds of war and the press surrounding him. A historian of the Tet offensive later cited our interview as Johnson's last desperate effort to make his view of the war prevail. Not long afterward, he took himself out of the contest for re-election. Since he could no longer control either the war itself or the ravaged society and hostile counter-culture that were the response to it, he retired from the struggle and died of a broken heart.

Like others of my time and political clan, my first take on Richard Nixon was hostile. To win his Congressional seat, he did a dirty-tricks job on my Yale classmate Jerry Voorhis, and later in his Senate race, he did an even dirtier one on my friend Helen Gahagan Douglas. While I didn't take the straight liberal line on the Hiss-Chambers affair—I thought Hiss lied lustily and Chambers exaggerated monstrously—the Nixon role in the case stuck in my craw. It was more obvious than a fly in a honeypot that he was feeding on the case, using it to get to the Senate and the Vice-Presidency, and that he was capable of infinite trickery.

It was Alger Hiss, minor bureaucrat, clumsy amateur at unimportant pro-Communist document filching, who made Richard Nixon and thereby made history. I was a devoted attendant at both Hiss trials, and one night in my New York apartment, I listened to Louis Weiss, one of the brains behind the Hiss defense, mapping out the disastrous strategy of the second trial, which tried to turn Chambers into a case history for psychoanalysis. The trials kept Nixon in the headlines, made him an ogre for the liberals but also a folk hero for the many who worried about the betrayal of secrets in a nuclear age. Without Hiss, I am certain that Nixon couldn't have made it. Eisenhower chose him as running mate because he needed a young conservative who wasn't McCarthy but who was already a headline name and could bring in the McCarthy vote.

And the liberals? Nixon was our code word for the adversary. We salivated like Pavlov's dog at the mention of his name. During the Nixon-fund fracas, we hoped against hope that Eisenhower would drop him, though realistically I was pretty sure he wouldn't. (I still have somewhere a dollar bill with Scotty Reston's name on it, paying off the bet he lost on that to me.) During both of Ike's illnesses in his first term, we all



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prayed for his recovery, not just out of human kindness but because of the heart-beat that separated Nixon from the Presidency. Twenty years before Watergate, we somehow had his number.

On one score we misjudged him—his viability. He may have had his six crises, but he had more than a cat's nine lives. He depicted himself as a Titan who had rebelled against the reigning divinities on the liberal Olympus, a Promethean figure stealing—if not fire, then sulphur—from the gods. For those who believe there is a karma in names (note Truman as True-man), he was, indeed, Nick's-son, with much of Machiavelli in him and not a little of the Old Nick.

While he was politically durable, he was his own worst enemy. He lost the 1960 election mainly because, in his vanity about his debating skills, he gave Kennedy a credibility in the debates that—as a young Catholic outsider—he would not otherwise have had. But after his dolorous defeat in the 1962 California governorship race, he made his "You won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore" statement to the reporters, and we all made the mistake of writing him off as a has-been.

We were wrong. His next six years, until 1968, were his wandering-in-the-desert years. I was reminded of Arnold Toynbee's striking phrase "withdrawal and return." Churchill did it after King

Edward's abdication, and DeGaulle—who was Nixon's greatest identity figure—did it after he retired from his initial term as premier.

During those six desert years of Nixon's wanderings, our little band of liberals saw only what it wanted to see. He struck us as a figure of fun, sheathed in pathos, with shifty eyes and a nervous laugh and scraggly hair and a nose heaven-sent for the cartoonists. We pictured him, beak and claws, as some Neanderthal creature who had become an extinct species swept away by history. When he moved from California to a New York law firm, we missed the cue: We saw him as losing his California power base, when we should have seen him as invading the Eastern establishment, to rid himself of his old political associations.

The 1964 Republican Convention should have been the giveaway, if we had not been too blind to see it. Nixon craftily let his old enemy, Nelson Rockefeller, fight it out with Barry Goldwater's right-wing delegates. In the campaign, he kept his party solidarity with Goldwater, though he knew it was a hapless and hopeless cause. But in the intervening four years, he wooed and helped Republicans from both camps in Congress and Statehouses and gathered collectible political debts. Thus, when I watched him in Miami, at the 1968 con-

vention, he could present himself as a moderate middle-road figure between Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan and overwhelm both. It was an unforgettable lesson in political strategy by a master politician who made us all school-boys in dunce caps.

I tell this story with sadness. If there had been more liberals and moderates among the Republicans, then someone more adroit in national politics than Nelson Rockefeller and Barry Goldwater could have emerged between 1960 and 1968, and Nixon's path back to power would have been made much harder. It was largely the fault of the liberal intellectual and media elites, who polarized the two parties and couldn't brook moderates in either. On this score I was, I fear, as much at fault as the others.

Nixon's Inauguration Day was a hostile one, with Washington blanketed by anti-war posters. But at the start, he showed himself less an ideologist than we had thought. He had three main themes in his first term—to phase out the Vietnam war, to end the Cold War with Russia and China, to muffle the social divisiveness of the Sixties. He had hard going on the first, did well on the second, came a cropper on the third.

No one, whether among liberals or conservatives, was prepared for Nixon's foreign-policy gambit. Here we all were, busy taking him apart and explaining



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what baleful springs of action made him tick, and lo, he comes up with Henry Kissinger—close advisor to Nelson Rockefeller—as the prime architect of his foreign policy. No psychohistory had prepared us for that event. The liberal commentators were still lost in the Nixon of the Hiss case, the Checkers speech, the Caracas riots and the "kitchen debate" with Khrushchev.

It took some doing to undo my own obsessive view of him and shift my perspective. The fact of the Nixon-Kissinger partnership in shaping the foreign policy helped. I thought of it as an odd-couple diplomacy, in which the two partners were strangely unlike but formed a remarkable working team. Nixon had the power and found in Kissinger the scholar-diplomat who showed him what to do with it. Kissinger had the ideas and found in Nixon the hard-bitten politician who would give him the power base for trying them out. The two were like individual scissors that can't cut until they are joined.

I saw Kissinger a number of times, at some length. In a TV interview with David Frost, Nixon tried later to shrink Kissinger's role. He did the same in his *Memoirs*. Ungenerously, he seemed to be saying, "I did it alone," which runs counter to everything I learned from Kissinger and everything the Kissinger watchers believed. Looking back at the strange partnership, we must wonder at the passion for power that made two such different men work together and stick together.

Nixon was ill at ease with Kissinger's unconcealed sexuality, his worldliness, his declaration that "power is an aphrodisiac." He was also put off by the heavy Germanic accent of the immigrant Jew who had not learned English until late adolescence and had then learned it all too well, with the rolling periods of 18th Century English prose. The two men had a grudging admiration for the qualities in the other that each lacked, and they managed to swallow the rest perforce. Kissinger knew—as he several times told me—of Nixon's anti-Semitic streak, as he knew of his mean-spiritedness, but he also knew that, once committed, Nixon would see any venture in power politics through to the end. Nixon, in turn, knew that Kissinger still had an academic's hesitations and second thoughts. But it delighted him to steal this luminary out of the Milky Way—right out from under the noses of the Harvard group and the foreign-policy establishment.

As for Spiro Agnew, I disliked him from the start. My column about him, when Nixon picked him as running mate in 1968, was one of the sharpest I ever wrote. Nixon used him as a weapon to keep the liberal press in line, but his speech on the "effete intellectuals"—

written for him largely by William Safire—boomeranged.

There was a curious episode when I was invited to the White House to a dinner and reception for Prince Philip. President Nixon was in a wooing mood, and more cordial to me than my pieces about him had warranted. Among the speakers was Agnew, and, to my surprise, he attacked someone who had called his speech on the press an example of "the rhetoric of a college sophomore." That someone was myself. Afterward, he sought me out as the culprit. "I don't mind your hitting me when I'm wrong. But when I do something right, why don't you liberal fellows give me some encomiums?"

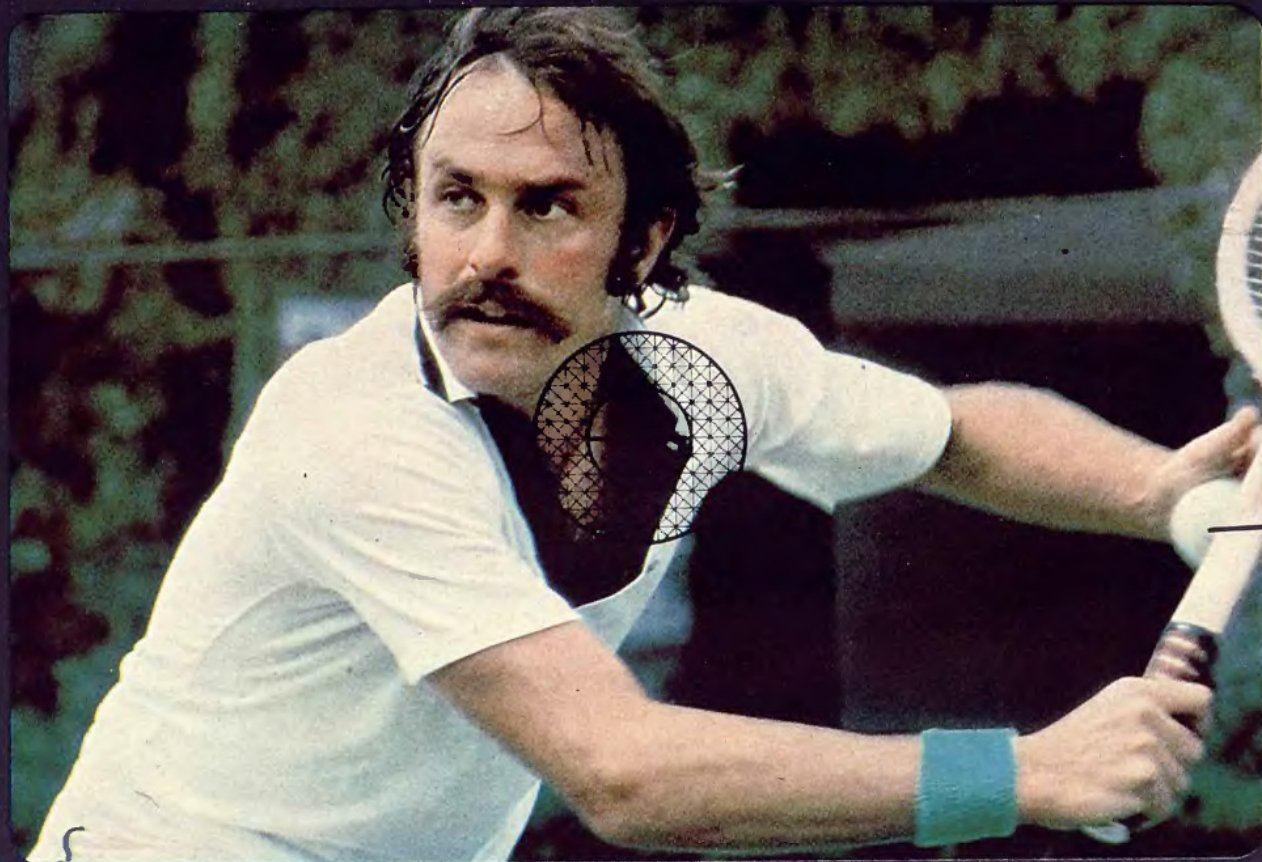
In time, Agnew was forced out of office because of charges about financial wrongdoing as governor of Maryland. Nixon was forced out for the Watergate cover-up. Agnew was caught in an ordinary bribery operation, receiving kickbacks from contractors on state jobs, to which his defense was, in effect, that it was common practice and went with the territory. Nixon was caught in a trap of his own making, conceived in arrogance and carried through with a contemptuous belief that somehow he would prove himself above the law because his exploits in foreign statecraft carried him beyond the law. If he had not resigned, he would have been impeached for "high crimes and misdemeanors" as President. Of the two miscreants, I preferred Nixon.

Curiously, they both ended with the feeling that the Jews were part of their downfall, especially Agnew, who as governor had been close to Jewish contractors and their intermediaries. When the squeeze was put on them by the Federal Attorney and they talked to save their skin, Agnew felt betrayed by them. He saw them not as the sleazy human characters they were but as Jews. How deeply this had eaten into his consciousness became clear later, when he wrote a spy novel in which pro-Israeli American Jews got a heavy going over. Like many others who read the book, I shuddered when I reflected that this man had for six years been at a cobweb-thin remove from the Presidency. If Nixon had resigned a year before he did, we would have had Spiro Agnew in the White House. Agnew, who is vindictive as well as prehensile, never forgave Nixon for failing to support him when he was in his time of troubles.

During the 1972 Republican Convention at Miami, I made friends with several minor members of the White House staff, when the full shadow of Watergate had not yet fallen on Nixon. He cut a jaunty figure during the 1972 campaign that—partly through the dirty-tricks operation to eliminate tougher opponents such as Edmund Muskie—presented him (in the form of George McGovern) with a candidate easy to trounce.

During the campaign, I asked Bill

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Safire to come to my Brandeis University seminar on politics and speak for his candidate. Safire carried it off brilliantly, to the dismay of my students and colleagues who were pro-McGovern. Safire told me cheerfully that he knew almost as little about Watergate as I did and that the standing instructions from the palace guard were to play it down, to urge everyone to wait for the court to act and to stress that the President was not involved. Soon after the Inauguration, I got a note from Nixon, out of the blue, about a column of mine on foreign policy. It wasn't much as a piece, and the letter clearly made too much of it. I sensed Nixon's worry. He was fence mending. I wrote asking for an interview but never got a response.

Thus, there was a special irony for me when I listened to John Dean reading from the White House "enemies list" and heard my name. I felt relieved. It would have been humiliating if I had not been on the list. Yet I was not an enemy of the republic. Something I wrote must have infuriated someone in the palace guard, or even the President himself. I learned what was at the heart of the Watergate corruption—the incapacity to distinguish between political opponents and enemies of the state.

Nixon was sliding downhill, and from the time of the McCord letter to Judge

Sirica, offering to testify to get a shorter sentence, Nixon no longer functioned as President but only as a man trying desperately to save himself.

Nixon is not an easy figure for a psychohistorical study. The commentators and scholars who have tried it thus far have mostly botched the job by using a crude psychoanalytical model. A more tractable one, from developmental psychology, would see Nixon as a human being under stress, with a life history that he brought to his Presidential tasks, and not as a mechanical monster crippled by his experiences in infancy and childhood.

As I read him, he was the product of our age—eaten up with ambition, hungry for power, competitive to every prehensile finger and toe. He was in essence an outsider—a Republican in a Democratic era, a conservative in a liberal one, an introvert in an age of extroverts, a foreign-policy buff in a polity of pressure groups and domestic issues, basically asexual in an age of hedonism. He used everyone and everything. Without being truly religious, he used Billy Graham and the old-time religion; without genuine values of his own, he used the traditional value system as a weapon. He felt beset by enemies, some of whom were truly so, while others were enlarged by his sense of encirclement. He surrounded himself with a palace guard, with whom

his common bond was the prevailing sense of the sons of bitches to be overcome. For them, as for him, politics was the science of the enemy, and they fed one another's indignation and hatred of the adversary and exulted in their triumphs over him. That was the White House atmosphere. It accounted for the rigid controls handed over to Haldeman and Ehrlichman, as to a security guard. It accounted also for the enemies list.

Being basically a reactive personality, Nixon was likely to overreact, especially to highly symbolic figures. Daniel Ellsberg was his *bête noire*, and as much the cause of his fall as anyone, including his formal political enemies. Ellsberg was, in Nixon's eyes, a turncoat who had learned the war's secrets in the State Department and had turned against it, pirating the Pentagon papers and playing into the hands of the enemy. He was an intellectual. He used and was used by the media. He was an Easterner. He was a product of the activist movements and counter-culture of the Sixties. He was a liberal, perhaps a radical. He was a Jew. In short, he was the convergence point of the whole constellation of forces that Nixon faced with hostility.

Nixon overreacted, first by trying to stop the publication of the Pentagon papers, then by releasing the "plumbers" on Ellsberg and on other leaks, going so

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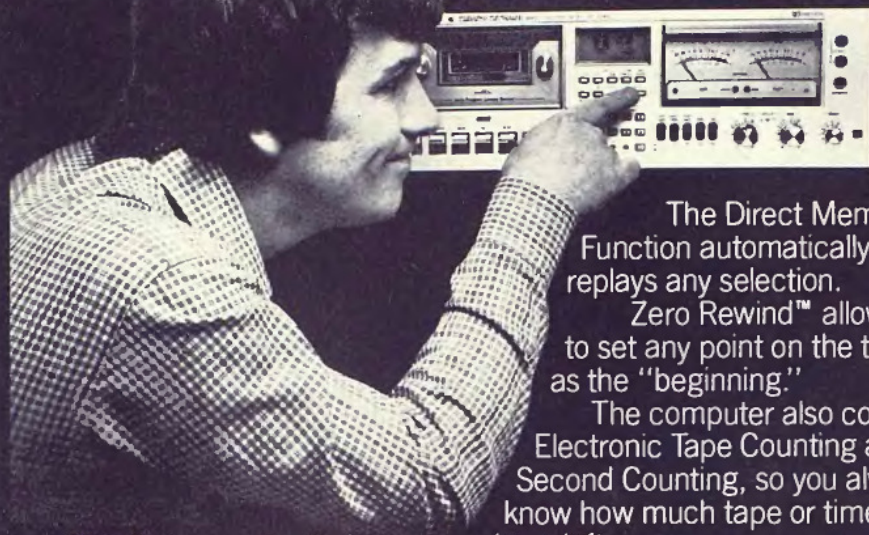
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far as to rifle the files of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. It is true that the immediate Watergate incident was part of a secret operation by CREEP—Nixon's re-election committee—to gather intelligence for the campaign. Specifically, it may have been looking for evidence of a linkage between Castro and McGovern.

But while four more years of power formed Nixon's concrete goal, in the depths of his psyche he was lashing out at the whole climate of the Sixties and its rip-offs. To him, Ellsberg and the Pentagon papers represented a giant rip-off, with drastic consequences for the nation as well as himself. He convinced himself that a search-and-destroy operation against infiltrators was justified by reason of state, even if it had to be buttressed by secret operations that on any other occasion would be illegal.

He was a man who prided himself on his self-discipline and self-control. Thus, when he reacted against events, his reactions were not resilient but brittle. Intent on never bending, he broke under the deep strain. As he felt himself increasingly cornered, he searched more frantically for some way out of the maze into which he had locked himself. Especially after the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that he must surrender the tell-tale tapes, there was no way out for him except to choose between a hopeless impeachment fight and resignation.

Yet even in those latter days, when his rope was getting ever shorter, he could still be roused by a great foreign-policy challenge. That was true of the Yom Kippur war, when Israel was caught by the Arab surprise attack and needed weapons with which to fight back. There was lethal intramural fighting between a troubled Kissinger, who wanted to help Israel, and the Undersecretary of Defense, who had been an oilman and had some pro-Arab leanings. The Israelis were desperate. Their ambassador held a 24-hour-a-day vigil in the corridors of power, at the State Department and the Pentagon. The final holdback was the lack of transport. Nixon cut the knot. "Send the stuff on anything that moves," he ordered. They did. The Israelis counterattacked, surrounded the Egyptian army across the canal and tightened the noose around it. This time, it was the Egyptians who cried for help in the form of a cease-fire. The possibility of another Egyptian defeat was too much for both Nixon and Kissinger. They threatened to crack down on Israel and they rescued the Egyptians.

I lunched with Kissinger after one of his shuttle trips and asked him not only about the war but also about the President. Kissinger was, in effect, carrying the burden of the Presidency, seeking to salvage by his prestige whatever shreds of legitimacy the Executive still had. He knew how Nixon was coming apart, as a

mind and as a man. After several hours of talk, Kissinger answered what must have been a pressing call at the table. I could hear some muttered words about the President and saw his face change color. For a moment, he was silent, and then—as we rose from the table—he said, almost under his breath but quite clearly, "that anti-Semitic bastard!"

Yet while Nixon was a vulgar anti-Semite, given to outbursts of anger against Jews—and against other ethnic groups as well—he was not a classic anti-Semite, in the fascist sense. A classic anti-Semite could not have ordered his Secretaries of State and Defense to send arms to Israel in "anything that moves," just as he could not have chosen a Jew as his prime advisor and kept him by his side for almost six years.

The final contradiction in this curious man and mind came in his last 24 hours of power, and it came in the historic prayer session. Nixon had decided to resign, had issued his last orders as Chief Executive, had given his speechwriters instructions about his farewell statement. To whom did he turn on his last evening in office? Not to his family, his partisans, his close friends, but to the immigrant Jew with a heavy Germanic accent who—he later said—had never been a friend, only an associate.

We have to ask why, and the answer may resolve some of the contradictions in Nixon. He was mean, nasty, ruthless, vindictive—yes. He wooed and held on to power with ferocity. He lied, both for reasons of state and to save his own skin. He could be sentimental, and turn away at someone's tears, yet also give orders that meant death for thousands and tens of thousands. But having said this, we would have to add that he was a political man, all the beads of whose blood turned to the mastery of events.

This was why Richard Nixon spent that last evening with Henry Kissinger. Had he failed to do so—had either man failed—he would not have been what he was. The two men had made together the greatest journey in the life of each—that journey to the end of the night that spelled out the power and passion of guiding the world's greatest power mass.

Each knew that the other had been his passport to history. Now, as Nixon was forced to relinquish the power that had meant the breath of life to him, he turned to the one man who knew the ruses, the glories and the cruelties of history. He couldn't step out of history, and face the full extent of his tragedy, without touching base with the man who had studied both history and tragedy. When Nixon asked Kissinger to pray with him, it was not to the Judaeo-Christian gods, Yahweh or Christ, that they knelt, but to the only gods they had in common as political men—the gods of power and blind chance, and the ironies and tragedies and absurdities of history.

In his own curious way, Nixon was a Nietzschean figure, lonely on the mountain, striving for some Superman role beyond good and evil. But in the end, like the ill-fated magus of legend, the genie he released from the bottle became a whirlwind that destroyed him.

As I look back at these six Presidents, I can't escape a pervasive sadness about most of them. They lived out the great American dream and reached the pinnacle and—except for Harry Truman—were broken on it. Franklin Roosevelt died in office, less from his crippling illness than from the tensions of the Presidency to which he had added his own dimension of gaiety and greatness. Dwight Eisenhower survived his heart attack, but he was an unfulfilled man both in his private and in his public life, and the storms that gathered around him in his second term burst on the nation in the Sixties when he left office. John Kennedy was just starting to explore his promise as President when he was shot down. Lyndon Johnson found that skill and will were not enough to hold his universe together, and himself rang the curtain down on his hopes for another term. Richard Nixon was expelled from the Eden he had hungered for, harder than any of the rest: He was his own Lucifer and created his own hell.

Together these six are the latter-day Titans, presiding for 42 years over a power cluster now entering its third century. For all their foibles, it would be hard to find in any other nation of our time a succession of heads of state who were as eager to wield their massive power well, and who gave it up as reluctantly.

I wish they had suffered less sorrow, and led more fulfilled lives, and been wiser in the crunch. But then, I wish the rest of us had been wiser, too. For our Presidents are pretty much what we make them. We choose them, deify them, make myths of them, revile them, hound them out of office or harass them to their deaths. We are as obsessed with them as they are obsessed with power.

In fact, our obsession with them becomes an erotic obsession, in the sense in which power and Eros are closely linked. We project our dreams on them, wreak our frustrations on them, take out our discontents on them. We take human beings and make gods of them, and when they turn out to be made of clay—human, all too human—we close our hearts to them and try to expunge the pages of history on which their deeds are written. "Make our people governable," a clergyman prayed at Jimmy Carter's Inaugural. If we had been less ungovernable, these six men would have lived longer and done better, and fewer of them would have been broken by the ruthlessness of a democracy.



"See here, Miriam—that's one of mine!"

SWITCHING

(continued from page 250)

"I did make out tonight. I ran my 'switch' number on a girl and she fell like the Roman Empire."

sounds all sinew and balls."

"Poetry's a funny thing."

"True. I remember giggling all the way through *Paradise Lost*."

She smiled. "Tell me, do you come here often?"

I laughed. "Why didn't you ask me what my zodiac sign was?"

"I don't understand."

"Don't tell me that 'Do you come here often?' is your best line!"

"Hey, come on. Take it easy. I'm new at this sort of business."

"Ah, the cry of the Sabine women. All right. Yes, I come here often."

"To pick up women?"

"Certainly not! By which I mean . . . of course, what else?"

"Why aren't you after her, then?" Martha indicated the drunk with the adrift eyelash.

"Well, in the first place, she's drunk. And making love to a drunk is a form of masturbation. Only lonelier. And in the second place, she's obviously as dumb as a Sixties liberal. The vital force that might have gone into her brains went into her boobs. So how about you? Did you come here to make out?"

"I thought so. I'm not sure. It's my first time."

"Your first time here?"

"First time anywhere."

"Married?"

"Divorced."

"Recently?"

"Very."

"Children?"

"None. And you?"

"Which?"

"Any of the above."

"Married, yes. And I have produced an F-1—little girl—all sugar and spice and puppy dogs' tails."

"How do you earn your money?"

"I'm a university professor. History of Western Thought. So you can't exactly say that I *earn* my money. Creating faculty positions is our culture's way of providing for the emotionally underdeveloped."

"That has the sound of a rehearsed line."

"Exactly what it was. What about you, Martha? How do you make your money?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"Oh?"

"Yes. My husband and I were in practice together."

"Zinberg and Zinberg?"

"No. Just Zinberg."

"And that was the problem?"

"Hmm . . . more one of the symptoms. You want to hear about the problems?"

"No."

"In that case, do you want to tell me about your problems?"

"Gladly. My wife is a wonderful human being. My child is a cocktail of beauty and wit. I got tenure two years ago. And I publish articles with machine-like regularity."

"These are problems?"

"If seen from the inside. You see, I always wanted to be captain of a tramp steamer on the South China Sea. Or a novelist. Or a movie actor. Or a farmer in Vermont. What about you?"

"I don't think I ever wanted to be a farmer in Vermont. All my life, I wanted to be a lawyer."

"So you've made out."

"Not tonight, it appears. My first shot at the swinging scene wasn't a screaming success. I realize that zaftig isn't 'in' this season—but still! I mean, come on . . . the air in here was humid with libido earlier on, and some of the boys were too drunk to discriminate. And yet . . . I'm still sitting here. Advise me. What should I do? Green Stamps?"

"Do I understand you correctly? You're asking me for advice on how to get yourself laid?"

"Maybe. I'm not sure. I mean—this is my maiden voyage as a matron. First time out since the divorce. Maybe I just want to talk. Share ideas, dreams, wise-cracks." She tilted back her head and looked at me narrowly. "Come to think of it, you're probably not the best person to ask for advice. After all, you're obviously not much of an expert in the arts of seduction."

"I resent that!"

"You're still here, aren't you? You didn't find anyone for tonight."

"That's the part I resent."

Martha laughed. "You're sort of fun."

"Golly, am I really? The fact is, I *did* make out tonight. I ran my patented 'switch' number on a girl and she fell like the Roman Empire in a race with the American dollar. So you see, madam, when you assume that the reason I am here, rather than sweating on the belly of some chick, is because I lack persuasive skills, you are full of shit up to your pink, shell-like ears. You don't mind my waxing poetic, do you?"

"Wax away. Are they really?"

"What?"

"Shell-like?"

"Sure. A conch is a kind of shell, you know."

"Are you drunk, Marvin? You have a very drunk sound."

"Only my mouth is drunk. My mind

Mmmmm Monsieur!



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is pellucid. Hey, what if I had slurred the word pellucid? Wouldn't that have been funny? Say, do you want to hear how I made out or not?"

"Is it still raining?"

"Felines and canines."

"In that case, I'm fascinated." She crossed her legs and assumed an acutely attentive look.

"OK. OK, I approached this fish, ran my classic switch number on her and there she was—on the hook. We only had to finish our drinks and in half an hour we'd have been in her apartment, making the beast with two backs. Or the double-thick beast. Or whatever faunal variations our bone structure and imagination permitted."

"So why didn't you?"

"Ah! There you have put your finger on my problem."

"That's my knee. And it's at least a foot away from your problem."

"You see, madam, of late I've discovered—how do you know it's a foot away? You're just guessing. Of late I've discovered that once the hook is set, my interest in landing the fish evaporates. I'm more of a hunter than a killer. It isn't the physical thing that attracts me. It's the constant reaffirmation that I can still get myself laid by young flesh. Does that make sense?"

"Sure. In fact, it's transparent."

"I was afraid of that."

"So how does this classic 'switch' of yours work?"

"Like most landmark discoveries in mankind's rise from the club to the atomic bomb, the switch is based on simple principles. These bumbling butchers around here run the standard, banal dodges. They grope the fish's emotions by telling her she's beautiful; or they grope her mind by saying she's clever and inter-sting; or they grope her affections by faking a common interest in The Rolling Stones or Fellini or the Mets. I cut through all this tedious persiflage and do a complete switch on these worn ploys. Playing it for bittersweet and tragic, I frankly admit that both she and I are here to get ourselves laid. Then I shake my head and say what a sick and silly thing that really is. Here we sit, so much finer and more sensitive than these animals sniffing at each other all around us. And still we find ourselves in the same meat market with them, victims of social and corporeal impulses we can't fight, even though we know how stupid and ultimately unsatisfying it all is. I sigh and say that at least we can preserve our dignity by not conning each other with shams of love and affection. We can call a spade a spade—this line is a little dicey if the girl is black. So the two of us finish our drinks, looking at the others with scorn. We're a team now. We've both accepted reality, both admitted we're there to get laid. Ergo..."

"And that works, Marvin?"

"More often than not."

"The whole business doesn't sound very romantic."

"The hole business isn't romantic. It's thermochemistry—lubrication, friction and contractions. Like giving blood, or pissing, or taking a vitamin capsule. And, by the way, those are excellent analogs for the three impulses that drive us to sex."

Martha probed the bottom of her glass with a plastic swizzle stick. "Would you mind telling me something? Why didn't you take a shot at me? Didn't you notice me sitting there?"

"I noticed you."

"And?"

"Well, you see, I've got this problem. I only target on young fish. In the corners of my mind, I have a notion that youth is a communicable disease you can catch through direct contact."

"Does that ever work?"

"It always works... for about thirty seconds."

She took the swizzle stick out and licked at it meditatively. "I don't think it would work for me. Too complicated. Too devious."

"Don't chew on that. Plastic causes cancer." I had swallowed a little too much hooch that night and I began to feel a ghost of nausea in the back of my throat. I must have mistaken it for compassion, because I found myself deciding to play it straight with her. "Martha? I told you about the switch game where I lay it right on the line with the fish. Well, there's a more advanced ploy, one I call the double switch. That's where I tell some bright fish at the bar all about the switch game."

She was silent for a beat. "You're say-

ing that I've just been a victim of the double switch?"

"That's it. It's reserved for the very smartest fish."

"Thanks... sort of. But what about your taste for young flesh and the social disease of youth?"

"Do you think I have so little imagination that I'm incapable of lying?"

"I see."

"Like everybody else, I take what I can get. But because you're bright and witty, I thought I'd warn you. Particularly as this is your first night out cruising. Seems only sporting to give you a chance to get away."

"I'm not sure I want to. Do you mind if I ask—do you love your wife?"

"Sure."

"But then... why?"

"It's all about being over forty and not being a captain on the South China Sea or a farmer in Vermont. You parked out in the lot?"

"Yes. A cream Mercedes."

"When the rain breaks, I'll follow you to your place."

"Ah..." She put her elbow on the bar and her cheek in her palm, so that she was looking sideways up at me. "May I use the confessional now?"

"Sure."

"We can't go to my place."

"You have a roommate?"

"Sort of. There's my husband and my three children. I don't think they'd understand."

I looked at her for a second, feeling very tired. "You're not divorced."

"No."

"And this isn't your first time out cruising."

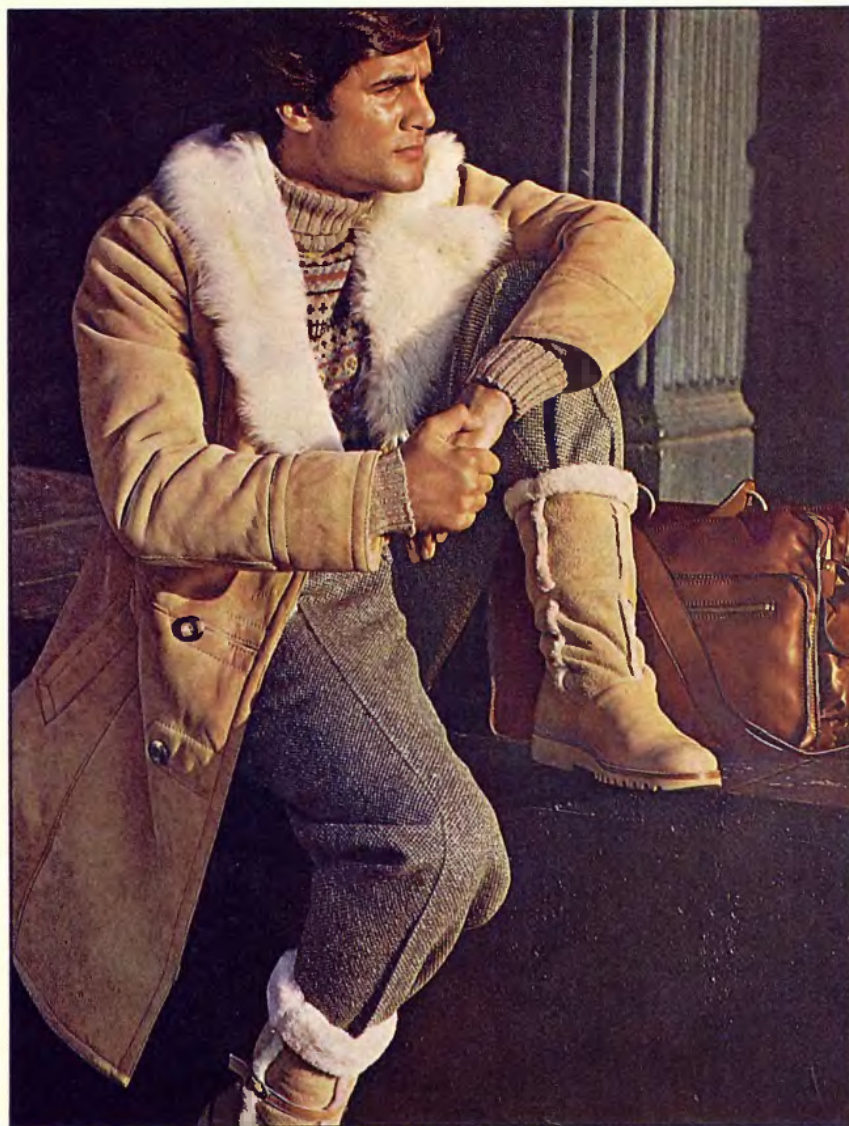
"Ah... no. Could there be such a thing as a triple switch?"



"No kidding, Miss Harmon. I think the firm is very lucky to have someone as thorough as you in the typing pool."

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BALLY of Switzerland

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I rubbed my face to get some of the blur out of my eyes. "Not bad, Martha. Not bad. For a woman who doesn't think she can handle the devious." I pushed off the barstool and went to the window. The rain had just about stopped and streetlights were reflecting in shallow pools faintly opalescent with automobile filth. I couldn't tell if the hail had done any damage to my battered Avanti, but I was sure it had harmed her Mercedes, and that was a comfort.

"Marvin?" She had joined me at the window. "There comes a time when a woman who has been a good wife and a busy mother feels all the time in front of her collapsing, and she realizes that life was that thing that passed her by while she was making plans. You know what I mean?"

"Please don't batter me with your sincerity. My whole life is a celebration of artifice. Down with meaningful relations! Up with the psychological barriers! Bring on the colorful hang-ups!"

She was silent for a moment, then she said, "I see. Well, at least we could console each other by making the beast with two backs. And the double-thick beast. And whatever that other one was. I have enough money for a motel, you know."

I sat at the table by the window. "I'm sure you have, Martha. If not, we could hock a spoke from one of your car wheels."

She sat across from me. "Your ego's hurt, isn't it?"

"Of course. But that's not it. It would be pointless for us to make it in some motel with cellophane sheets. In the morning, our strongest urge would be to shower the other person's body off our own. We'd have to make up fragile stories for people who no longer believe us. And a week from now, we wouldn't even remember each other's names. We don't have anything to offer each other—nothing we even want from each other. All there is between us is a low background fever of sexual curiosity."

All the while I spoke, she smiled at me with amused compassion, and it was difficult to keep my eyes on hers. I was feeling burned out, vitiated.

Sam Three started up the worn record of *As Time Goes By*, while Sam One went along the bar telling everyone that it was long after closing and the rain had stopped.

Martha continued to look at me calmly.

"Absolutely pointless, Martha. We probably won't even do very well."

"I know."

I sighed and stood up. "OK. Let's go."

"We'll take my car. You can drive if you want."

"That would be a nice change."





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"One swinger at Playhouse I told about the time she ran into her mother and father at the club."

unless solarium. "Clothing will be optional" is the closest Bobi will come to admitting that serious club swinging may be on the way to Dade County. But the club will also provide for those who come only to dance and keep their clothes on. A disco and lounge—again, bring your own bottle—will be separated from the spa area by one-way mirrors allowing folks in the Jacuzzis to watch the dancers without being seen, unless they turn up the lights.

In the meantime, Playhouse I in Miramar is designed to bring together people of a common persuasion who would rather meet potential foursomes face to face than solicit them through any of the fast proliferating national or local swingers' catalogs, such as *Select*, *Modern Swinger* and *The Florida Swinger*. Yet those who prefer discretion stick to the privacy of newsletter trysts. Through the locally published *Florida Swinger*, Miami couples can make anonymous dates

almost in their own back yards. "I work for Ma Bell," says one woman who advertises in the *Swinger*, "and they would not stand for catching me or my husband in some club." They scratch out their faces on the Polaroid photos they submit with their ads.

Consider the case of Joe, a 39-year-old pilot, and Susan, 28, his wife of six years, who one night found themselves in a blind-date swinging session with "a judge who had had me in court on a traffic case only the week before. We were both pretty embarrassed, but the situation was absurd. He said he would have fined me, anyway, but I wonder. . . ." Joe lives with a lurking fear that one day he will run into a Bible-toting supervisor and have his wings clipped. He doesn't seem to realize that swinging is a two-edged sword. One swinger at Playhouse I told about the time she ran into her mother and father at the club. At first she was mortified, but by the end of the evening,

she was beginning to wonder what it would be like to swing with them.

Playhouse I is thriving. An estimated 60 to 90 couples pass through the unmarked rear door facing the parking lot on Friday and Saturday nights (the front door is barred to discourage the curious and the unwitting). The club newsletter announces such events as Screw Night: The men were given bolts, the ladies nuts and they had to match them up—a kind of adult's spin the bottle. Last spring, editor Bobi promoted Ladies Bi night—a blatant attempt to encourage more single women and women "of the gentle alternative persuasion" to visit the club. Del estimates that some 85 percent of his female members—but only five percent of the males—are bisexual. But he says foursomes—two swapped couples—are still the most common swinging constellation, with threesomes and small orgies coming in second.

There are a handful of X-rated motels in Miami (particularly in the North Miami Beach area), but these seem to be favored more by men hiring hookers and couples who want to try the water beds and dirty TV shows on a lark. For swinging, home parties are still the rule. (Five percent of the people in the PLAYBOY telephone survey had been to sex parties.) But with no law on the Florida books protecting consenting adults and with Anita Bryant's tirades fresh on the local consciousness, extreme discretion is practiced. Fornication, not to mention "lewd and lascivious behavior," is still against the law in Florida. A cop from the Miramar police force periodically drops in at the Playhouse in his official duties. Perhaps he waves to the one or two area cops who are among the club's members.

The club's membership list is more inviolate than a ten-year-old virgin. Having been burned a few times by what they call "lookers, hookers and undercover cops," Del and Bobi deal cautiously with newcomers. The general policy statement at Playhouse I includes a clause specifically excluding "members of any law-enforcement agency applying for the purposes of entrapment." But Bobi claims a membership of 1600 couples—including not only cops but judges, city and county officials and some state legislators as well. On the couples-only nights, the parking lot begins filling promptly at eight o'clock with a disproportionate share of Cadillacs, Lincolns and Corvettes—but with an odd van or C.B.-equipped pickup truck as well. Bobi's final comment on swinging: "Everybody's doing it."

PROSTITUTION

An estimated 13,500,000 people visited south Florida in 1977 and some of them wanted to get laid. It is impossible to hop a winter flight to the tip of Florida





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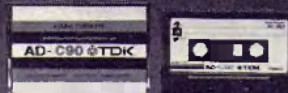
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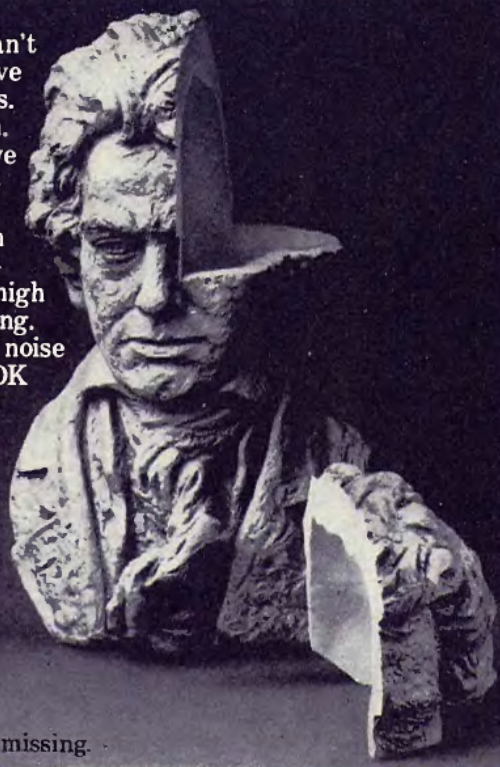
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TDK

Wait till you hear what you've been missing.



("We've got a warm spot just for you," claim Eastern's huge Northern billboards) without at least hoping for a piece of the action. Despite city fathers' attempts to paint their economy in more diversified colors, the enduring one-liner for Miami remains "sun, sand, sin and sex."

Miami, like Manhattan, is a magnet to young women, from runaways to college students to secretaries. A lot of them end up as prostitutes, for a period of time or for good. There are three ways to get a paid fuck in Miami: streetwalkers, hotel cruisers and outcall/escort services. Escort services are, in effect, legalized pimping services. They advertise regularly in such giveaway tourist magazines as *Key*, which is found in most Miami hotel rooms with a picture of Hugo the Killer Whale or an Orange Bowl float on its cover. The back pages tout "Hot stuff," "Wild or tame," "Sugar and spice" and offer to take every kind of credit card. An agency will respond to a request for an evening's date by first sending over a crusher who checks out the customer and collects the \$55 fee (plus tax) in advance, often angling for a tip if the customer wants a really good lady. (If the date lasts more than five hours, the client may have to fork over ten dollars an hour overtime. The price for a 24-hour minirelationship is only \$185.)

When the lady arrives, she asks Mr. Visiting Businessman to sign a contract and agree to behave like a gentleman. She then calls in to the agency to confirm that the five-hour date is on. If he has survived these Army-induction tactics, the client now has the privilege of dropping \$100 or more on a nice dinner and drinks. When they return to his room, the lady of the evening calls her boss to report that the date is officially over.

Now the real action begins: He negotiates. Asking prices for what he wants have hit \$300 in Miami, but \$100 will usually do it. Fifty dollars would be a gift. When the waltz of the wallet is over, he can get laid. Hallelujah.

The two other choices are the streets or the hotel bars. The street action is mostly black and Puerto Rican and situated in the city of Miami; the hotel cruising is mostly white and takes place across the causeways in Miami Beach.

Ellen Wood ("my stage name") is 28 and a hotel veteran. She emigrated from Chicago as a teenager and caught the last throes of the Beach boom by working the sprawling Fontainebleau Hilton and Eden Roc hotels at the heel of Collins Avenue where it meets Arthur Godfrey Road. In the old days, she collected large tips for kinky favors: "Those were wild times," she remembers. "I made a thou a week."

With the precipitous decline of business at the south end of Collins Avenue ("They fucked it up so bad they couldn't

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CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 1863

SUN, SAND, SEX AND THE LAW

The fuzz are busy in Miami. The image-conscious town is currently in a conservative phase. Because of dramatic neighborhood deterioration along Biscayne Boulevard and 79th Street, a full-scale antiprostitution campaign is on. One vice-squad detective works full time on the oldest profession. More whores than ever pass through the slammer's portals. (Prostitution arrests have tripled in the city of Miami in recent months.) A new "stop and inquire" ordinance of dubious constitutionality permits police to make arrests for mere attempted solicitation. "People thought things had gone too far when the streetwalkers started knocking on car windows and even climbing into the front seat beside a driver at a traffic light," says Miami city attorney George Knox.

An increasingly common Miami police tactic is the "John patrol"—deployment of lady cops on the street several times a year as decoy prostitutes wired for sound, who arrest men for soliciting paid sex. One night last March, 24 men were arrested—and found their names and addresses splashed prominently in the next day's *Miami Herald*. The Johns included such community pillars as a bank vice-president and an assistant high school principal. The police department's John patrol still hits the boulevard at irregular intervals (211 men were arrested last year), but they are extremely careful to let the customers make the first move. The city was recently ordered to pay \$43,000 in damages to one hapless John who successfully brought an entrapment charge against the policewoman who had arrested him.

The police department has a man assigned full time to the pornography circuit, which he monitors by spending his days looking at dirty books and peep shows. His colleagues on the vice squad have nicknamed him Peeper. He is aided by a tough new campaign to revoke licenses of bookstores with any shady characters in its business structure who have any kind of previous obscenity-related convictions. There is further attrition because of a new law requiring outlets for adult entertainment to be located at least 1000 feet apart. Officially, Miami has gone soft-core. In the past two years, the number of adult movies and bookstores in Miami's high-crime sin district has fallen from 23 to under ten.

Miami suffers from a split personality. "We want to seem naughty," the

head of security at one Miami Beach hotel once told the city's police chief, "but we don't want to deliver the whole hog."

Miami Beach is at some pains to present an image of respectability. The Miami Beach fuzz likes to play down prostitution and has almost eliminated the street traffic. Said retired Police Major Donald J. Fleming, "We don't have streetwalkers here. We don't have escort services on the Beach. Callgirls and prostitutes working some lounges we do have. Miami Beach made 60 arrests for prostitution in 1977, two of them male. No sir, I will not give you the names of hotels and lounges where we arrest them. That in *PLAYBOY* would have the police telling customers where to find them."

Miami also comes equipped with an assortment of rarely enforced but frighteningly Neanderthal laws on sex between consenting adults. For the sake of the "public health, morals, safety and general welfare," for instance, it is technically illegal in Miami for two or more homosexuals to congregate in a place of business. It is even against local law to sell alcoholic beverages to gays—an ordinance that, if taken literally, would put most of Coconut Grove out of business. Under Florida Code Chapter 798.03, "If any man commits fornication with a woman, each of them shall be guilty." They could have written the Old Testament right on Biscayne Bay. Even if unenforced, those laws are on the books and hang like a silent specter in the atmospherics of gay life and prostitution. According to the statutes, you can do it only with your wife.

Until recently, you couldn't do just anything even with your wife. Only in 1974 did Florida finally repeal its sodomy statute of 1868 against the "abominable and detestable crime against nature, either with mankind or with beast." This felonious abomination was vaguely defined as "carnally knowing someone by the mouth or with the anus."

The great sodomy debate raged over a three-year period. When the wise old men of Tallahassee finally wiped the sodomy laws off the books, they failed to replace them with anything regarding the rights of gays or other adults. In any case, that fit of progressivism was small comfort to the 15 persons languishing in the state prison for sodomy raps, since the repeal was not retroactive. —PETER ROSS RANGE

replace the dirty carpets"), Ellen moved farther north to the Marco Polo and Newport hotels but liked neither. "Too many cheap bastards, wise guys and kids who wanted it for nothing," Ellen is now working the Tack Room of the Diplomat Hotel. A leggy lady with a trim waist and ample breasts, she dresses tastefully and looks in light make-up more like a visiting schoolteacher than one of Miami Beach's hustling hustlers.

"Yeah, that's what a lot of guys, normal men, want now," says Ellen in response to a question about anal sex. That, she suggests, is enough to double her normal \$75 "cover charge." Rough stuff—sexual brutality, urinating in Johns' mouths, bisexual orgies—also doubles the price. Quick, straight, slam-bam sex has become the exception, not the rule, Ellen adds ruefully.

In Miami, the hotel hookers at least make a stab at working with class. "They usually pull up in a Lincoln or a Cadillac," says the well-traveled social director of one leading Miami Beach hotel. "They're young, pretty and dressed as well as if not better than the regular customers. But they have something sophisticated about them, too. They don't look like the conventioneer's wife who tries to dress 'tropical' and wears thick make-up. You can spot them right away. They don't try to hide their occupation. Late at night, you can see and hear the hotel keys rattling on the lounge tables, being passed back and forth."

Among the younger hookers—at 28, Ellen Wood counts herself as one—there is a predictable penchant for going dancing or working loud places with disco music or at least a dance floor. Like their "legitimate" contemporaries, young whores are usually good dancers and love to show it off. This is one reason they favor Alfred's Lounge at the Forge Restaurant, The Wreck Bar at the Castaways, the dance floors at the Jockey and Palm Bay clubs, the Boom-Boom Room and Poodle Lounge at the Fontainebleau Hilton, the Tack Room at the Diplomat Hotel, the Emerald Lounge at the Americana, the Bird Room of the Marco Polo Hotel and the Seven Seas Lounge at the Newport Hotel.

There is, of course, a finely tuned interlocking network within the machinery of big-time hotel tourism that makes the cruising hooker possible. Prostitution is a required, if illegal and clandestine, service and it must be provided efficiently and without hassle, rowdiness or embarrassment. As in the casino-hotels of Las Vegas, it is most often the head of hotel security, not the bartenders and maître de of the establishments, who exercises control over who works and who doesn't.

In one leading hotel, the social director recently pulled a prank on the owners

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at the annual employees' awards dinner. After the ten- and 20-year service pins and watches had been handed out, he announced that two loyal longtimers had been overlooked. The hotel owner's wife frantically scanned her awards list and found no unchecked names. Who is missing? she wondered.

"Mary and Shirley," announced the impish impresario, naming two veteran hookers who work the hotel lounge almost nightly. "They've been in this room for ten years and they work harder than anybody else."

"Look, we could become very moral and stuffy and give the girls dirty looks," says the convention-service manager of another leading Beach hotel. "But what does that prove? Men are men. This is a resort-and-play town. Women walk around here with their tits hanging out. People want to get laid. They come to us. The convention organizers will ask, 'What the hell are my guys going to do during the evening?'"

The service manager, who is just as interested in obtaining that company's convention business next year as he was this year, may then pass on the busi-

ness card of a favored escort service, suggest a few hookers directly or indicate a place where the conventioners might try their own luck. "When I'm asked," he says, "I always suggest the Forge. There's more body contact in that place. Most guys come back with something from the lounge there."

Then there are the streets. Over in Miami, on Biscayne Boulevard between 79th and 163rd streets, it may not quite match New York's "Minnesota Strip," but it has become a kind of combat zone on wheels. Beginning with the evening rush hour, one sees dusky ladies in hot-pants and halters constantly cruising the sidewalks, many of them mere girls but already hardened pros.

This is the world of \$20 head jobs in the seat of your car, or \$30-\$70, plus the price of a room, for a full fuck in one of the seedy elephant's-graveyard motels. It is high-risk territory: If the fuzz doesn't get you, the pimps can. But it has its attractions. Sally, a 21-year-old from Nashville, has apparently found her niche. "I won't quit," she says. "It's more than a habit. Only it does get crowded down here in the winter. But

why work the fucking freezing streets of Chicago when there's Miami?"

GAYS

If it weren't for Anita Bryant, you probably wouldn't know that Miami is home to one of the larger homosexual communities in America (usually estimated to be fifth largest, after New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Washington). Until the spirit moved the orange-juice queen to fight gay rights on her home turf in 1977, there was only passing interest among Dade County straights in the growing gay world in their midst. Gays, like many other Miami immigrants, lived happily if obscurely in the sun and sand and nobody bothered them.

Anita changed all that. One of her great achievements was to galvanize the gays of Dade County into a political force. "People began to relate to each other in more than a social way," says Bruce Fitzgerald, editor of the Miami-based *Blueboy*, the largest homosexual magazine in the country.

A gay-rights political war chest of \$350,000 was not enough to keep on the Miami lawbooks a new ordinance banning employment and housing discrimination because of "affectional and sexual preference." Two Miami television stations (channels ten and seven) refused to sell commercial time to the gays, even though they had enlisted actor Ed Asner, who did spots suggesting that if you repress gays, think what could happen to Jews and other minorities. The spots blatantly appealed to Jewish memory of anti-Semitic housing covenants that kept Jews out of many Miami Beach hotels until 1947. On polling day, June 7, 1977, the gays lost badly: 208,504 to 92,212.

For all the ballyhoo, gays are not a conspicuous part of the Miami landscape. Even Coconut Grove is less obviously gay than certain neighborhoods of Atlanta and Washington.

Club Miami on Coral Way, the city's largest gay bath, claims no fewer than 9000 members (it costs only five dollars to join but three dollars to eight dollars per visit thereafter). Owner Jack Campbell, who has 40 such clubs around the country, says his clientele includes "a lot of married men who come by in their spare time." Other gay watering holes include the Hamlet Bar in Coconut Grove, the Cactus Lounge on Biscayne Boulevard, Uncle Charlie's Downtown disco in Miami and The Copa in Fort Lauderdale. Key West, the acknowledged capital of laid-back, has been a gay haven for years. It is only three hours away by car.

The Metropolitan Community Church, organized in 1968, has 100 signed gay members. One gay synagogue (reform), Congregation Etz Chaim, claims 40 members after four years; many more attend their services. Gays, like other Miamians,



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PLAYBOY'S MIAMI TELEPHONE SURVEY

Every city has a self-image that is the source of its sense of community. New York, for instance, is a great place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there, unless you live there, in which case you are proud of surviving in the Big Apple. If nothing else, you get off on the "in" jokes in a Neil Simon comedy. The freeways in Los Angeles are horrible, but native Californians are a bunch of wild and crazy guys who like cars; and, besides, if it weren't for the freeways, citizens of L.A. wouldn't be immortalized in Johnny Carson's monologs. PLAYBOY decided to find out what Miamians think of their city. We commissioned a telephone survey of 600 randomly selected people between the ages of 18 and 45. We wanted to define the community standards of the region, to ascertain the sexual temperature of the city.

Anita Bryant created an impression of Miami as an intolerant city rallying against the forces of evil. We found Miamians to be much more relaxed than the orange queen. They thought of themselves as permissive. Not quite Las Vegas, but getting there. Asked to rate their city against others, Miamians gave Los Angeles and Chicago a sedate 75, themselves an 84—one degree less than New York. Las Vegas received a scorching 95. A majority (58 percent) thought that Miami had become more sexually permissive in the past five years and 65 percent thought the over-all sexual temperature was on the rise. And they seemed to like it that way. Twenty-four percent thought their home town was a *great* place to live and 46 percent thought it was good.

We asked the citizens to agree or disagree with various statements about their city. The results were surprising:

Fifty-six percent thought that organized crime had a free hand in the Miami area.

Eighty-six percent thought that drug use had increased over the past five years.

Eighty percent said that if a person wanted to, he could find a place to gamble in the Miami area, even though it was illegal.

Sixty-six percent said that there had been an increase in the number of moviehouses showing pornographic films in the past few years in Miami.

Sixty-eight percent thought that there had been an increase in the number of adult bookstores.

Ninety-three percent acknowledged the existence of gay bars in the area.

Eighty-one percent knew of a number of places where prostitution was in the open. Sixty-six percent said that one could find sex in massage parlors and 26 percent thought the police were closing their eyes to prostitution in the Miami area.

These figures give a rough sexual picture of the city. How comfortable are Miamians with this perceived reality? Do they accept homosexuality, prostitution and porn or are they closet crusaders intent on being their brothers' keeper? Consider:

Adult movies: Seventy-eight percent of our sample thought adult films should be allowed in the Miami area. Sixty-seven percent knew someone who had been to an X-rated flick, while 41 percent had gone themselves. Of the latter, slightly fewer than half reported they enjoyed the experience.

Pornography: Only 52 percent of the people with whom we talked thought that adult bookstores should be allowed in the Miami area. Forty-six percent said they knew someone who frequented porn shops and 37 percent reported having browsed themselves. One out of four of those confessed to having purchased erotic material. Miamians apparently don't like to read about sex. Only 42 percent of the people who thought adult bookstores should be allowed had ever opened a sex manual such as *Masters and Johnson's* or *The Joy of Sex*.

Prostitution: Fifty-nine percent of the people we interviewed thought massage parlors should be allowed to exist—a slightly higher percentage than those who tolerated the woman on the street. Fifty-one percent thought that the oldest profession should be allowed to practice in Miami—if only for the tourists. While 25 percent of the sample knew someone who had been to a prostitute, fewer than two percent had been themselves.

Homosexuality: Hurricane Anita appears to have been a tempest in a teacup. Although the antigay ordinance was passed in a public election, the outcome did not seem to reflect the true attitude of the community. Sixty-three percent of the people we interviewed thought that gay bars should be allowed to exist. One third knew someone who had been to a gay bar; 11 percent had gone themselves.

are involved in all kinds of recreation; there are at least two gay motorcycle clubs. There are always well-kept bikes parked in front of the Hamlet in the Grove.

Some ugliness has crept into the gay scene. Miami has in the past two years rapidly become one of the capitals of open male prostitution, primarily young boys ("chickens") hanging on street corners while older men cruise the area looking for a \$20 blow job. The male-prostitution scene on the sea wall near the Cactus Lounge at 21st Street and Biscayne Boulevard has become so intense that female hookers who once worked the area have shifted farther north. In a recent ten-part television series, channel-seven reporter Carmel Cafiero discovered that many of the boys are runaways who are literally living on the streets (some keep a blanket and pillow in the bushes nearby) and offering their bodies for subsistence money. A state-government report showed that three of four teenaged prostitutes in Florida today are males.

Summary: How, finally, should we characterize Miami? At times it seems like a suburb of New York, by way of Atlantic City, in search of Las Vegas. The night life is sufficient, if not sophisticated. The moral climate is like the physical one: warm, relaxed and sensuous. Miami is the model for the American dream: It's where you go if you've earned a vacation and it's where you retire if you've lived the proper life. It's a good place to get it on.

Editor's note: *Sex in America* is a major research and reporting task with one goal. PLAYBOY wants to determine the sexual temperature of the country's major cities. We are curious about the quality of life and love in the various regions of the nation. Our curiosity is in part prompted by the 1973 Supreme Court decisions on pornography. In *Miller vs. California*, the Burger Court ruled that sexual matters were no longer the concern of the national Government. Henceforth, all obscenity cases were to be determined by *local community standards*. Never mind that no one knew what a local community standard was or where one could be obtained. In the five years since the Miller decision, not much thought has been given to that elusive creation of the Court. PLAYBOY has decided to take up where the Supreme Court left off. If sex is not a guaranteed freedom for all, then can we at least create a map of the safe zones? Our teams have investigated Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Los Angeles and New York in an effort to determine the local community standards of those cities. We will publish those reports in the forthcoming months.

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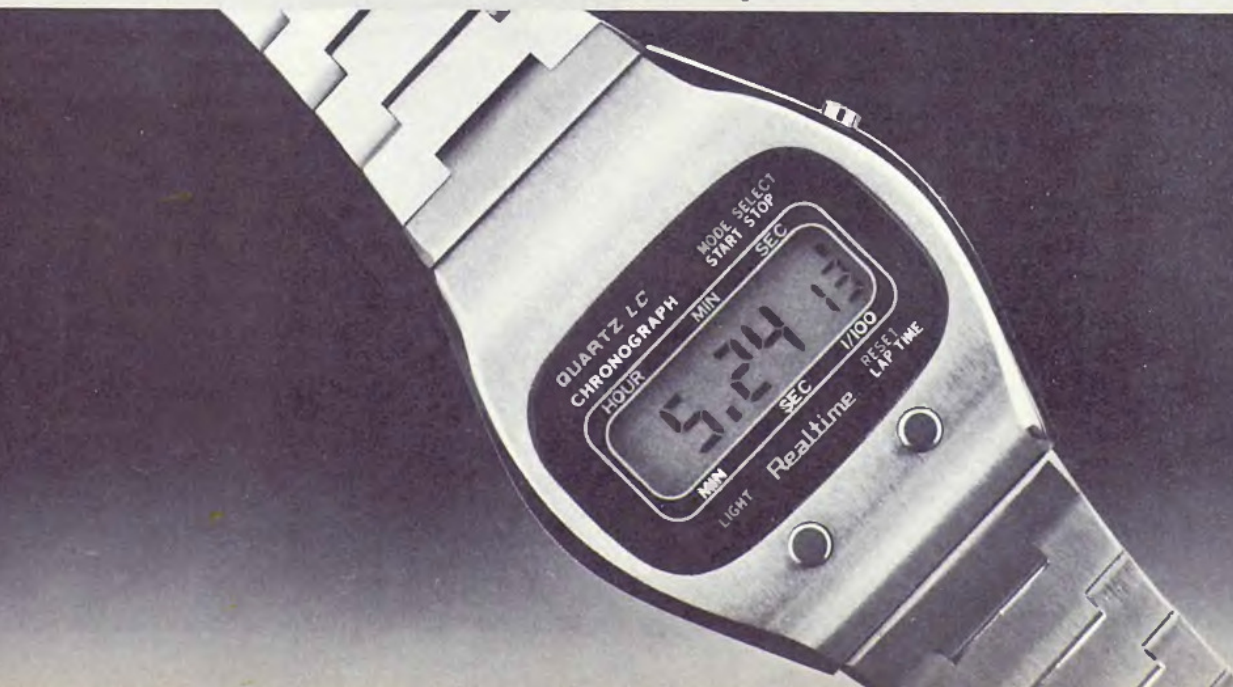
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All this of course wouldn't mean a hell of a lot if **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** didn't work for the average guy on the street. So here are a few actual quotes from some of our scores of satisfied customers:

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Richard L. San Bernardino, Calif. 92410

It works. I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother—who has taken out every girl in the world—said Wow! when he saw her. She and I are quite close already.

A. W., Deerfield Mass. 01342



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Perry W., Van Wert, Ohio 45891

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that your book changed my whole damn life. I don't know what kind of accomplishment that is, since I'm only 18 and highly susceptible to change, but just for the record, you did it. I'm not exactly Joe Namath yet, but I'll tell you one thing ... they're calling me now, if I don't call them.

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TOUGH MUTHUHS

(continued from page 172)

the trial, were unfair, he says. The other men in both White's and King's line-ups were plainclothes cops, and though they were all black men, they were also older and heavier than King and White, and Divinic wouldn't have had any trouble picking them out of such groups of men—they stood out like sore thumbs.

We send for the guard and our forelady asks him to ask the judge for the line-up photos. A short time later, they are brought to us. It is true that White and King are younger-looking than the other men in their line-ups, but not by that much. At least half the jurors feel that the line-ups were fair.

Somebody else raises the issue of the inconsistent alibis and is reminded that Detective Muller's testimony that White and King had different alibis was not admissible evidence because it was not supported by his notes.

Another vote is taken, this time by a show of hands. We are back to seven for conviction and five for acquittal. Those for acquittal are:

1. Roland, the young designer with the suede slacks;
2. Steven, the easygoing young architect;
3. Phillip, the NYU professor who'd been mugged (so the defense attorneys hadn't been wrong in not dismissing him);
4. Ellen, the soft-spoken black Macy's clerical worker; and
5. Tina, the militant black corrections officer (so the assistant D.A. hadn't been right in *not* dismissing her or Ellen).

Tina glares across the table at Christina, the once-beautiful social secretary. "It's no surprise to *me* you're voting for conviction," she says. "You thought those boys were guilty the minute the trial started."

"You're crazy," says Christina. "I didn't form any opinion till the very end of the trial."

"Bullshit," says Tina.

Shirley says she's taught lots of bad kids in her day who are exactly like King and White, and it's obvious to her that they are guilty. Tina says the only reason Shirley thinks they're guilty is that she hates blacks. Tina and Shirley get into a nasty little confrontation, which stuns the rest of us with its vitriol.

"OK," says Shirley. "I'm not saying another word the rest of the day. I'm just going to sit here and shake."

Another vote is taken. It is now eight for conviction, four for acquittal. To Tina's mortification, Ellen has changed her vote to convict. Tina is furious with her because Ellen, a black, is voting with the whites against two black brothers.

Tina is asked whether she, a corrections officer, truly believes the two defendants to be innocent. She says she

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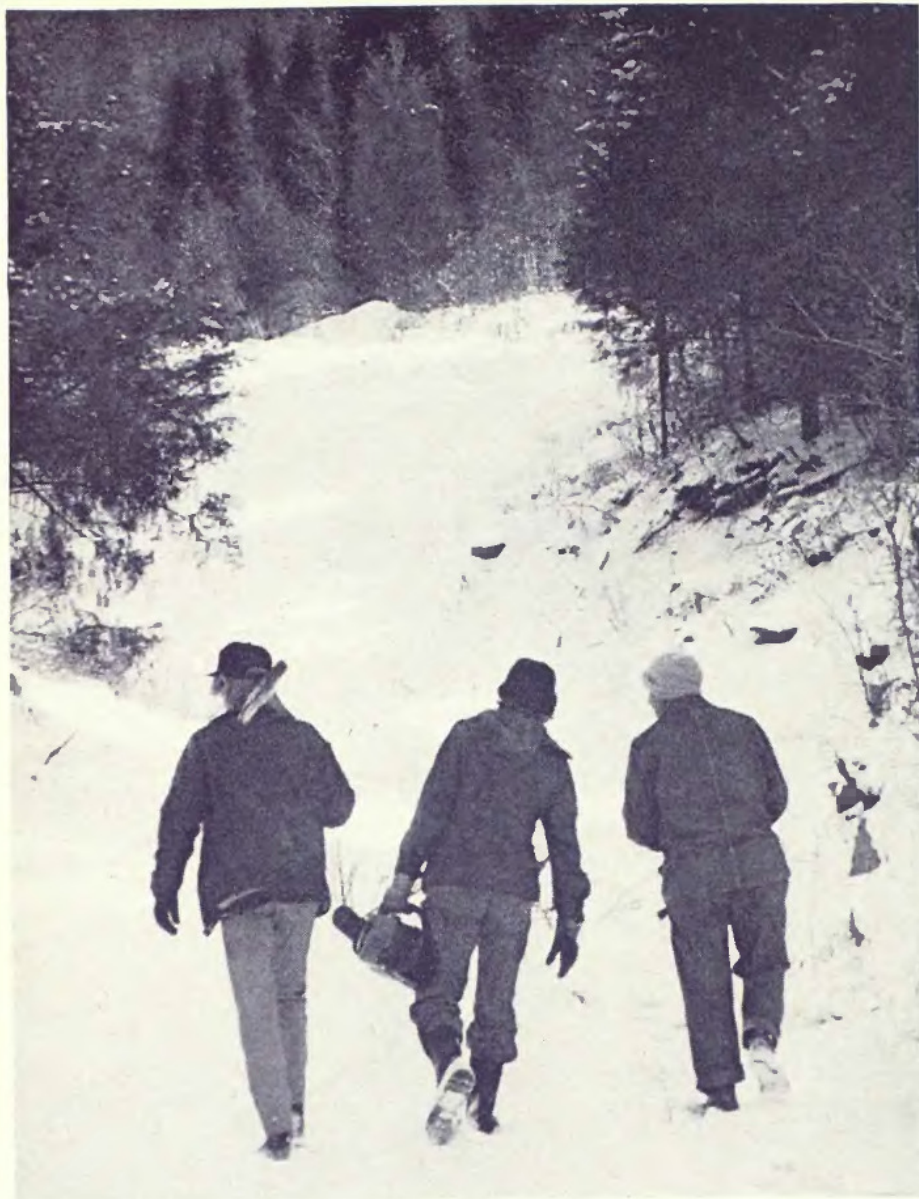
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frankly doesn't know, that the two boys probably *are* guilty, but she's damned if she's going to vote against two black brothers when every white on the jury decided the moment the trial started that they were guilty just from the color of their skins.

Roland and Phillip make short speeches to the effect that our instructions from Judge Blumenthal were to vote the defendants guilty only if we could be sure of their guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and that they could not be so sure. There is much self-conscious reference to the great jury movie *12 Angry Men*, in which Henry Fonda is the only juror who has a reasonable doubt about the defendant's guilt and who manages to convince his 11 fellow jurors to vote for acquittal.

"OK," says Christina, "which one of us is going to play Henry Fonda?"

We wonder aloud why we have been given no instructions on how to go about deliberating, since we have been given rather explicit instructions about everything else, both verbally and in the *Juror's Manual*.

We improvise a number of deliberation devices: One, we go around the table and have everybody give the best argument for his or her position—this is boring and changes nobody's vote. Two, we go around the table and have everybody try to give a convincing argument for the *opposite* position—this is interesting and perverse and changes nobody's vote. Three, we break up into buzz groups—since there are twice as many for conviction as for acquittal, each buzz group has two for conviction and one for acquittal. The two in each group for conviction really bear down on the one for acquittal and try to get him to change position, and we break up and re-form buzz groups several times, and the temperature in the windowless room goes up by several degrees; but when we are finished and the smoke has cleared and a vote is taken, we learn this device has changed nobody's vote, either.

The forelady rings for the guard and has him tell the judge that we are deadlocked. The guard comes back and says that we have to formally reconvene in the courtroom. The judge, the assistant D.A., the defense attorneys, the court reporter and the prisoners are all summoned back into the courtroom.

As we file into the jury box to take our seats, I am very conscious that the eyes of all, particularly those of the prisoners, are upon us. Do they think we have come to a decision? Do they think they'll be released or sent back to prison? The court reporter calls the roll.

"Have you reached a verdict?" asks the judge.

"No, your Honor," says our forelady, "we are deadlocked. The vote hasn't changed in several hours."

Both Fator and Klein are smiling. A

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deadlocked jury is good for the defense. From their expressions, I figure they were sure they'd lost the case. Now they feel they have a chance of acquittal. King and White stare at us in the way that they have throughout the trial, with that same mixture of innocent incredulity and veiled threat.

"I suggest that you cease deliberation now and go to dinner," says the judge. "Do not discuss the case at dinner. Then come back to the jury room and resume your deliberations. If any of you need to inform your families you won't be coming home, the guards will make the calls for you."

We return to the jury room to wash up, get our coats and prepare to go out to eat. We are not permitted to make any telephone calls ourselves, lest anyone we talk to has a hot interest in having us either convict or acquit King and White. Various members of the jury write notes on scraps of paper to give to the guards. Mine says to call Melanie and tell her to feed my cats.

When we have our coats on, five armed guards lead us out of the jury room to the elevators and then down to the street. Nobody seems to know where we are going. I am looking forward to a juicy steak and a couple of vodka and tonics and am only slightly bothered by the way the five armed guards are herding us along the street toward the restaurant.

"Tell me," I say half-humorously to the nearest guard, "are you wearing those guns to protect us from people who might want to influence our vote or to prevent us from running away?"

The guard turns to look at me. "Both reasons," he says without smiling.

The restaurant is a small Italian place. We are seated at a long table at the rear and given menus that say "Special Jury Dinner, \$6.00." We are waited upon by waiters who have obviously waited upon groups of jurors before and found them to be bad tippers. We are informed that we will not be permitted any alcoholic beverages, which news plunges me into instant depression. Still, I can see the logic: If we got drunk, we might go berserk, put lamp shades on our heads and do any number of outrageous things like change our votes.

We are given a choice of veal *parmigiano* or lasagna. We take a vote. We are deadlocked: It's eight for *parmigiano* and four for lasagna. I am on the side of the *parmigiano*, which turns out to be recycled shirt cardboard soaked in tomato sauce, garlic and machine oil, whose chief virtue is that jurors accompanied by armed guards are not likely to send it back to the chef.

The friendliest of the guards asks me if I write for PLAYBOY. I admit I do but am unable to convert this into either a vodka and tonic or an edible *parmigiano*.

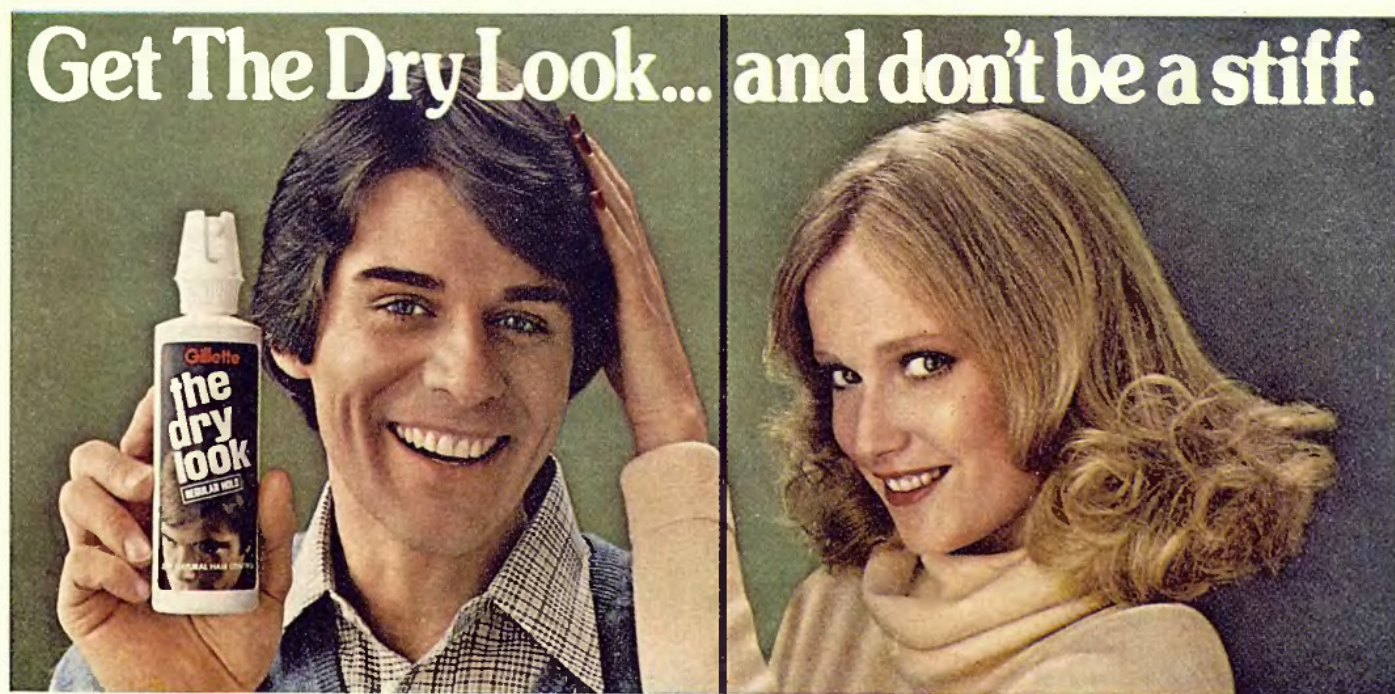
We return to the courthouse and the stuffy jury room with its too-bright fluorescent light and the stale leavings of lunch.

We take a poll, asking that everybody state how he is voting and how firm he is in his position. The vote is once more seven for conviction and five for acquittal—Ellen has changed her mind again and decided the lads are innocent. Of the seven who voted for conviction, five are firm and two are not so firm. Of the five for acquittal, three are firm and two are not so firm.

Steven, the easygoing architect, decides to review the entire trial and all the testimony at some length to refresh our memories. This necessitates our having the forelady ring for the guard and have him take a note to the judge to ask for clarification of a part of the transcript of the trial. It is ten P.M. We've been here about 13 hours and we are overtired and becoming cranky. The guard comes back to say that we must hear the testimony read in the courtroom.

Once more the judge, the D.A., the court reporter, the defense attorneys and the prisoners are reconvened in the courtroom; once more we file in and take seats in the jury box; and once more the roll is called by the court reporter and all eyes are upon us, waiting to see what our verdict will be. I feel terrible that this is another false alarm

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and can't bear to return anybody's gaze.

"Has the jury reached a verdict?" asks the judge.

"No, your Honor," says the forelady. "We just want to hear part of the testimony read from the transcript."

The court reporter finds and reads the relevant parts of the transcript. Fator and Klein are smiling more broadly than ever. King and White look as incredulous and threatening as ever. Once more we are sent back into our locked, airless jury room to deliberate.

The guard informs us that we will not be permitted to go home tonight but will spend the night sequestered in a hotel. If we wish to inform our families, we can give him notes and he will make the appropriate phone calls.

It turns out I am the only juror who took seriously the guard's advice the previous day to bring a toothbrush. Not only have I brought a toothbrush, I have also brought a change of shirt, socks and shorts, an electric razor and a hair drier.

At 11:20, we are taken back into the courtroom, the judge once more asks us if we have reached a verdict and we once more tell him that we haven't. He says it is time to stop deliberating and go to our hotel.

We file out of the courtroom, get our coats and are shepherded to the elevators and down to the street by the five armed guards.

"Where are we staying tonight?" I ask one of the guards.

He just looks at me. It appears that this information is a military secret. In case some zealot wants to leaflet the hotel and try to sway our vote, no doubt.

"How are we getting to our hotel?" I ask.

The guard continues to look at me without answering. I realize I loathe him. I have a fast fantasy of grabbing his gun out of his holster to pistol-whip him, of being swiftly subdued and handcuffed and thrown into a cell with King and White, who decide I am ballsy enough to join their cabdriver-robbery gang when we get out of the slammer. Perhaps I'll grow an Afro.

It is beginning to become quite clear that we are not jurors but prisoners. Somewhere along the line, when nobody was looking, we stopped being terrific upstanding, law-abiding, civic-minded citizens sitting in judgment on lawbreakers and became prisoners of the court without the right to go anywhere but where we were told or to drink anything alcoholic or to read anything in newspapers or magazines or to call anybody on the phone or to return to our own homes. Franz Kafka undoubtedly began writing his paranoid, surrealistic fantasies as a result of being a juror.

"I want you all to choose roommates," says the captain of the guards.

"Can we room with whoever we like?" asks Christina flirtatiously.

"As long as both individuals are of the same sex," says the guard stonily.

"Awwww," says Christina with mock petulance.

There is nervous laughter. The men look at one another uneasily, wondering whether they'll be stuck with some closet fag who's going to make a pass at them. Allen, whom I befriended one day at lunch, asks if I want to share a room with him. I had my eye on Christina but say OK.

"Officer," says Christina coquettishly, "we are very near my house now. Why don't you have the driver let us off here and you can spend the night with me?"

The guard gives her a leaden look, but she is not deflated.

"What would you do, officer, if I ran away when we got off the bus?" says Christina with a naughty smile.

"Arrest you and lock you up," the guard replies.

The bus pulls up at the Sheraton Motor Inn at 12th Avenue and 42nd Street, overlooking the docks. We are led off the bus and into the lobby of the hotel. We are allowed to purchase toilet articles in the gift shop, and then we are led to a special section of the hotel that has been reserved for us. One of the guards hands out room assignments. Another precedes each juror into his or her room, tears out the wires of the TV and the telephone and removes all periodicals.

"It is now twelve-fifteen A.M.," says the captain of the guards. "We are going to lock you into your rooms until eight A.M. You are not to attempt to make any phone calls or contact anybody in any way."

"What about room service?" I ask.

"You are not allowed to have room service," says the captain. "You will have breakfast tomorrow morning at eight-thirty sharp. If any emergency arises during the night, there will be a guard posted in the hallway all night. Call to him and he'll unlock your door."

Allen and I go into our room and are locked in. We joke about being prisoners, but the laughter is strained. He tells me we must be released tomorrow—his son is being baptized at noon and he has to be there. One of the guards told him Judge Blumenthal would let us remain sequestered till Monday or Tuesday night before declaring us a hung jury.

Although we have been warned not to discuss the case outside the jury room, we do anyway, but with our voices lowered, fully expecting the captain of the guards to burst into our room at any moment with his pistol drawn.

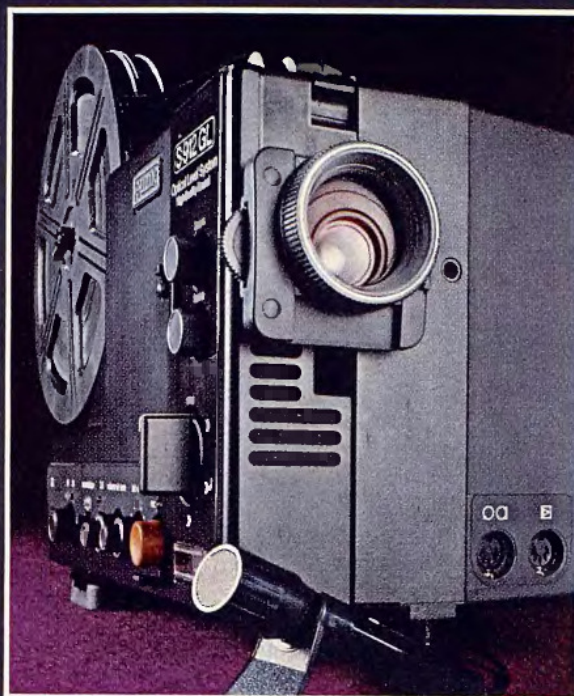
We acknowledge that neither of us is ever going to vote for acquittal, no matter what, and neither of us can quite see either Tina or Phillip voting for conviction, and that means we are, indeed, a hung jury. We are 12 tough muthuhs in

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that room and not even Henry Fonda is going to be able to get us all to vote the same verdict, one way or the other.

We prepare for bed, each of us doing or saying *macho* things to put the other at ease and to ward off any sudden crazed homosexual attacks, and then we turn off the lights.

The guard wakes us promptly at eight Saturday morning, then unlocks the door and leads us down to breakfast in the hotel coffee shop. Spending a night together as a group cut off from the rest of the world has induced a kind of bond among us, even among firm convicts and firm acquitters, and we *razz* one another at the breakfast table about things each of us has said. Ordinary people at other tables must think we are some fantastic swingers club. I make us all vow to get together every year at this time at the Sheraton Motor Inn for a reunion.

Shirley is late for breakfast and we learn that she was sick all night, either from a flu vaccination or from the veal *parmigiano* at the restaurant. If she can't continue deliberations, our case will have to be declared a mistrial and then retried. All of us want to be released to return to our homes, but nobody wants

the anticlimax of a mistrial.

Roland is also late for breakfast. Somebody says he must be having trouble getting into his tight suede pants. June informs us that she dreamed she was at home making breakfast and then she thought, My God, I'm not supposed to be here—the guards will kill me! Christina tells us that she managed to get all the torn-out wires to her TV set hooked up last night, but then she was too afraid to actually turn it on and watch it.

Roland comes into the coffee shop, followed soon by Shirley. Our group is once more complete. We have a fine time eating breakfast, and we are all on the friendliest of terms, even Shirley and Tina. We are then led back onto the bus and driven back downtown to the courthouse. We are back in our windowless, locked jury room by 10:15.

A vote is taken at 10:30. We decide to indicate not only how we vote but also how firm we are about it. The vote is eight for conviction, firm; three for acquittal, firm; and one for acquittal, not firm. Ellen is, not surprisingly, the only member of the jury who has been anything but obstinate the past several votes.

We deliberate in a fairly lackluster manner for a while longer, then take a

secret ballot. The vote from the secret ballot is eight for conviction, *firm*; four for acquittal, *firm*. Even Ellen has become intractable.

Allen asks that the guard come in and, when he does, Allen says he must speak urgently to the judge about his son's baptism. The guard goes to speak with the judge, then comes back and takes Allen to the judge's chambers.

Allen returns. He tells us that the judge wishes to see us in the courtroom. It is 11:40 A.M.

Once more we file into the jury box and take our seats. Once more the eyes of all are upon us. Once more the roll is called and the judge asks us if we have reached a verdict, and once more the forelady tells him we haven't. Just once, to relieve the monotony, I'd like to see the judge put his hands on his hips and say petulantly, "Not yet?"

The judge tells us that Allen has a conflict about a baptism and that he has personally arranged with Allen's clergyman to delay the baptism till three P.M. He asks that we return to the jury room for three hours. If we are not able to reach a verdict by then, he will release us.

We are immensely relieved and return to the jury room in high spirits. We go back into our buzz-group formation, with two for conviction and one for acquittal in each group. We take another vote. The vote is eight for conviction, four for acquittal. We give up.

It is clear we are not going to get anywhere deliberating for the next two hours, so we don't even try. We just goof off, tell jokes and horse around. We feel vaguely guilty that we have spent so much time and so much of the taxpayers' money, including those 12 swell dinners, in vain, but there is nothing more that we can do about it. There is no way in the world we are ever going to get a unanimous verdict on *anything* out of this group. We have tried and failed. Promptly at 2:30, we will go into the courtroom and we will be released. Allen can hotfoot it uptown to see his son baptized and we can all pick up our lives where we left them before the trial.

At two o'clock, the joking and the horsing around taper off and everybody becomes silent. The thought on everybody's mind is like Peter Fonda's line in *Easy Rider*: "We blew it."

Steven, our easygoing architect, begins to speak. He speaks quietly and seriously and he once more goes over all the salient points in the trial. His voice grows louder and his rhetoric more and more impassioned, and I realize that the answer to Christina's question about which one of us is going to do the Henry Fonda role has been answered. Steven does a brilliant and a stirring job—Henry would have been proud.

Once more we are plunged into heated debate. With less than five minutes remaining, tempers flare and people start



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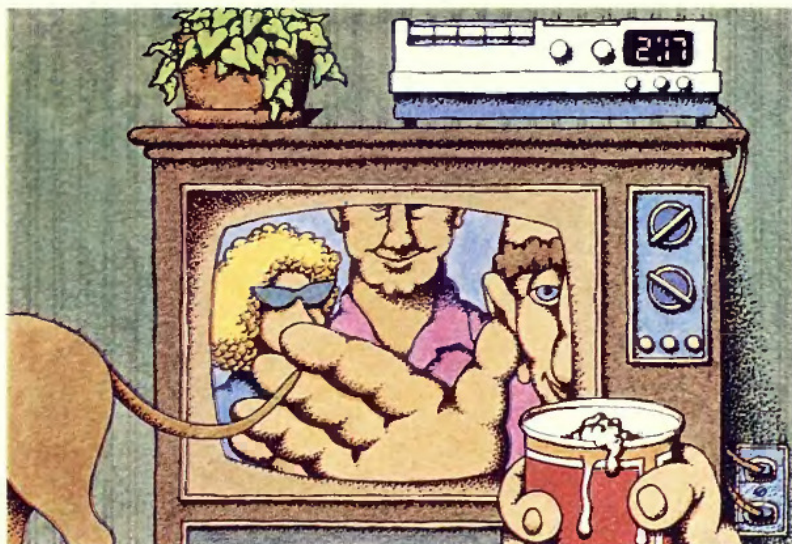
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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

GOT YOU ON TAPE

You may not know that the Fotomat Corporation, which runs those pint-sized drive-up yellow booths where you drop off undeveloped film as an excuse to talk to the sexy Fotomaid, now converts all super-8 movies (silent or sound) to video tape for showing through a home recorder onto the small screen. The cost of this service is only \$8.75 for 400 feet, plus cassette. (A cassette sells for about \$14.95.) Or, if you're into still photography, they'll work up a video slide show of your favorite pix for only \$5 for 80 slides, plus cassette. Show time!



PINBALL WIZARD, CLEAN UP YOUR ACT!

Most people who purchase pinball games such as the ones pictured in this issue don't know that a company named Nu Look Products, P.O. Box 6255, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19136, manufactures some nifty items designed to keep your machine at its wham-bam best. For \$3.75, postpaid, you can get a pint of Playfield Cleaner/Waxer; for \$3.50, postpaid, there's a quart of glass cleaner that repels finger marks; and \$5 gets you a quart of Guardian, which protects your painted pinball glass. Sorry, Nu Look doesn't manufacture no-tilt foam.



NEON NOEL

We don't know what kind of Christmas tree you trim—Scotch pine, fir or plastic, perhaps—but we do know that you can be the first on your block to own a two-foot-high neon one that lasts indefinitely and uses very little current, if you rush a \$200 money order to the Rare Gas Co., 1479 North Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202. Remember, it's a life-time buy—and just think of all those needles you won't have to sweep up.



LOOK INTO MY EYE

At your next party, set an Eye-Form Hologram on the bar and watch a roomful of bibbers straighten up and try to fly right. An Eye-Form is haunting; the three-D image changes colors as you move it about and there's something very human about the way it stares you down. Eye-Forms are available from Le Cirque, c/o Harney and Moore, 650 Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90017, for \$35, postpaid. Here's looking at you, kid.

CHARMING COMPANY

We haven't seen a charm bracelet on a girl in years, but we'd like to see more of a product called Body Charms that Beautemps, Inc., 15 Columbus Circle, New York, New York 10023, is selling for \$12, postpaid. What you get are five 18-kt.-gold-plated body stencils or "charms" (in the shapes of a star, half moon, dove, butterfly and an ankh) and two small jars containing gold and black powders. All you do is dip a charm into one of the powders and press to flesh. The pattern appears and lasts for hours, depending, of course, on where on her body you apply the charm.



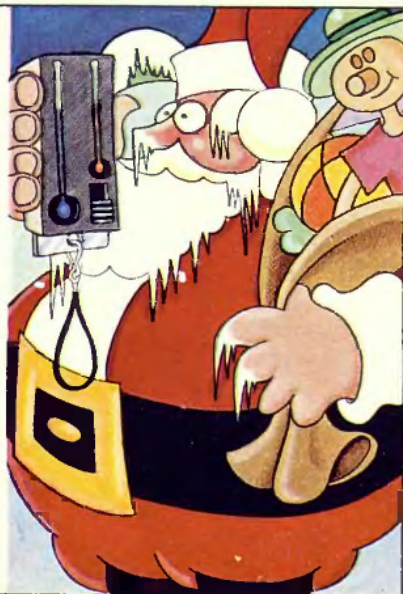
JUAN VALDEZ, WE PRESUME

For \$25 a year, armchair adventurers can become members of the South American Explorers Club (its postal address is Casilla 3714, Lima 100, Peru), and any time you're in Lima, drop by the club rooms to admire the snake preserved in a bottle of alcohol on the mantelpiece. Or, for \$13, you can just receive the club's magazine, a funky 40-page quarterly publication that runs such esoterica as a piece on Robinson Crusoe's island. Place it next to your shrunken-head collection and watch your dates go wild.



WIND INSTRUMENT

As George Carlin would say: "The temperature is twenty-seven degrees—but with the wind-chill factor, it's one hundred and eight below!" Fresh-air freaks who'd like to know just what the temperature *really* is when they venture into the cold can buy a portable Wind Chill Meter from Edmund Scientific, 7782 Edscorp Building, Barrington, New Jersey 08007, for \$10.95, postpaid, with batteries. The gizmo measures $3\frac{3}{8}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1" and has a wrist/belt strap so you won't lose it on the slopes. Get one for you and one for your brass monkey.



PIPE THIS

Some have called the building of the Alaska Pipeline mankind's greatest private engineering feat. Others consider it the ultimate insult to what's left of our wildernesses. For members of both camps, WMP Research and Development, 205 W. 35th Street, Suite J, National City, California 92050, is offering a limited edition of mounted and sealed vials of the first crude oil to flow through the pipe for \$10.20 each, postpaid. Or you can get a pipeline desk-pen set for \$15. Pretty slippery.



TO EXCEL, TRY 2-XL

"Hello, my name is 2-XL, but you can call me Uncle Brainy." Although 2-XL, a foot-tall talking robot, was primarily designed as an educational toy for children, adults can't resist playing with him. His crazy mechanical voice works off an eight-track tape and when he tells you to, you quickly choose your answer from quizzes on nostalgia, sports, etc., by pushing the correct button on his chest. You can get 2-XL in toy stores for \$60-\$80. Turn him on and be prepared to feel stupid.



The Flounder (continued from page 140)

"If he failed to squeeze out so much as an undersized sausage, toads' eggs were funneled into him."

here!"—was natural to us, because we identified with our feces. In smelling our turds, we smelled ourselves. These were no foreign bodies. If we needed food and enjoyed the taste, how could we fail to take pleasure in evacuating what remained of it? We looked upon each departing turd with gratitude, and with a certain sadness as well. Consequently, the horde shit-together, for which we assembled, nay, were obliged to assemble twice daily, was followed by a paean, a formula of thanksgiving, a hosanna or last tribute.

Because she was the horde cook, our priestess, Awa, inspected our feces, which had cooled in the meantime. Although she never established a fixed order of sequence, she strode around the circle, finding an exegetic word for each of us,

even the most meager shitter, for which reason this most human of institutions must be recognized as primordially democratic. All squatted in equality, none exalted above his fellows, for we were all her children. Anyone who had squatted unsuccessfully was reprimanded, and if he remained constipated over a period of days, he was punished—as is still customary—by being made to shit alone. And if even then he failed to squeeze out so much as a hard and undersized sausage, toads' eggs were funneled into him. Awa wielded the Neolithic spoon, the ladle-like shoulder blade of an elk cow. That helped!

In our humanistic modern age, political criminals, or "enemies of the people," are sometimes punished or tortured by

being made to eat their own fascist, Communist, anarchist, or even liberal shit. We would not have felt humiliated by such treatment, because our attitude toward fecal matter was not only religious but practical as well: In times of famine, we ate it, without pleasure but also without disgust. Today only babies have this natural attitude toward the end products of their digestion and toward the pleasurable process of metabolism, for which adults have devised such coy euphemisms: number two. Big business. To go where even the Kaiser must go on foot. To disappear for a moment.

"You barbarians!" cried the Flounder when, more or less in passing, I told him about our maternally approved shit-togethers. "Pigs!" he screamed. "When in King Minos' palace they've already got flush toilets." He tried to talk me into a sense of shame. And soon, only 2000 years later, I developed one and shat alone like everyone else. The Flounder lectured me on culture and civilization. I listened, though I really never understood whether the individualization of the bowel movement was a cultural development or an advance in civilization. In the Neolithic, in any case, when we knew only the horde shit-together and our Awa twice daily struck up her vowel-rich paean, we were no strangers to hygiene: coltsfoot leaves. Never been beaten.

(Ah, if only we had a collective toilet, a two-seater at least, if not the big family size.) Tell me the truth, Ilsebill, even if you didn't want to fish your gold tooth out of your excrement, and (like most people) you use the word shit exclusively and quite unjustifiably as an expletive. Admit it, Ilsebill, don't use your pregnancy as an excuse, admit that you, too, look behind you, though diffidently and much too genteelly. You like to smell yourself as much as I do myself. And I would gladly smell you and gladly be smelled by you. Love? That's it.

And so the kitchenmaid Agnes Kurbiella, who cooked diet fare for painter Möller and poet Opitz, inspected her lovers' feces each day and honored them in verses. Salutory words always came to her. And when the Black Death struck Opitz, Agnes recognized by the shit in his breeches that he was doomed to die and lamented softly:

*The Lord hath meant to give me
the alarm:
where shyttle is black, beset with
many a worm,
the shyttler soon must come to grievous
harm.*

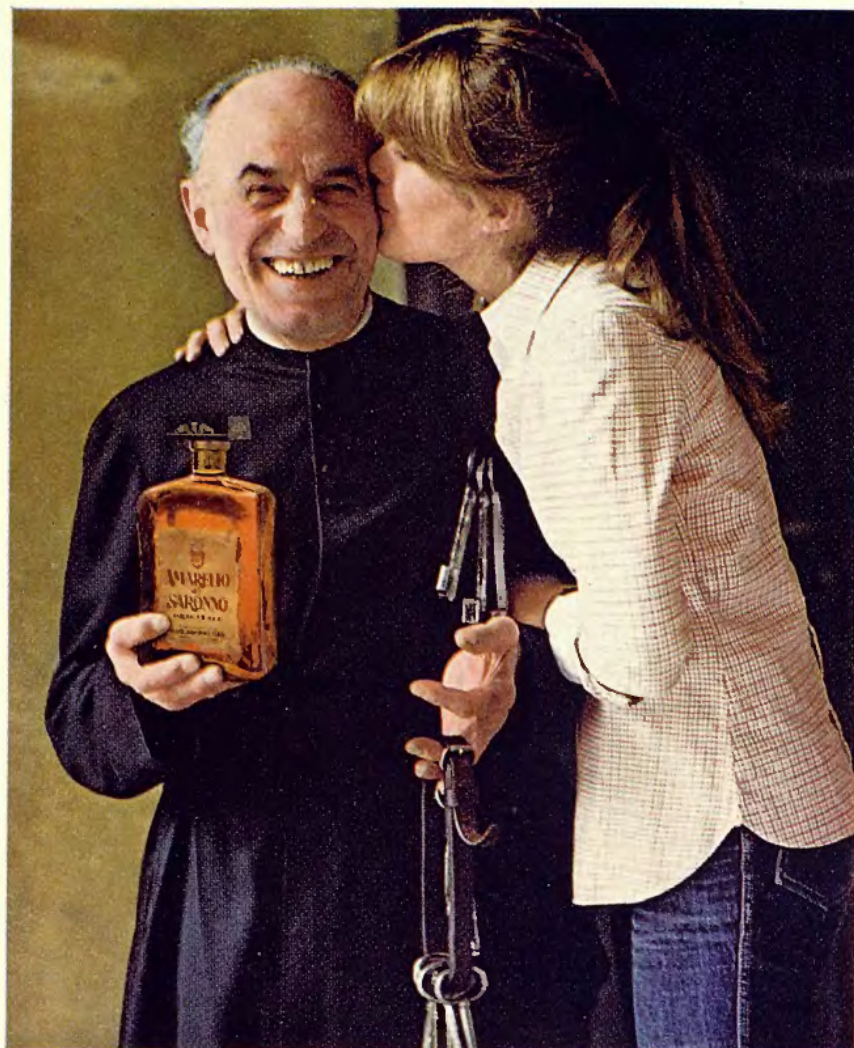
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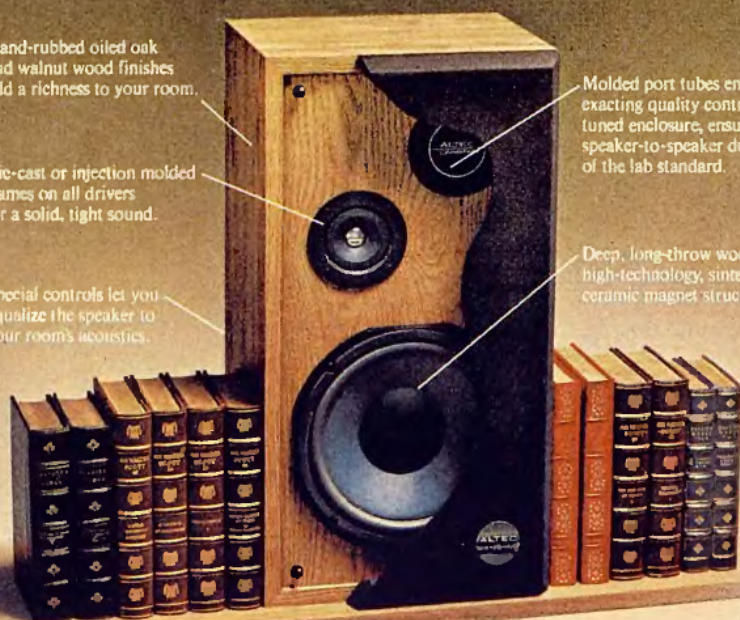
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the women had three tits. Or something else. The story of the Flounder, for instance. . . .

"There was once a butterball. Her name was—hey, what was her name?—Ilsebill. She had a man, and his name was Max. She sat home all the time, painting her nails with green polish. He always went fishing on weekends, off the harbor breakwater. And while Max fished and fished, his butterball wife would paint her fingernails green, and then she'd lie all alone in her piss pot, wishing this, that and some other guy into her bed.

"So one afternoon, when Max was fishing off the breakwater, a Flounder bit. That's a flatfish. His popeyes are out of line with his blubbery mouth. He occurs in a fairy tale, so naturally he could talk, and he said to Max, 'Set me free and you can make a wish.'

"So Max took the Flounder off the hook, threw him back into the sea with a splash and said, 'Oh, Flounder. My Ilsebill is just a cuddly little wife; all she wants to do is kiss and cuddle, fuck and be fucked, by this one and that one and that one and this one. With me she's never satisfied. She always wants to be banged by some guy that's not me. She thinks my stinkhorn stinks. What should I do, oh, what should I do?'

"So what kind of guy does she want to do it with?' asked the Flounder, giving him a crooked look from the water.

"Well, with a fire chief in uniform, for instance,' said the fisherman, looking out over the smooth sea, 'cause he was fishing in the Baltic.

"You're a fire chief already, with braid and buttons,' said the Flounder, and he dove under.

"So Max in uniform climbed into bed with his Ilsebill and fucked her so hard that his buttons popped. And he kept it up until Ilsebill had enough of the fire chief and her legs went stiff and she started to fidget and moan, 'Oh, if only I could have a judge in there.'

"So then Max called the Flounder out of the slightly ruffled sea, and the Flounder turned Max into a judge in robes and horn-rimmed glasses and a black barret. And when Ilsebill was fed up with his stinkhorn and wanted an extra-neurotic anarchist between the sheets, the Flounder put Max the Terrorist into her bed with a stocking mask, ticking bomb and all. By that time, the Baltic was making little short-winded waves.

"That was a big success for a whole week, because Ilsebill found this character 'terribly interesting.' But when she finally realized that even anarchists have only two balls, she said, 'What's so remarkable about him, I'd like to know? Right in the middle, he starts thinking about something else and shoots his mouth off about politics. What I want

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now is a stinking-rich bank president, just to tide me over while I'm shaking off the habit."

"So with the wind blowing at gale force five to six, Max called the Flounder, and the Flounder made him president of the Bundesbank, and he pulled up at Ilsebill's in a silver-blue Mercedes. This bank president's hair was graying all over, even around his cock. So when Ilsebill, in her cuddlesome way, had finished off capitalism, she wanted, after only a brief interlude, to be screwed by a beer-assed trade-union functionary and then—by this time squalls were making the Baltic dangerous—at last, at long last, by a wiry movie star, and, what's more, she wanted the cameras shooting and bright lights.

"When he heard that—the wind was blowing at gale force ten—the Flounder cried, 'Looks to me like your Ilsebill will never get her hole full. It's always more! More and more!' All the same, though without much enthusiasm, he turned the trade-union boss into a regular Belmondo, who, while the camera hummed, leaped (from the wardrobe) into our Ilsebill's bed, where he immediately performed terrific disrobe-bite-fuck scenes with fade-ins of similar scenes from other films.

"But when Ilsebill had milked him so dry he was really comical, she wanted still more and cried out, 'Now I want an orchestra conductor with his baton in there!' And she trumpeted the destiny motif.

"So, leaning against the hurricane, Max called the Flounder, who heaved a sigh but turned him one-two-three into a topflight maestro who could conduct anything under the sun without a score. But when, after three encores, Ilsebill had finished him off, too, our butterball wept several big tears and moaned, 'Always interpreters. Never an original creator. Everything secondhand. Now I want ol' Beethoven to fiddle me front and back.'

"But when the exhausted Max reported to the Flounder, the flatfish cried from out of his unleashed element, 'Enough is enough. Now she's going too far. Hands off our classics! From now on and forevermore, like it or not, she'll have to make do with her Max. Every Saturday after fishing.'

"Then and there, the storm stopped. In half a sec, the sea lay smooth and calm. And big feather-bed clouds went sailing across the sky.

"So Ilsebill had to content herself with Max. From then on, she lived entirely on memories. But they were pleasant...."

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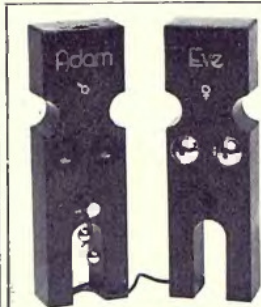
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"Saint Jack" (continued from page 286)

"I think 'Saint Jack' is as good as anything I've done. It's certainly the most ambitious."

past two pictures have been critical and box-office failures. Yet he is said to have turned down million-dollar offers to direct such projects as *The Exorcist*, *The Way We Were*, *The Great Gatsby*, *A Star Is Born* and *Hurricane* because he did not care for those projects. Of the last picture, he reportedly exclaimed, "I don't want to stand around Bora Bora for five months, yelling, 'More wind! Get that sarong to fly off!'" But what of his career? Did he feel great pressure to come up with a hit? Lying languidly across the two chairs now, arm draped above his head rather like the famous photograph of Truman Capote sprawled on a divan, Bogdanovich answered, "Let's put it this way: It's a lot easier to survive in an industry—a business, an art, whatever—if you pay for yourself. Know what I mean? Howard Hawks said to me," and here his voice took on a pompous tone, "'Peter, I'll just give you one piece of advice: Make pictures that make money!'" Bogdanovich flicked his eyes heavenward. "It's good advice, but the thing is, you have to make a picture that's good, and hope that it *also* makes money. Otherwise, the emphasis is wrong. The couple of times I've compromised—tried

to cut something, shorten it or tried to make it more commercial—I've lucked up the picture. I've damaged it in ways I wish I hadn't.

"The key thing is to try to make the best picture you can and to still all those voices that are saying, 'But will it sell?' Everything in making a movie is choice. Should this button be unbuttoned? Should the camera be placed there? Should we do another take? And when you make those choices, you should be as innocent and as free of financial considerations as possible. Otherwise, the scale is going to be subtly but irrevocably tipped. The wrong way. 'Jeez, that's a little rough, you know—maybe we should soften it a little.' 'Jeez, that's gonna offend a lotta people,' and pretty soon you end up with oatmeal."

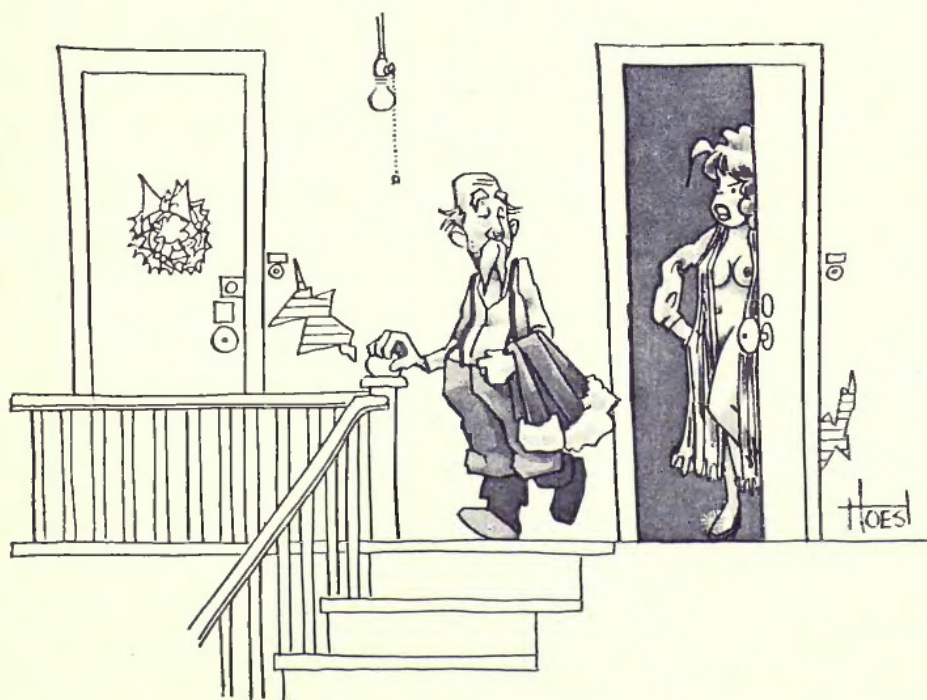
Bogdanovich had a choice to make that very moment. The film cutter who was busy changing the rough print of *Saint Jack* into a smooth one appeared in the open doorway, and the director followed him outside and around the corner to a handsomely appointed editing room, where the tins of footage from those months in Singapore stood in neat stacks against the wall. As Peter and his

cutter went over and over the nuances of a few frames from the movie's final scene, Saint Jack himself, Ben Gazzara, strode in silently, puffing a big cigar. He was shorter than might have been expected, as actors often are; but his eyes shone with a personal intensity that made the object of his gaze feel Gazzara had been his closest friend for years. "Ben has feeling," Bogdanovich had earlier said of his star. "Once I thought of him for the part, I didn't even offer it to anyone else. He just seemed so right for it, being Italian-American, having a sort of garrulous nature and having a heart. There's something . . . wounded about him also, which was good for this. With one or two exceptions, I never felt movies found the proper role for him. I think this is it."

Editing problem solved, director and actor went to the library for coffee. Bogdanovich spoke of the ephemeral nature of moviemaking. "You're dealing with feelings, with a twitch, with something that happens by chance—I tip this cup, like so—then you do it the second time and it looks contrived. John Ford said once—uh, to me—that the best things in movies often happen by accident. Orson Welles said he thinks the director essentially is a man who presides over accidents. It sounds mystical, and it is, to a degree. If you're outside and the sun goes behind a cloud—it's only going to do that once." He referred, of course, to that wonderful moment during Ben Johnson's poignant soliloquy in *The Last Picture Show*, the film that for no predictable reason became an enormous success and made its unknown creator *Wunderkind* for a season.

"Some of the best things," he continued, "are things that just happen once and then don't happen again. They just don't. No matter how much you want them to."

A phone behind him buzzed and Bogdanovich picked it up to talk to his secretary. "Johnny's calling me? Where, on one? Yeah?" It was John Cassavetes, who had seen the rough cut of *Saint Jack* at a screening the night before. "Johnny. . . . Did you really? Is that good? Yeah? You know, it's funny, because, you know how it is when you. . . . You do? God, I hope so." And as Cassavetes told him he thought *Saint Jack* was a masterpiece, that it captured a sense of place as no film had ever done, that he thought it would certainly get wonderful notices and be very commercial as well, the director nibbled his thumbnail and looked worried. "I think it'll do well in New York. I think they're ready for me. Yeah. Could happen all over again? Christ, I hope you're right," said Bogdanovich. "Wouldn't that be nice? For everybody."



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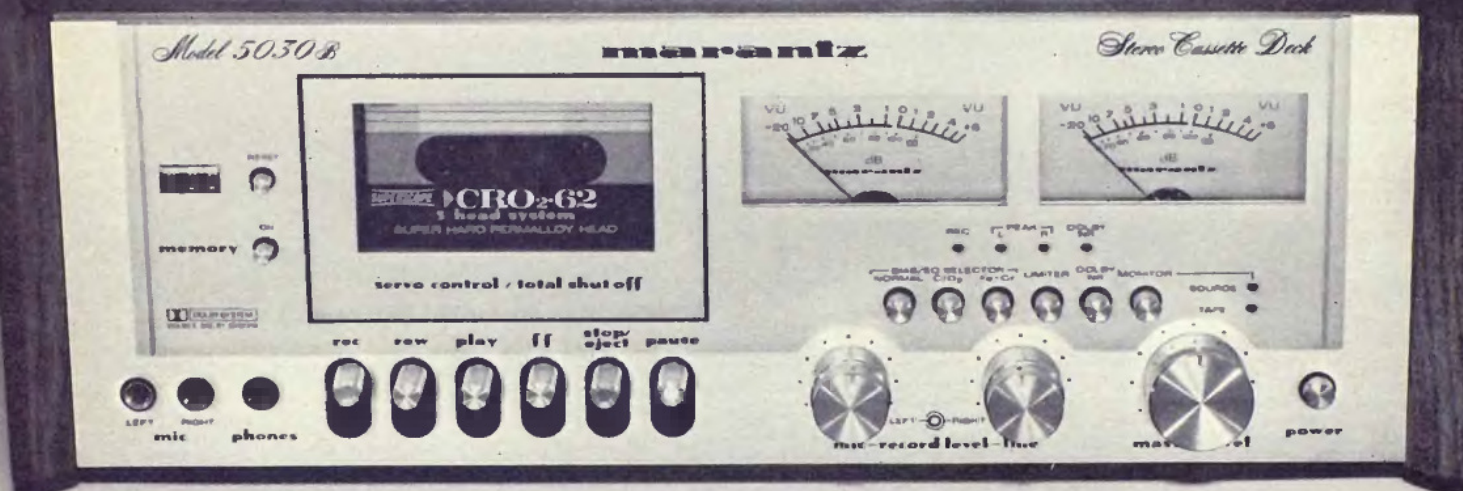
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SEX STAIRS

(continued from page 248)

move out of the house. But I didn't." Maybe Needham's second million on *Hooper* will gain Burt some privacy.

"Why haven't we ever fucked?" Jill Clayburgh asked Reynolds in *Semi-Tough*, a question that Scarlett would never have asked Rhett. But it's the kind of interrogation—tough, slightly bawdy but vulnerable, too—that has become Clayburgh's trademark in a rapid career rise, starting with the universally panned *Gable and Lombard*, moving on to the comic relief of *Silver Streak* and capped this year with a marvelous performance in *An Unmarried Woman*. She'll next be seen in Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Moon and the Sails* and bets are it will be another interesting outing for Jill, who just may be the single best actress among all the beautiful women on the list.

Jacqueline Bisset was also busy this year, finishing her 30th picture in the past decade. Although audiences didn't exactly go wild over her ersatz Jackie Kennedy role in *The Greek Tycoon*, the rebuff didn't slow her down. She quickly turned to a comedy, *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*, then jumped from that into *I Love You, I Love You Not*, assuring Bisset fans of a steady supply.

In *F.I.S.T.*, Sylvester Stallone's first film after his smash *Rocky*, the moody musclem was still smoldering, but the ashes had cooled off. There were lots of troubles both at home and behind the scenes on that second picture, as Stallone wrestled with ego problems. But he seemed to settle down some on his third film, *Paradise Alley*, and was getting into shape for *Rocky II*. So it's far from a ten count on Sly's career, but his chin's plenty sore from this year's poundings.

Tough guy Clint Eastwood showed no signs of weakening after another hit, *The Gauntlet*. But the monogamous married man of 24 years was looking for somebody to slug after repeated rumors of an on-location romance with *Gauntlet* co-star Sondra Locke. Denying any romantic interest, Eastwood signed her on again for his next picture, *Every Which Way but Loose*, a comedy about him and an orangutan. Warning to fan-mag editors: Avoid any scoops about Clint's affair with the ape.

And so it goes with the superstars. After so many years with the same ones, however, the excitement dims. Fortunately, there are fresher loves. Or, in other words, what's happening with the golden Farrah? Alas, she of the teeth and the hair insisted upon maintaining undying devotion to hubby Lee Majors, even though his career flattened as hers soared. While she quit *Charlie's Angels*



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voluntarily, his *Six Million Dollar Man* ran out of spare change. Thus, for different reasons, they both went into the movies. But his first starring film, *The Norseman*, was quickly unhelmed while her *Somebody Killed Her Husband* was still in preparation. What's worse, he had to listen to the usual bull-shit rumors that she was fooling around with co-star **Jeff Bridges**, but nobody seemed to care what he might—or might not—be doing many miles away on the *Norseman* set with his co-star, **Susie Coelho**, except maybe her boyfriend, **Sonny Bono**.

Whatever her future, Farrah already has her heiresses, or, as some would say, her clones. The most obvious candidate was **Cheryl Ladd**, who inherited her role as the third angel. But Cheryl is a relatively modest and demure in-law of an important Hollywood family (she's the sister-in-law of 20th Century-Fox chief **Alan Ladd, Jr.**, son of the late actor), so she has allowed the publicity to go only so far. And, as Farrah proved, these days you get ahead on pure hype.

Enter **Suzanne Somers**. A longtime bit player whose film career peaked as the silent, mysterious Thunderbird blonde in *American Graffiti*, Somers finally hit it big as the daffy part of the trio on *Three's Company*. But she also did something smarter. No sooner did she have the role than she went straight to Far-

rah's press agent/manager and asked him to make her a star, too. And, via talk shows and magazine covers, he did, only momentarily stumped by one mag's sudden revelation that Suzanne had once been arrested for a bad check: She's so photogenic she even looked good in the mug shots.

That, in fact, was about as close as a Hollywood star came to scandal, though the bigwigs in the executive suites were dodging the law from all directions. Except for a few drug busts, you can't stir up a good celebrity scandal anymore, especially when it comes to sex. Even **Cher** has settled down, forgoing her marriages to and divorces from **Gregg Allman** in favor of a steady fling with the masked rocker, **Gene Simmons** of Kiss.

Monogamy is running rampant among celebrities, though not always with benefit of clergy. Even one of the town's most eligible and *bon vivant* bachelors, **Marjoe Gortner**, surprised everyone by slipping across the border to marry **Candy Clark** while the two were filming *When You Comin Back, Red Ryder?* **Kate Jackson**, another Charlie's Angel, and **Andrew Stevens**, son of Stella and star of *The Bastard* on TV, flew to the Martha's Vineyard home of rock singer **James Taylor** to wed, with Farrah as matron of honor. As previously mentioned, Stal-lone had some marital problems while

shooting *F.I.S.T.*, but they were settled. And so did **Chevy Chase** while filming *Foul Play*, but the split wasn't permanent. **Richard Dreyfuss** did split with his longtime lady, **Lucinda Vallez**, to run free for a while, but he was about the only major star to rejoin the eligible list. Despite the adoration heaped upon him, **Travolta** couldn't find a real-life love to replace the late **Diana Hyland**.

Oh, yes, there was the bitter breakup of **Marisa Berenson** and businessman **Jim Randall**, who, she complained, kept her a virtual prisoner in their mansion and piled dirty dishes outside her door. She finally got out but lost the title role in *Vivien Leigh*, which Randall is producing. So she went off to Rio to do *Greed* and was seriously injured in an auto accident. All in all, a messy year for Marisa.

For most of Hollywood, though, the business of make-believe—even the enticement of sexual fantasy—remains very much a business, a job that starts too early in the morning and ends too late at night. When they're working, they're generally too tired for much else. As a matter of fact, if you believe their complaints in private, the sex stars themselves aren't getting all that much and neither are the lovers living with them. Ah, well, things are tough all over.



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AIR CRASH

(continued from page 174)

"The truth is there is no proper position for luggage and it should be banned from under the seats."

an evacuation? Or of the urgency of simply getting out of the plane after a crash because of the danger of death from those deadly twins, smoke and fire? Most important, have you ever been told that there may be more exits aboard some jetliners than there are flight attendants to open them? Part of the problem with evacuation is that passengers really have no idea of what to expect when a plane crashes—at least as far as what happens in the cabin.

It is not unusual for the ceiling panels, overhead racks, life rafts, blankets, dinner trays from the galley, oxygen masks or movie projectors to tumble to the aisles and seats. Worse, carry-on luggage—that one item that is so very dear

to most airline passengers—can become a deadly menace in a crash. Many passengers try to take their luggage with them after a crash. This can create stability problems when they try to hold on to it and use an emergency chute or slide down a wing. The impact of the crash often dislodges the luggage and tosses it into the aisle. Most flight attendants are constantly checking carry-on luggage for proper positioning. But the truth is there is no proper position and the luggage should be banned from under the seats.

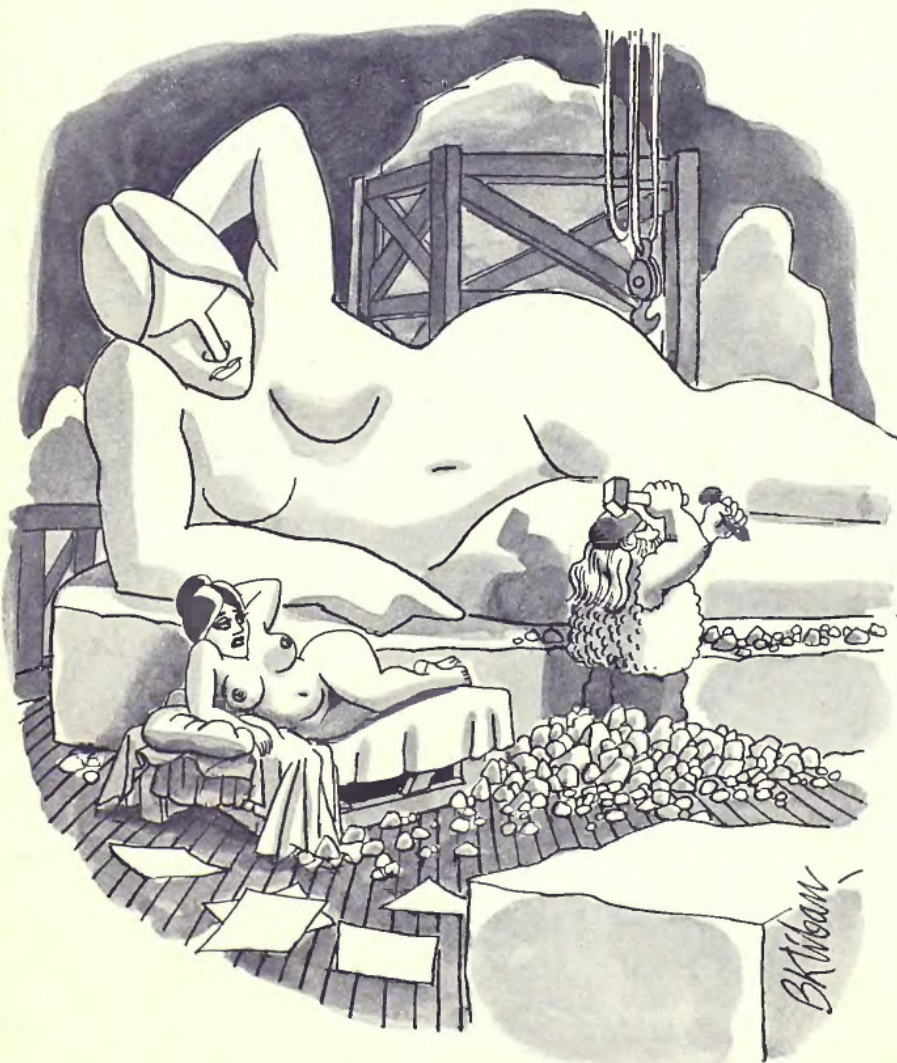
Another pet peeve of mine is the safety belt. Not enough attention is paid to it. It may seem trivial to some, but release of a seat belt—especially for those persons who fly infrequently—can be a

problem that will waste time when seconds can mean the difference between life and death. What investigators have found is that some passengers, under the stress of the crash and the evacuation, revert to a previously learned response of opening their automobile seat belt, which most commonly has a button to push. Critical moments are wasted while they fumble with their belts, trying to find a button. A brief lecture on this possible problem could save lives. Even more effective would be a recommendation by the Air Transport Association of America and the International Air Transport Association that the airlines standardize all seat-belt designs.

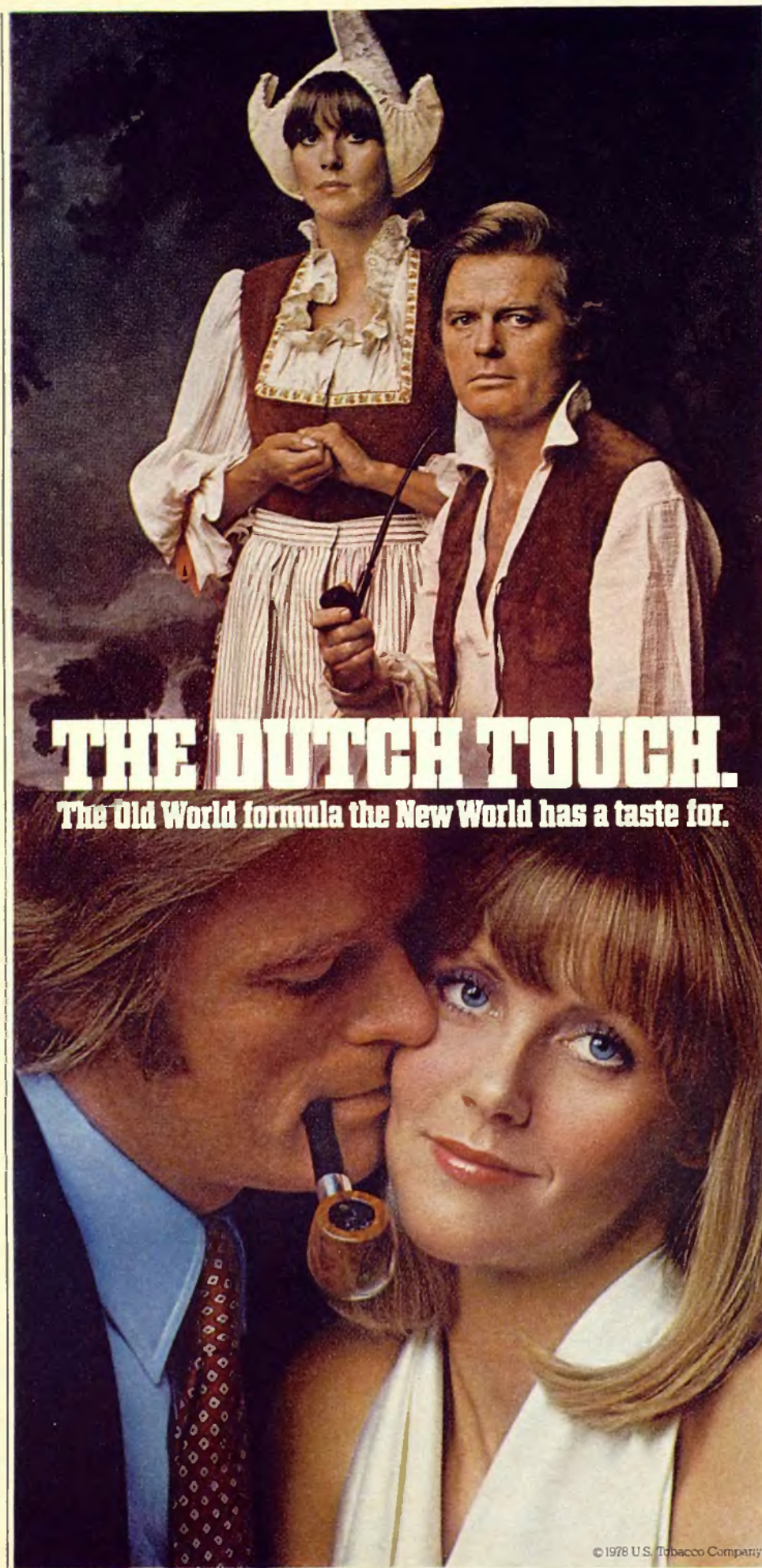
Another safety problem in the cabin that can only be solved by repeated education is improper use of the oxygen mask. We've all seen the flight attendant dangle the mask for our edification and then place it over her face and turn from side to side to show how it should fit. But in real life, when the masks deploy, passengers have been found to be more than a little confused, since most airline briefings on the mask are too brief. In some systems, it is necessary to pull a lanyard to get the oxygen flowing. In others, you must pull the mask toward you to activate the flow of oxygen. In many tests, passengers have been shown to lean forward into the mask, which seems the more natural thing to do, but by doing this, they get no oxygen, since the "pulling" of the mask activates the system.

True, the flight attendants allude to this, but they do it with a smile and very briefly. I think a few well-chosen phrases by flight attendants on the qualities of oxygen might make an impression on the average passenger. For one, they could point out that when you are using the oxygen mask, there is no smell to oxygen. More dangerous, in a decompression incident, you have no feeling of a need for oxygen. That has led passengers to believe their masks were not working and they have begun moving from seat to seat to find a "working" mask; and that can prove fatal. Others have been known to place the mask over their mouth during decompression and breathe through their nose, yet another bad mistake. I know that most airlines require flight attendants to use the phrase "placing the mask over your nose and mouth," but it is done without any real emphasis on the reason behind it. Nor is mention often made of the need for mothers to first place the mask to *their own faces*, and then immediately attend to a child. Not the other way around. If that isn't done, the mother could lose consciousness while she attempted to care for the child, and then both mother and child would face the threat of death.

What is also lacking in the briefing is a sense of urgency in the use of oxygen masks. If there is a rapid decompression



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incident at, say, 37,000 feet, it is entirely possible to lose consciousness in as little as 15 seconds. If you think I am overdramatizing the lack of understanding about oxygen masks, consider this example: A DC-10 jumbo jet was descending from 35,000 feet near Brownsville, Texas, in 1974, getting ready for an approach to Mexico City, when it suffered a pressurization malfunction. The DC-10's oxygen masks are packaged in passenger-seat backs, but in an emergency, doors open automatically and the oxygen masks are exposed. The system worked perfectly, but only two of the 53 passengers removed the stowed masks to activate the oxygen generators. The 51 other passengers either did nothing or merely leaned forward and attempted to breathe without fully removing the masks from their compartments.

The flight attendants had to circulate through the cabin, instructing the passengers on how to use the masks. Picture the scene if the decompression had been a rapid one. In my mind, rapid decompression is always a possibility, but the threat, I feel, is a minimal one. Decompression "accidents" average about three a year. But in only one of those has decompression been rapid enough to cost a life. However, it is the potential that concerns me. So I advocate that the passenger be given more detailed lectures by flight attendants on oxygen masks, their problems and their lifesaving potential.

Probably the most mysterious of all safety devices aboard an airliner is the escape slide. It is never seen and seldom talked about and, in most cases, a passenger finds out about its existence only when he has to evacuate an airplane. At that point, he is being asked to jump into what looks to him like a king-size, but very flimsy, bed sheet. That is wrong. Passengers should be told about evacuation slides by the flight attendants and not simply be expected to read about them on a seat-back card, assuming they find one to read in the seat back. Many of the injuries caused by the slides are results of passengers' piling up at the bottom, trying to sit, rather than jump into the slide or taking personal belongings with them down the slide. You can see that, in part, these injuries are due to the lack of mental preparedness on the part of the passenger. In effect, he is suddenly asked to trust his body to an unknown item. That is asking a lot from someone who may just have survived an airplane crash and is driven to the exit by smoke and fire. But a few words from the flight attendant about the slides during a pretake-off briefing would help immeasurably to prepare the passenger.

While I am on the subject of escape slides, I want to talk about shoes. For years, in emergencies, flight attendants have been telling passengers to take off their shoes to prepare for a crash. In the past, it was true that shoes, particularly



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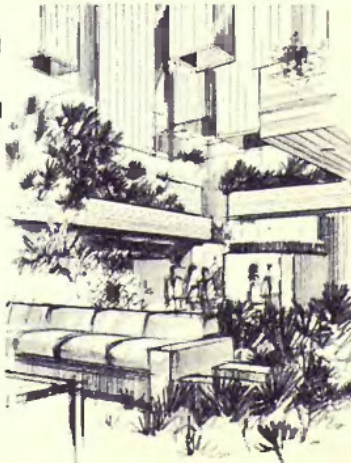
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the stiletto heels favored by women, impeded walking in a wrecked airplane, and they could tear holes in evacuation slides. But time has marched on and most women no longer wear the same kind of spiked heels. Also, escape slides are now made of stronger materials. More importantly, investigations have shown that in many cases, passengers have been badly injured in evacuations when their shoeless feet were burned or cut as they fled across cabin floors seared by flames or pocked with sharp wreckage. The time has come to re-examine the shoe problem. And the time also may have come for the airline industry to re-examine its entire philosophy on cabin safety—at least as it relates directly to their passengers.

From a technological standpoint, today's airliner is a marvel. There are 13,500 airline flights every day. Jetliners cross the Atlantic at the average rate of one every 15 minutes. In 1976 and 1977, U. S. airlines flew more than five billion miles and had a fatality rate of .002 for every 1,000,000 miles flown. And for every fatal accident, the airlines have averaged more than 2,000,000 flights. Based on aviation's accident rate over the past five years, a passenger could fly more than 300,000,000 miles before an accident. Put another way, the percentage of safe flights is 99.99998. All of that is done by a machine that may have as many as 4,500,000 parts, 100 miles of wiring and 2000 pieces of tubing. The same aeronautical geniuses have created the supersonic transport and are now thinking in terms of commercial space travel.

But when it comes to talking about safety to passengers, the industry gets nervous. It clings to the philosophy that airplane maintenance is the only thing that counts. It is a sort of "if we can keep them flying, we don't have to worry about evacuating passengers" type of attitude. That is often reflected in the role given the flight attendant. Generally, you will find the flight attendants under the in-flight services department, not under airline flight operations, even though these men and women are charged with the safety of a cabinload of passengers. But airline marketing men usually take a dim view of any plan that makes passengers more conversant with safety. Obviously, it is not because they are antisafety. They are not, but discussion of items such as risk exposure, decompression or evacuation slides simply does not fit into the accepted marketing concept.

Maybe it should. In fact, maybe the airlines should start selling safety to passengers with the same priority they give to other flight operations. Some already have taken the first steps in that direction by continuously searching for ways to improve the preflight briefings. I think a variety of items are needed, a saturation approach. For example, what could qualify as more "wasted time" than the

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*"I agree with you, Mrs. Carling—Christmas
isn't only for the young."*

period spent at the plane gate waiting for your flight to be called? There is an opportunity for an airline to install a simple film that would introduce the passengers to items such as the escape slide, the life jacket and the knowledge needed to open an exit door. I know the critics immediately cry that the passenger is frightened by a display hinting that his trip might end in disaster. I say, "Nuts." Your average traveler is just too sophisticated to be thrown into a funk because someone presents him with information that could, should the need arise, save his life. How many persons object to the antihijack measures? But for those who might reject the idea of a film at the boarding gate, I submit that one could be shown during the preflight cabin briefing, an idea already undergoing some testing. I also realize that repetition of the same film would quickly turn off passengers. But there is nothing to say that the films couldn't be varied.

Some airlines provide their passengers with a selection of channels for their entertainment. You can get classical music, pop/rock and comic monologs, if you don't care to listen to the movie sound. Why not add a channel to carry a well-produced cabin-evacuation lecture? Or why would it be impractical for flight attendants to talk to individual rows of passengers periodically about evacuation procedures? I am talking about long flights, when both the passengers and the flight attendants have time to spare. The idea would be to encourage questions from passengers that were not answered in the preflight briefing. Along the same line, it could pay dividends for flight attendants on flights of, say, over five hours to repeat on the landing approach some of the more salient facts: the locations of exits or a reminder to reread seat-back cards, as well as the usual instructions on trays, seat backs and safety belts. Another item to consider is screening passengers who sit next to wing exits. That is a key position in many evacuations and not a spot for either the elderly or the infirm. Nor would it do harm to have flight attendants give a simple briefing on how to open the wing exit. I have sat next to passengers who have revealed that they didn't know they were seated next to one.

Is that the fault of the airlines? No, the airlines did everything they were required to do. The wing exit was in place. It was clearly labeled. And the flight attendants had pointed it out in the pretake-off briefing. But, to me, that all-too-numerous unaware, or unreachable, passenger represents a safety failure. In the airline industry, failure has never been tolerated in the cockpit; why should it be in the cabin?



*"I have clinched and closed with the naked
North, I have learned to defy and defend;
Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it
out—yet the wild must win in the end."*

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TEXAS COWGIRLS

(continued from page 162)

with silver cuffs, silver belt and silver boots. Sensational.

By August of this year, the Cowgirls already had a calendar full of bookings. They helped open some record stores. They were at an Apparel Mart T-shirt party. They opened two department stores. They played a charity softball game against a group of doctors. They even helped celebrate a millionaire's birthday party at an exclusive Dallas country club. (Liquor was served.)

The girls claim the Dallas Cowboys have made enough money off their famous cheerleaders' poster "to pay for Tony Dorsett's entire multimillion-dollar contract"—but shared very little of it with them. "They made us buy our own boots," Tina adds, "and pay for the special nail polish they wanted us to use.

They didn't even pay for our trip to the Super Bowl. A local radio station and Dr Pepper did it."

In any event, she says, posters pay—so she and her 24 Cowgirls have produced a sexy poster of their own.

"Suzanne Mitchell has stated publicly that she didn't want the girls to use the Cowboys as a 'steppingstone to stardom,'" says Tina. "Well, we want to become somebody. And without the organization holding us back, we think we can. After all, we're the pros, they're the rookies. And, anyway, who can buy all the b.s. the club hands out? Get this: Last year, Suzanne Mitchell actually wanted Debbie Kepley to wear pig-tails. That's what she wanted: pigtails and the virgin look. Well, Debbie cut off her hair so she wouldn't have to wear pigtails and so she could be herself. That's why she quit and joined us."



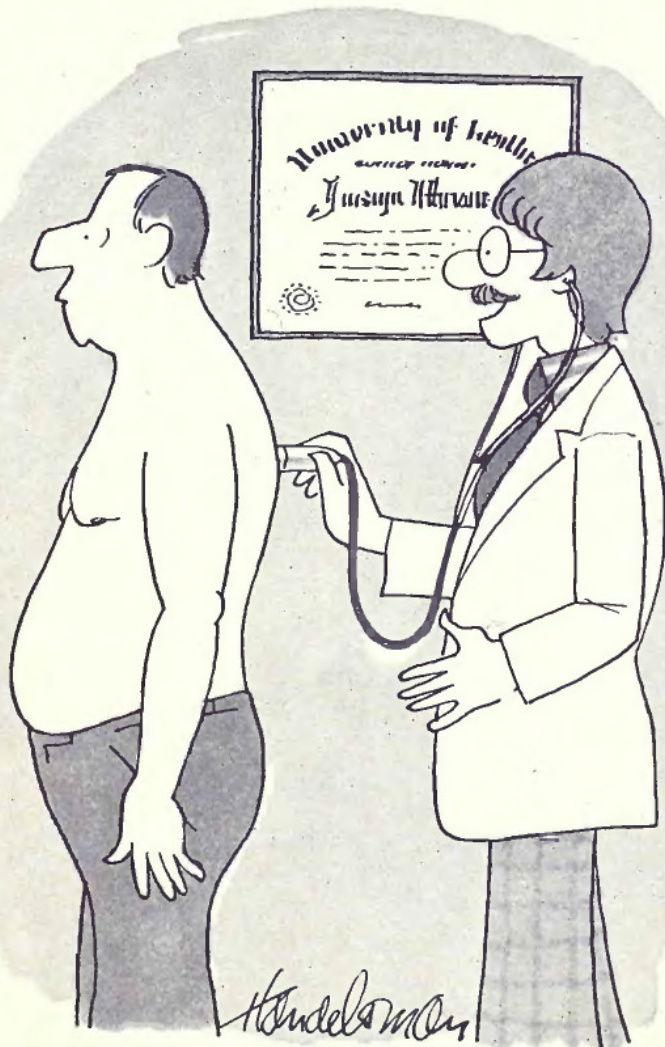
MAIN ATTRACTIONS

(continued from page 160)

me a copy of the club's rules for the Honey Bears. For the most part, they were very general. "The HONEY BEARS will conduct themselves in a proper manner when representing the Chicago Bears Football Club. HONEY BEARS are not allowed to drink alcoholic beverages or smoke while in costume. There will be no fraternization between the HONEY BEARS and the club's players, coaches or front-office management." I asked Haracz about the no-fraternization rule. He smiled. "That just means when they're in costume or on the field," he said, adding that he knew some of the girls dated some of the players. One, Playboy Club Bunny Claudia Mendron, is the girlfriend of quarterback Bob Avellini.)

Some clubs were not as hip as the Broncos or the Bears. Some simply wouldn't talk with PLAYBOY's Photo Department at all. The Dallas Cowboys Professional Football Club was one of them—thereby giving a golden opening to those ex-Cowboys Cheerleaders who have organized themselves into Texas Cowgirls, Inc., a circumstance that enables PLAYBOY readers to enjoy views in this issue of the Cowgirls, Inc., they never would have had when the girls worked for Schramm. Houston Oilers' owner Adams queried Photo Editor Jeff Cohen closely over the phone about his intentions—and then, no doubt unaware that the First Amendment still applies, even in Texas, demanded to know whether PLAYBOY had permission from the N.F.L.'s commissioner, Pete Rozelle, to do the story. The Cincinnati Ben-Gals' choreographer, Shirley Bird, had been excited about the prospects of PLAYBOY's coming to town, but she canceled her invitation to the photogs when owner Paul Brown recoiled at the very idea. Without any explanation, Buffalo also reneged on its invitation. Miami's famed choreographer, June Taylor, never returned Editor Cohen's phone calls (if, indeed, the club ever gave her his messages).

Other N.F.L. clubs, on the other hand, couldn't do enough to cooperate. Atlanta was one of those clubs. But when PLAYBOY's peripatetic Photographer David Chan went to a rehearsal of the Falcon cheerleaders and matter-of-factly told a brace of young women he was giving them an opportunity to pose clothed, semiclothed or nude, the Falcons' PR man, Charlie Dayton, came unglued, phoned me in California and wailed, "Bob, you gotta do somethin' about this. If I let 'em shoot the girls nude, they'll run me out of town on a rail." The people in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, San Diego and Seattle extended PLAYBOY every kind of courtesy. None of them asked PLAYBOY what kinds



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**The intelligent alternative
to overpriced luxury imports.**

of pictures we intended taking of their girls. Editor Cohen finally chose to shoot four each of the Patriots' and the Colts' finest, and one from each group volunteered for some nude poses. In San Diego, photographer Army Freytag had no trouble getting Elizabeth Caleca to pose in the nude: She's Miss Nude California and a runner-up for Miss Nude U.S.A. Up in the state of Washington, Kim Santy, daughter of a man who owns a sizable chunk of Seattle, didn't pose nude, but her costume was so diaphanous she might as well have.

On the other hand, Cohen didn't even send a photographer to St. Louis, whose Cardinals pulled a protective mantle over their Big Red Line—all coeds from the University of Missouri who are actually sponsored by radio station KMOX. In New Orleans, Dee Kelly Boyd, the manager of the Angels, vetoed owner Mecom's early, eager approval of a PLAYBOY shooting in the Bayou, but not before photographer Army Freytag had shot Angel Bunny Hover—who was so crestfallen to think she might not appear in the magazine that she phoned Cohen and pleaded with him not to scrap her. (He didn't.)

We also got a "no deal" at first from Los Angeles. The Rosenblooms, Carroll and Steve, had already taken some heat from the National Organization for Women and feared that cooperation with PLAYBOY would be interpreted as further evidence that the club was "exploiting" young women. After some reasoned discussions, however, the Rosenblooms went halfway with PLAYBOY. When they got PLAYBOY's agreement that the manager of the Embraceable Ewes, David Mirisch, would have approval over shots to appear in the magazine, they told PLAYBOY to come ahead. (Just before this article went to press, Mirisch was given his walking papers by the Rams. Why? There were at least three versions of the story: One, that the Embraceable Ewes themselves were unhappy with the way he ran things, specifically, the way he parceled out potentially lucrative promotional assignments; two, that the costumes and game routines he had approved had been roundly criticized; and, three, that the Rams' own PR department didn't care to have its limelight stolen by a Hollywood press agent. No one seems to think the incident had anything to do with Mirisch's cooperation with PLAYBOY.)

Whatever happened in L.A., it was the Oakland Raiders who deserved a special prize for displaying an infinite capacity for taking pains to "protect" their girls (though it was one of the Raiderettes and Editor Cohen, as it turned out, who felt most of the pain). The principal actor in this drama was Al LoCasale, a cheerful chap who holds the title executive assistant to managing general partner Al Davis. LoCasale is in

charge of the Raiderettes, recruits the best-looking girls he can find in the Bay Area and takes delight in the fact that his troupe has not only quality but quantity as well. He boasts of a "front line" that averages 5'8" and quotes a local reporter who called it "awesome." He also worries about the possibility that someday the girls might become a counterproductive element in the organization. "What would happen," he wonders, "if some of our girls started getting endorsement contracts—and our players didn't?"

At first, LoCasale was the epitome of cooperation. He took me to lunch and loaded me with clips and souvenirs, including an eight-by-ten black-and-white glossy of a beautiful 23-year-old Raiderette, Suzanne Massett, along with her phone number. "Oh, I know all about you, Bob Kaiser," said Suzanne, when I phoned her. "Mr. LoCasale told me to expect your call." But after I had interviewed her on the phone and after she had met Cohen at the San Francisco International Airport, LoCasale changed his tune.

"We're willing to participate in this," he said, "but only if we have some control. This won't help the girls if we tarnish the image. And it could hurt our future recruiting." So, before Suzanne could be photographed, LoCasale insisted on a guarantee that the Raiders would have picture approval.

Working against a deadline, Cohen wrote the letter of guarantee and had Photographer Nicholas DeSciore prepare his studio in Denver and line up a make-up artist for a Friday shooting. Suzanne would fly to Colorado (at PLAYBOY's expense) and return to California that evening, but LoCasale told her not to fly until she heard his words "Goodbye. Good luck."

The letter, sent by airmail, hadn't arrived in Oakland by Thursday. Cohen, back in Chicago by then, repeated its message via Western Union, then was dismayed to learn that his telegram, in the opinion of LoCasale, didn't represent "a good enough guarantee."

"Just exactly what," Cohen asked LoCasale, "do you want?" By then, it was already 10:30 P.M. Thursday night in Chicago, 8:30 P.M. Oakland time.

"Call my secretary at Raiderette practice for the proper wording," said LoCasale. "Then send me a telegram at home." Cohen did so.

According to Western Union's records, the telegram was delivered to LoCasale at 11:51 P.M., Eastern standard time. But he didn't phone Suzanne—and she didn't fly to Denver the next morning. On Sunday, she ran into LoCasale at a press conference. "How did it go in Denver?" he asked her.

She blanched. "Mr. LoCasale," she said, "I didn't go to Denver."

"How come?" he said.

"Because I never got word from you."

"Oh," he said. "You can go."

A week later, Suzanne jetted to Colorado. According to DeSciore, she was somewhat tense during the shooting.

LoCasale dictated the rest of the scenario. "Tell you what," he told Cohen over the phone. "We're coming to Chicago to play the Bears on Saturday. Suppose we meet at the Continental Plaza and I can look at the photos."

Done. Cohen met LoCasale in the hotel lobby. "It was like dealing with Moscow," said Cohen. "LoCasale said five words: 'Jeff Cohen? Come with me.'" Silence in the elevator. Silence in the room. Then LoCasale donned a helmet with a magnifying glass suspended from its bill, so he could view the transparencies with both hands free, and looked at Cohen expectantly.

Cohen handed over DeSciore's pictures, 40 in all. LoCasale grunted his way through them, eliminated the sexiest 25—most notably, a set of Suzanne in a damp yellow blouse—and initialed 15 comparatively dull ones. Then he softened enough to report that his new bride had once been a Playboy Bunny in San Francisco and walked out, talking to himself.

Why should the Raiders get the sexiest girls they can find, then make it as tough as they can for a magazine to run sexy pictures of them? Maybe the answer lies in a consideration of the economic realities. As LoCasale put it to me: "We're already sold out for the season. We don't need PLAYBOY."

By that time, Cohen had on his desk the combined efforts of five PLAYBOY photographers who had been traveling for weeks, great color shots of 50 young N.F.L. cheerleaders—and the scrumptious, bumptious ex-Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders as well. He didn't need the remaining relatively uninteresting pictures of Suzanne.

Who was the principal loser in all of this? Answer: Suzanne Massett, who was hoping that PLAYBOY exposure would help her budding Hollywood career. She'd spent the off season in L.A., trying to make the daily casting calls, and was just getting known in town when she upped and returned to her folks' home in Northern California—so she could spend yet another season, her fourth, with the Raiders.

One of the rumors around the N.F.L. is that the city of Los Angeles is trying to entice the Raiders to leave Oakland and head south when the Rams decamp for Orange County in 1980. That would mean that the Raiderettes, Suzanne included, would be in the show-business spotlight. But 1980 is a long way away, and that's a chancy way of trying to go Hollywood.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

MUGGING

Coffee may have dropped in price, but it's still too expensive to drink from an ugly cup. So treat yourself to a good-looking mug. Buddy, you've earned it.



Following the numbers: 1. Ceramic numerology mug comes in a choice of nine numbers, by Holt-Howard, \$3. 2. His 'N Hers mugs; His (not shown) features a black mustache, by Holt-Howard, \$3. 3. Mug that's shaped like an old-fashioned soda glass, from Something's Brewing, \$3.50. 4. Mug with tomato design, from Something's Brewing, \$3. 5. Mug with Colman's mustard-label design, from Something's Brewing, \$3. 6. Four porcelain mugs, each of which says coffee in a different way, from Kaleidoscope, \$10 the set. 7. Pewter-type mug with porcelain insert, by Wilton Armatale, \$10. 8. Motorcycle-handle mug, from Something's Brewing, \$4.

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar",
0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



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Only 9 mg tar.*

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The Strong

The Strong Tasting Low Tar

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***"Real's got dynamite taste!
Strong...more like a high tar."***

GEAR CALL TECH

There's nothing new about sophisticated telephones and accessories to go with them, but the devices pictured here are so imaginative that you'll wonder how you ever got through the day without their aid. One's an answering machine that records up to 20 calls and

then plays them back to you over the phone by remote control, if you choose; another is a lightweight phone; but the real eye-popper is the portable Travel Phone that enables you to place or receive calls to or from any U.S. city. And we used to get excited when Dick Tracy talked to his wrist.



RICHARD IZUI



Above: The Code-A-Phone MessageCenter is easy to operate; a beeper lets you hear messages from a remote phone, by Ford Industries, \$299.95.

Left: The Travel Phone is linked to a computer for billing purposes; just dial and call (or take calls from) most phones in the U.S., by Travel Electronics International, \$2695.



Right: GTE Automatic Electric's Flip-Phone is a superlightweight model that flips open and activates (as shown) when you pick it up, \$49.95.

GRAPEVINE

Rockette Around the Clock

ANN-MARGRET, our favorite actress with her hyphen still intact, here gives us an exclusive sneak peek at what we can expect to see on her December 14 NBC special, *Rockette: A Holiday Tribute to the Radio City Music Hall*. The two-hour program will draw attention to the economic plight of the venerable New York City entertainment institution. Ann-Margret has wanted to be a Rockette since she was six. Now she'll finally get her big break.



LYNN GOLDSMITH

Little Deuce Coupe

ANDY WARHOL got famous painting Campbell Soup cans. That was before he discovered French food, the movie colony and Studio 54. Earlier this year, the BMW auto people asked him to design the paint job for a new racing car. However, the car never reached the track because of technical problems. Or so they said. We don't like to think Andy's work gave BMW any second thoughts.



JOHN ENGSTEAD



DAVID ALEXANDER

Nose Job

We're happy to report that rock singer STEPHEN BISHOP's plastic surgery was a complete success and here are the results. Will this new "look" affect record sales? Only time will tell.

Different Strokes for Different Folks

Singer-songwriter-punk-about-town PATTI SMITH once told a major rock biweekly that one of her special means of getting off was to masturbate to a picture of herself. So, in the interest of good (if not brilliant) journalism, we bring Smith (and you) a picture of herself for whatever purpose she (and you) might wish to put it to. And you thought this job was easy?



LYNN GOLDSMITH



LYNN GOLDSMITH

The Boy in the Band

The newest level of achievement in karate, beyond the brown belt and the black belt, is the glitter belt. Here, star pupil and glitter-belt pioneer MICK JAGGER demonstrates one of the moves. Training toward a glitter belt is designed to prepare the student for staying up late, kissing many girls and writing rock lyrics. Not surprisingly, the glitter belt is currently available only in Los Angeles.

TAKING OFF AND TAKING OFF

This is the time of year when the office daydream takes over. You know, the one where the tide playfully licks at your toes beneath the benign glow of the tropical sun while nude beauties flutter leisurely about a volleyball net. Tide, sun and volleyball are available in abundance this season, but sometimes the nude beauties tend to be a problem. If you're looking for a place to take it all off in the sun, here are



a few agencies that specialize in santon-line vacations:

Elysium Tours, Suite 207, 1701 Clinton Street, Los Angeles, California 90026. Phone 213-413-4089. Specialist in Mexican destinations, Yucatán, France, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Hawaii, Tahiti.

Skinny-Dip Tours, 30 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017. Phone 212-697-1225. Specialist in low-cost one-week bookings to Cape Santa Maria, the Bahamas; Club Caribbean, Jamaica; also Hawaii, Club Med, all Caribbean destinations, Port Nature (France) and Corsica.

Hedonism Holidays, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Phone 212-832-7830. As Lotus Hedonism Holidays, it packages a resort called Couples and the Negril Beach Village in Jamaica, Zemi's in Nassau

and Port Nature on the French Riviera.

ARE YOU WOMEN GONNA TAKE THIS LYING DOWN?

We guess so. A recent study at Eastern Michigan University concludes that women consistently think poorly of their sisters who prefer sex in the woman-on-top position. More than 100 male and female students were asked to view two sets of slides showing a couple fucking. (Ah, for the life of an undergrad!) Half the group saw the woman humping in the dominant position, while the others saw the man on top. The students then completed a questionnaire measuring their attitudes toward the slides. The researchers reported in the *Journal of Consulting and Clinical Psychology* that the females regarded the "woman above" female less positively than they did the other. Males rated both positions about the same. Females thought the woman on top was "dirtier, less respectable, less moral, less good and less desirable as a wife and mother." Yeah, but did she come?

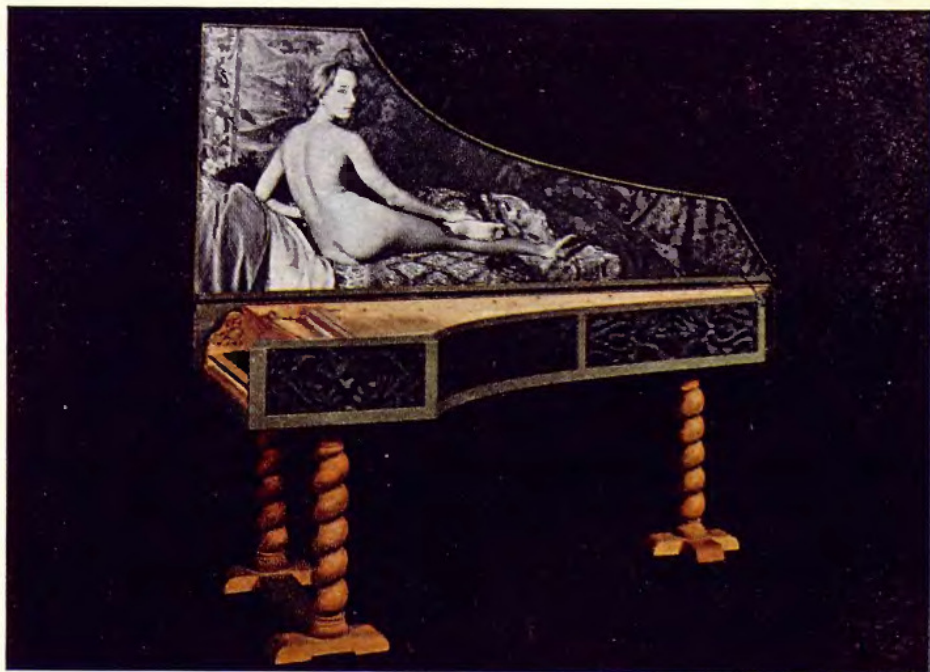
A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC, PLEASE

They laughed when he sat down to play. Then he opened the lid. Eat your heart out, Mozart. If the Italian-style



You light up my life, tits, etc. She's bound to get the right idea with this handmade stained-glass hanging fixture. A limited edition, it's \$375, from Love-lite Art Glass, P. O. Box 113, Milldale, Connecticut 06467.

to Ross and Smith, Harpsichord Makers, Chamberlain Street, Greenville, New Hampshire 03048. If your holiday grab bag is a little small for harpsichords, try the pendants pictured (left). As you can see, the top figure is well equipped for dashing through the snow. The malleable gold or silver thighs adjust to



harpsichord pictured (above) doesn't positively pull your stops, pick up your Emenee and go home. The artful lid on this 16th Century copy is the jewel of harpsichord maker William Post Ross and photographer Jan Corash. The reclining nude is Ross's partner, Annette Ellen Smith. It's yours for \$9000. Write

your needs. Both the double-spread spoons and the pudendum are available in 14-kt. gold for \$150 and in sterling silver for \$40. Contact Erotique, Inc., P.O. Box 9295, JFK Station, Government Center, Boston, Massachusetts 02114. And may all your Christmases be white.

Let the Spirit move you



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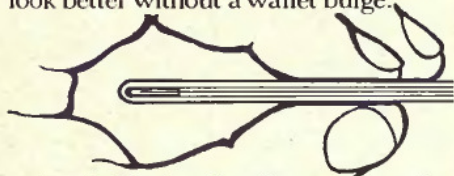
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This car's got spirit. The new 1979 Spirit, from AMC.

Thinner Wallets

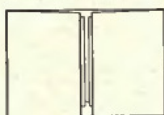
Until recently the thinnest wallets were made from expensive seal skins. Then a new material was developed—Oxford Nylon. Pin Craft Corporation patented a unique line of wallets out of this durable woven material. Consumers' Research Magazine did an extensive study on wallets and concluded by giving their top recommendation to Oxford Nylon wallets. Oxford Nylon does not have the thickness of leather, yet it is more durable, lighter, longer wearing, flexible and very thin. Thus the Oxford Nylon wallet is more comfortable to wear, and your clothes look better without a wallet bulge.



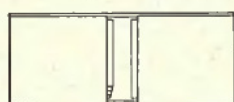
Available in the 3 most popular styles, all have window cases for 16 or more credit cards. You can try an Oxford Nylon wallet with the understanding it can be returned within 31 days for full refund. The wallets are sold regularly (since 1973) through the Wall Street Journal. Three year guarantee. Great gifts for friends and associates. Give yourself a 10% discount when ordering 3 or more. Send the coupon or equivalent information to:

Pin Craft Corporation Dept. PB
16 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena, CA 91106

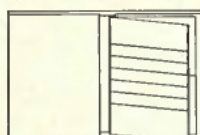
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SPECIAL ISSUE \$3

NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S SPECTACULAR 25TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

MARLON BRANDO, ALONG WITH PLEAS FOR A BETTER DEAL FOR THE INDIANS, TALKS ABOUT HIS CAREER, HIS PRESS TREATMENT AND HIS ISLAND IN TAHITI IN THE LONGEST IN-DEPTH CONVERSATION HE'S ALLOWED IN TWO DECADES: AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

ARTHUR C. CLARKE—A BOLD ENGINEER BUILDS A BRIDGE TO THE STARS: AN ADVANCE LOOK AT WHAT SCI-FI MASTER CLARKE SAYS IS HIS LAST NOVEL—"THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE"

BILL COSBY TELLS WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE LITTLE AND SKINNY AND LOOKING FOR MUSCLES IN "WHEN I WAS SIX, HUBERT HAD HAIR"

TOM ROBBINS, AUTHOR OF *EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES*, IS AT HIS OFF-THE-WALL BEST IN "THE PURPOSE OF THE MOON"

DAVID HALBERSTAM, AUTHOR OF *THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST*, VIEWS THE TUBE AND FINDS IT WANTING: "SMALL FAILURES OF TELEVISION"

JOHN UPDIKE WEAVES THE BITTERSWEET TALE OF A COUPLE ABOUT TO THROW IN THE TOWEL AND SPLIT UP IN "GESTURING"

RAY BRADBURY LETS US IN ON SOME SECRETS OF THE NEAR FUTURE IN "BEYOND 1984: CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF A FOURTH KIND"

SHEL SILVERSTEIN, CARTOONIST, AUTHOR, COMPOSER, PERFORMER AND RACONTEUR *EXTRAORDINAIRE*, DOES IT AGAIN IN "THE DEVIL AND BILLY MARKHAM"

DAVID STEINBERG PRESENTS A WORDS-AND-PICTURES, TONGUE-IN-CHEEK MANUAL OF ADVICE: "GUIDE TO DISCO ETIQUETTE"

GORE VIDAL IS SPLENDIDLY VIDAL AS HE HOLDS FORTH ON RELIGION, FAGS, POLITICS AND THE E.R.A.: "SEX IS POLITICS"

ROBERT MORLEY TAKES TIME OUT FROM HIS BRITISH AIRWAYS COMMERCIALS TO REVEAL "WHY THE BRITISH LOVE TO DRESS IN DRAG"

PLUS: A HOST OF FEATURES TO CELEBRATE OUR 25TH ANNIVERSARY: INCLUDING "THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF PLAYBOY"; "THE GREAT PLAYBOY PLAYMATE HUNT," PICTORIAL COVERAGE OF THE SEARCH FOR OUR SUPER SILVER-ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE; "25 BEAUTIFUL YEARS," A PORTFOLIO OF THE LOVELIEST LADIES FROM THIS MAGAZINE'S PAST; A SUPERFOLDOUT OF ALL OF PLAYBOY'S COVERS AND ALL OF PLAYBOY'S GATEFOLDS; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "INTERLUDE WITH THE UNDEAD," A DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT PICTORIAL IN AN EROTIC VEIN, WITH TEXT BY ANNE (INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE) RICE; AND MUCH MORE, FOR THE MOST EXCITING ANNIVERSARY ISSUE EVER!

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **NEIL SIMON**, **RICHARD PRYOR**, **HAMILTON JORDAN**, **STEVEN SPIELBERG**, **MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV** AND **STEVE MARTIN**; TWO PARTS OF **JOSEPH HELLER**'S NEW NOVEL, "GOOD AS GOLD"; "ALL THE BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST," AN IRONIC HORROR STORY, BY **HARLAN ELLISON**; "SEX IN AMERICA: CHICAGO," PART II OF OUR SURVEY OF THE SEXUAL TEMPERATURE OF THE CITIES, BY **WALTER LOWE**; "STRIKE TEAMS," IN WHICH THE MEN WHO TAKE ON THE HIJACKERS ARE UNVEILED BY OUR MAN IN TERRORISM, **DAVID B. TINNIN**; "THE LEASER OF TWO EVILS," AN OUTRAGEOUS TALE ABOUT A MAN WITH A SPLIT-PERSONALITY PROBLEM, BY **PHILIP JOSE FARMER**; "THE YEAR IN SEX," AN IRREVERENT LOOK AT LIFE AND LUST IN 1978; AND PICTORIAL VISITS WITH "THE GIRLS OF LAS VEGAS," "THE GIRLS OF CANADA" AND "FOREIGN FEMMES FATALES."



**Under his St. Laurent jacket,
his Cardin tie, his Dior shirt,
Vitas Gerulaitis wears Brut.**

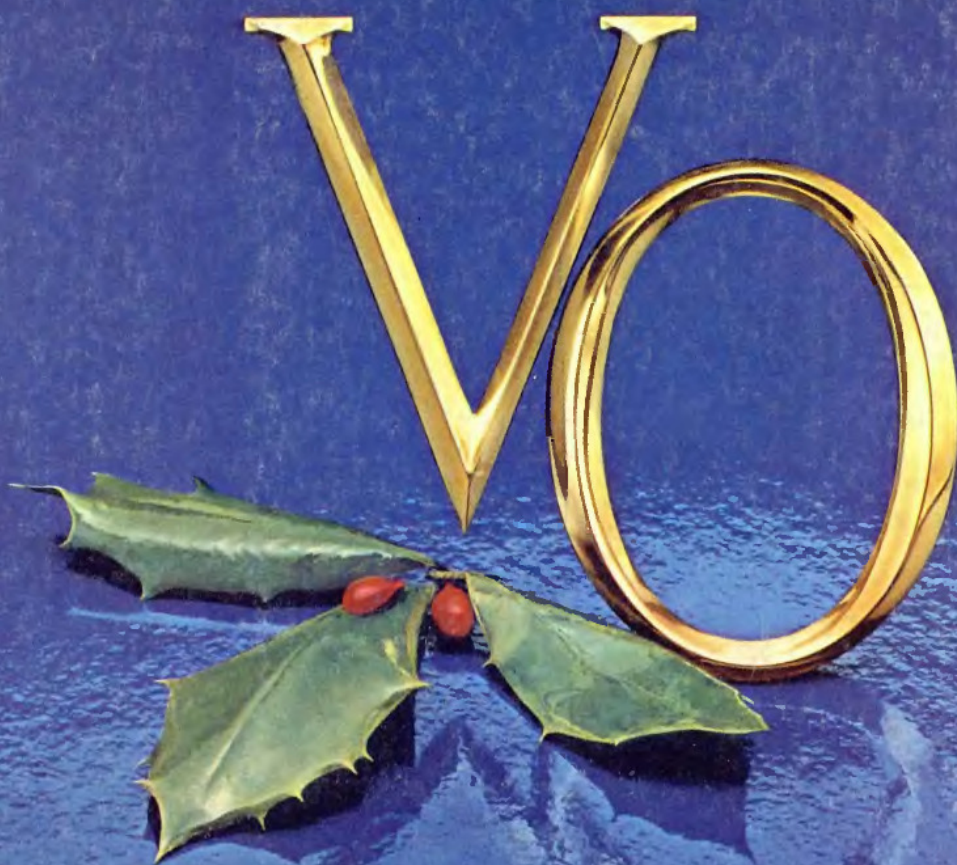
"I wear clothes made by famous designers because they really know fashion. But underneath it all, I wear Brut® by Fabergé. Because *they* really know fragrance.

Maybe that's why Brut has been on top since guys wore Bermuda shorts and knee socks. You know, fashions come and go. But Brut—well, some things never go out of style."

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Enjoy our quality in moderation.

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